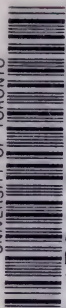


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ITALY IN TRANSITION.

PUBLIC SCENES AND PRIVATE OPINIONS IN THE
SPRING OF 1860;

Illustrated by Official Documents

FROM

THE PAPAL ARCHIVES OF THE REVOLTED LEGATIONS.

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "A MISSION TO THE MYSORE," "THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT,"
"THE TONGUE OF FIRE," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1860.

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A79

THIS VOLUME

Is Inscribed

WITH PROFOUND RESPECT AND GRATEFUL AFFECTION,

TO ONE OF ENGLAND'S BEST SONS,

AND OF ITALY'S WARMEST FRIENDS,

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.



P R E F A C E.

THE Documents mentioned on the title-page form two ponderous volumes, containing sixteen hundred pages, which cost in Florence fifty-seven francs twelve centimes, about two pounds six shillings. They were collected by a decree of Farini as Dictator of the *Æmilia*. It was expected that a congress would assemble at Paris to solve the difficulties arising out of the peace of Villa Franca, in which case efforts would be made to bring the Romagna once more under the dominion of the Pope. The government which had replaced his resolved that the plenipotentiaries of Europe should have in their hands the best means of judging as to the justice of the determination felt by the people to return no more under the temporal authority of His Holiness. Commissioners were appointed in the different provinces to search the archives and forward documents to the appointed editor, the Cavaliere Achille Gennarelli.

Large quantities of records proved to be wanting from several reasons. In Ravenna, the documents connected with "great causes" had been sent to Rome. In Faenza, the archives had been burned by

the enraged populace. These defects admitted of some reparation; for in other cities correspondence of the Ravenna authorities existed; and as to Faenza, leading facts were put upon record under formal attestation of witnesses. But some defects admitted of no remedy. In Ferrara, a secretary general, Tellarini, had spent three days in burning papers: all the minutes and decisions of the tremendous Council of Censure had disappeared in every part of the Romagna; and the "most reserved" correspondence, contained in registers marked P. P., and kept by the legates themselves, without any intervention of officials, was entirely missing.

Notwithstanding all this, matter was forthcoming sufficient to furnish the two huge books already issued: these consist of the correspondence of legates, pro-legates, delegates, governors, military and police authorities, with one another, and with the ministers at Rome; of judicial records, decrees of synods, inquisitors, bishops, and other public records. Fourteen thousand documents remain to be published.*

* See *Relazione a S. E. il Cavaliere Luigi Farini, Governatore delle Provincie Unite dell' Emilia*, which is prefixed to the first volume. The title of the volumes is, *Il Governo Pontificio e lo Stato Romano: Documenti preceduti da una Esposizione Storica, e raccolti, per Decreto del Governo delle Romagne, dal Cav. Achille Gennarelli, Avvocato nella sacra Rota, già Residente di Collegio della Pontificia Accademia Archeologica*, &c., &c., &c. *Parte Prima*, pp. cxv., 646. *Parte Seconda*, pp. xxxviii., 686, cxx.

In the "Documents" use is freely made of italics and small capitals to mark points worthy of special note; but, as I presume this to be the editor's work, and not in the originals, all quoted here are given without these helps to eyes unused to detect the full import of official language. In a few instances in the Appendix they are retained.

In several cases, the substance of a set of documents has been framed into a connected narrative. Here I challenge keen examination as to the care with which facts are stated. For instance, in the narrative of the death of Garibaldi's wife, striking circumstances generally believed, and perhaps capable of proof by other evidence, are omitted, and nothing given but what the documents in the collection supply.

The Cavaliere Gennarelli, in publishing an Italian edition of "The Pope and the Congress," has accompanied it with so much historical matter as to make a valuable little book, under the title, "*I Lutti dello Stato Romano*." As he confines himself chiefly to comments on the Documents edited by himself, I have now and then also quoted from this work, always distinguishing his statements from what is official.

For the translations in the Appendix, and a few of those in the body of the book, I am indebted to my brother, Mr. James K. Arthur.

As to the narrative part of this book, its only value, if it has any, lies in reporting the opinions of persons of all classes, uttered freely to a stranger, who, not being a person of consequence, was the more likely to hear their real views. If it helps stayers at home to any idea of the scenes my friends and I witnessed, if it gives them the least share of the pleasure we enjoyed, and, still more, if it lead any to a deeper sympathy in the sorrows of the Italian people, a stronger interest in their welfare, and, above all, to prayer for the blessing of God upon the nation now rising up in their long disjointed provinces, it will not have appeared in vain.

NOTTING HILL, *July 4th*, 1860.

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Chapter i.

SAVOY PENDING ANNEXATION.

THE train from Lyons worms its way among the outlying Alps like a steamer on a mountain river, which sometimes appears as if she must run against the solid cliffs, but, at the right moment, finds a cunning outlet. The hills of France are passing into those of Savoy without any chasm to mark the change. We stop before a pretty Swiss-looking station, where, on neighboring doors, we read, "*Imperial Custom-house*" and "*Sardinian Custom-house*." It is the frontier post of Culoz.

Presenting ourselves to the Sardinian Custom-house officer to have baggage and passports examined, he says, "It is not necessary. If you were entering France from Piedmont, it would be so; but now you are in France and entering Savoy, which is neither Sardinian nor French." This was said with an easy air, showing that while all our powers in England, from Palmerston down to Punch, were discussing the probable annexation of Savoy, it had already been settled in the mind of this potentate of the frontier. I said with a smile, "Savoy is Sardinian to-day; to-morrow it may be French." He gave me a patronizing nod, as much as

to say, "You are rather intelligent for an Englishman;" and then added, "Very probably it will be so."

A little way from the frontier line a noble lake opens out among darksome mountains. They press it in on both sides to the very brink. Still for miles and miles it stretches on, gleaming beautifully under the bright sky. Along one shore runs a railway, now burrowing in the mountain's side, now peeping out upon the sunny water, now winding right round the curving shore. It bears the name of Victor Emmanuel. On the opposite side, close under the brows of a stern mountain, is a quaint old castle, the place where lie the ashes of his forefathers, those ancient Counts of Savoy, whose sepulchre is part of the payment, wrung from him by his imperial kinsman, for services in Italy. •

The mountains stand grandly around Chambery, and the sunsets are fine; but it is a poor country town, exceedingly unlike the capital of any thing. The people say it has 20,000 inhabitants, the books say 10,000, and the eye sides with the books. Friars, in the robes of their orders, tell that you are nearing Italy; newspapers, free and loud in their political opinions, tell that you are not in France. It is a very dull place in spite of three barracks, four nunneries, and three monasteries. Before the French Revolution there were twenty convents in all. It has one grand street, surpassing any thing in most English provincial towns, and worthy of Turin. Near it stands a fantastic monument of ele-

phants and fountains, reared to General de Boigne, who, in serving the Mahrattas, amassed heaps of money, and bestowed nearly three and a half millions of francs on his native town in charities.

How India meets me every where ! Once, driving on the Highland road, I asked the coachman who owned that new seat rising up to enrich a mountain district. "Mr. —, from India." The other day, seeing one of those grand new houses facing Kensington Gardens, on the rise of Bayswater Hill, occupied, I heard it was taken by Sir J. —, from India. At the Cape of Good Hope, driving through Wynberg, you are told that beautiful village is a sanitarium for families from India. In Egypt you find that Alexandria was built, that Suez exists, that railways are at work, and the canal through the Isthmus is discussed, all for India.

The physical type of the people of Chambery is not French, Italian, or Swiss ; a touch of all ; most of the last. They are well-made, and not ill-looking, but the peasantry are of a low type, high cheek-bone, dull brownish-yellow complexion, black, massy hair, and squat person. Although the general stature seems good, and we met with a real giant, there is a remarkable number of dwarfs.

The tombs of the old Savoy princes lie behind Chambery, and their cradle before it, in the district of Maurienne. The road and the railway both run by the side of the swift Isere, the course of which dark-browed mountains overhang, and vines fringe, and poor but pic-

turesque villages animate. We found that the river had made an eruption upon the railway, and at one place carried it clean away. We were obliged to get into diligences; and here I found myself with a number of Savoyards. Opposite me sat a burly drover. I happened to observe that in England there was at present a good deal of discussion about Savoy, when the drover passionately replied, "We never speak of England here; we don't like England; we like France; we never name England." This provoked good-natured and polite remonstrances from his neighbors, who, however, all appeared to share in the political feeling indicated by his ebullition. There was one woman who had, perhaps, a little disinclination to be annexed, but the preference of the others was clearly pronounced. One very intelligent man made no complaint of the part England took in the matter, except that one member of Parliament had, in a debate, used the expression, "Perish Savoy!" I told them the probability was that the same gentleman would say, "Perish England!" rather than have a war with France. They spoke of their relations with Piedmont as being nothing better than those of a tributary province; because, owing to the barrier of the Alps, they could not have any commercial intercourse with it; and from the exigencies of Italy, the government was obliged to give all its thought and money to its Italian possessions; so that Savoy, poor in itself, was made still poorer by contributing to national funds in the benefits of which it had no participation.

In changing from the railway, the porters who transferred the luggage uttered some fierce grumbles against the English, calling us by the Continental *sobriquet*, taken from our national vulgar oath, which a sort of rough justice has stereotyped into a nickname, that commemorates both our imperious mode of speaking to foreigners and our use of bad language. The Englishman's name abroad is too often the "G—d d—n." I felt a sort of blush as these rough, poor, but honest-looking Savoyards muttered, not thinking I heard them, this epithet. It reminded me of another scene. One beautiful Monday morning, near Jebel Ryboon, in the midst of Egyptian desolation, an intelligent Bedouin, returning from a survey of a camping ground he had discovered, brandished a bottle, and cried, "They were English: this is the token of the Englishman: you can trace him by it any where."

After another run upon the railway, we stopped at St. Jean de Maurienne. This is a valley nobly girt with Alps. One sometimes sees fanciful resemblances. I hardly know why this place constantly brought to my mind the Wady Shellal, in the Arabian Desert, except that the hills were equally grand and all-surrounding, but here they have not the same splendid variety of color. The valley is wider, and vegetation frequent; for pines grow on the mountain tops, and vineyards enrich their bases, whereas in Shellal all is undisputed rock. The greatest difference, however, is that here is a town in the bottom of the valley; and when your eye

has accustomed itself to the snow, you can pick out roof after roof, village after village, spire and tower, far up upon the cold white mountains. What takes men away up there? By what opposite instincts is the habitation of the world effected! The gregarious one, which makes the dingiest lane of cities teem with inhabitants, and the pioneering one, which drives some farther and higher than others had reached, and sets them always to wrestle with nature rather than compete with man.

On a spring day, in the bright sun, the air of St. Jean is wonderfully refreshing. The snow lies thick upon the upper hills, three yards deep, they say. In the valley it is all gone. A little river and a torrent, in a noisy race to meet the Isere, join under a quaint wooden bridge. The ground is strewn with boulders brought down in a recent flood, which has left the old bed of the torrent dry, and desolated the valley. The hotel was all but swept away; and, as we have already seen, a little farther down, the Isere, triumphing over the engineers, carried off eight or nine miles of their iron way.

In a short walk up the valley we met with two cases of *goître*. The first was a man—short, gingerbread color, low forehead, matted hair, thin voice, very slow in intellect, and the whole base of the neck bulged out. He was painfully disengaging the rich soil from the stony ruin with which the flood had overrun the valley. The second was an old woman, more than seventy,

pleasant as a child, light-hearted, and full of racy stories, especially about the fine mineral waters close by, and their effects, as shown upon the invalids returning from the late wars. She was little goîtred in comparison with the man.

Another old woman was gathering something from among the stones, where to all appearance nothing was to be found. When asked what it was, most civilly she came to show it. It was dandelion for salad. Poor thing! she looked a picture of decent poverty, and seemed to have no thought of begging. On getting a few sous, how gratefully she said, "You do not know what a service you do me! I will pray to the good God for you." She then told how poor she was, and her old man had been ill for months, and often they had no bread; but it was not in complaint, but in gratitude for the sous. Talking of the sorrows of life easily led to talk of God's love and mercy; she cheerfully responded. When I told her of His free mode of giving us absolution of sin, she said the priest had set her certain penances; that she had not time to go through them rightly, and her mind was troubled. It was pleasant to tell her how God absolved like a King, freely and of pure mercy, for the sake of His Son alone.

You may go a good way before you find a purer air than in the valley of St. Jean, or a dirtier walk than through the town and round it. It is worth going some distance to see an English lady picking her steps in the streets, and still more in the outskirts of the

town. As to the floors of the hotel, they seem to rejoice in perfect exemption from suds or scrubbing-brushes.

Perhaps, in going through Savoy, you will now and then find yourself asking, "When will the country begin?" as yet you only see mountains. Then you may smile at yourself, and recall the old story of the clown in the city, who could not see the town for houses. These mountains are Savoy.

When I next saw the valley of St. Jean de Maurienne, the decree of annexation had passed: troops of French soldiers were winding among the Alpine passes, and the Savoyards seemed well content that they and their vines were to belong, henceforth, to the nation to which their language and their interests pointed them. It is a poor country, but beautiful; and with its lakes, its mountains, its vineyards, its glaciers, and its sunsets, if it is henceforth to be known in European diplomacy as the IDEA, it must, at least, be admitted that the idea is a romantic one.

In modern warfare the rifled gun may be a great improvement, but it is nothing to that crooked one by which a statesman, appearing to aim straight up the street, really shoots round the corner. Piedmont fought for Milan upon the Tchernaya, and France for Savoy upon the Mincio.

Chapter ii.

ACROSS MONT CENIS.



THE first time I crossed Mont Cenis was in October, before the pass had become clogged with the great falls of snow. We wound up from Lanslebourg in the morning twilight, with Alps now stretching higher than we could see from the windows of the *coupé*, and now bearing stars upon their shoulders. About sunrise we reached the line of snow, and then the peaks, gloriously blushed into great varieties of color; yet, beautiful as are those tints, drawn out by the morning sun from the snow of the Alps, I doubt whether they exceed, if indeed they equal, those drawn by the setting one from the peaks of Sinai, where he shines upon rock, and rock alone. Mysterious power and wealth of light! when heaven really beams upon earth, be it cold snow or hard rock, all things beam again with splendor.

The descent of the mountain on the Italian side was incomparably grand: the morning sun shining right before you, the sensation of height and depth, the vast range over which the eye swept, and the joy of motion as you galloped down and down. After a while a wide white surface, gleaming and stretching up an opening valley, spread far beneath. For miles and miles away

it sparkled and glistened, narrowing and winding among the hills like a lake, now looking like water, now like snow-wreaths, now like hills and dells of ice. With us was a Savoyard gentleman, who exclaimed, "How like the Mer-de-glace of Mont Blanc!" And we were enchanted with the glacier—all the more so, because no description had prepared us to expect one. But what was our surprise to find that this glassy scene was only what, if looking at it from the ground below, we should call "a cloud," though, viewed now from the heavenward side, it was all sheen and glory, the beauty and wonder of the whole landscape. It was many hundreds of feet below us. I had seen a broader sheet of clouds, lying farther down, hiding the plains of the Mysore from the tops of the Neilgherries; but, grand as that sight was, it had none of this icelike witchery. Every approach seemed but to heighten the impression; for the valley opened out; and as it did so, the seeming glacier spread farther and grew brighter.

At length we came near enough to see the light mist floating above the denser body of the cloud. Then trees, the trunks of which were hidden, held up their tops above it into the sunshine; then a house, the walls of which seemed as if they were under water, had its roof in the full light. Presently the horses' heads go into the mysterious mist, and then we ourselves are steeped in it. First of all the mountain peaks disappear, then the trees; then the sun loses his beams, looks for a while like a red plate of metal, turns darker,

and finally is quenched, and at last the horses' heads are the most distant objects within view. Still down we rush through the cloud, as we had rushed down toward it; and then, in a few minutes more, just as we had gradually plunged in, we gradually plunge out of it, and the vale of Susa, our first glimpse of Italy, wooded and watered, and shimmering with tremulous light, opens to the view.

When we got out, our glacier of the morning hung hundreds of feet overhead, just like an ordinary mass of light gray cloud. It made one think how often, in life, what is a mist while we are passing through it, and afterward a cloud, would seem not the gloom, but the beauty of our journey, had we the power of looking upon things from the heavenward instead of the earthward side.

Good old Colonel —, of the Bombay army, who was in another part of the diligence, could hardly believe us, at first, that it had not been a glacier, and then seemed any thing but pleased to lose the idea that he had seen one grander than all his imaginations.

The next time I passed Mont Cenis was in the present year, surrounded by a mass of uniforms, French and Sardinian, and a cloud of smoke. The night was fine, the air, notwithstanding the season, mild, and, I believe, but for the tobacco, would have been pure. On my left was a fine, intelligent French staff-officer; on the right, an educated, shrewd Sardinian one; in the front other French ones, rough, soldierly, and good-

humored. Before my nationality was discovered, they discussed military organization. Our army passed under review. All agreed that the British soldier was a first-rate one; and it was even said that, owing to the superior education diffused throughout England, he was, individually, more intelligent than the French one; but as to military organization!

"Fine soldiers," said the Piedmontese, "but without organization, and badly commanded."

"Oh, the English," replied a Frenchman, "they are the Chinese of Europe. They were just the same in the Crimea as they had been at Waterloo; they had not advanced a step."

"No wonder all went wrong with them," said the Sardinian.

"Just imagine!" strikes in the staff-officer; "they are indeed the Chinese. The other day, in Parliament, a member proposed to abolish that antique abuse which makes the British officer a jest in all the armies of Europe, the purchase of promotion; and positively a large majority voted for its preservation!"

A laugh followed, with the remark, "Oh, really, that, at any rate, does not belong to our age!" Something occurred to bring out the fact that I was English, when they asked my opinion on the points just alluded to. I said that there was one thing in which I did not agree, namely, that British officers supported the purchase system from self-interest. It was much more from a caste feeling; for really the service was so poorly paid that

one could not charge them with self-interest in the matter. To this they replied, "That may be; but a caste feeling applied to a national service is in itself a mean form of self-interest; and, after all, in a purchase system it is plain that men can get forward who under a system of advance by talent would be left far behind."

The allusion to a caste feeling brought remarks on the absurdity of a system that, in England above all countries, shut out the middle class. "England is the nation celebrated for a middle class, but the army is only high and low. England is the country of tempting careers; the son of a baker or barber, if well educated, may become a peer; but the army is a blind alley, into which no man with ambition will enter unless he has money or patrons. England is the nation of voluntary enlistment, and all inducements to the most pushing class in the country are withheld. No wonder that the government is at a loss for men, and that recruits are generally clowns. And in this day, when the individual intelligence of the man and the non-commissioned officer is a quality equal in value to ability in the general, to continue a system that leaves a non-commissioned officer all but hopeless of a gentleman's position, and so keeps away all who are capable of winning it, but unable to buy it!" Such is the substance of much that was said.

This conversation raised a question as to the bearings of the purchase system which home discussions would not be likely to bring before one. These foreign

soldiers, if called to face an English army, would believe that the men in the chief places were not the best heads, but the best purchasers. How much would this feeling reduce the moral impression made upon a hostile army by a British force? Their opinion might be wrong, but while our system lasts they will hold it.

The stock argument in defense did not fare very well. "After all, the British army is well officered."

"The British army well officered! It is bravely officered. No men can be braver; but as to being well officered, what is it, in a British army, that breaks down? The soldier? Never. What broke down in the Crimea—the soldiers? What broke down in Cabul, when the Affghans annihilated a British force—the soldier? No, the army was badly officered. Those were at the foot who ought to have been at the head. Is it not a fact that the English, at the breaking out of a war, count upon losing for a campaign or two, till the incapable officers are put out of the way, and men fit to command turn up?"

As I was not Secretary for War, I let the matter drop as soon as they pleased, feeling that, whatever might be the rights of the case, it was not in good hands, and was suffering heavy damage.

Throughout the night conversation passed upon different topics, but I was struck with this, that not one word was uttered on any point connected with Savoy, Italy, or France, their relations or their prospects—a tolerably plain indication that these were delicate sub-

jects. When the others had fallen asleep, the staff-officer talked a little to me, first about Savoy, seeming honestly to wonder that England should object to France having the "keys of her own house." I replied that whether France would be better or worse for the possession of Savoy, depended on the correctness of an opinion solemnly pronounced by the emperor in his grand proclamation from Milan, to the effect that in the present day material aggrandizement was not so valuable a power to a nation as moral influence. If this was correct, he, in exchanging the prestige of a disinterested campaign for the territorial remuneration of a province, sold a greater for a lesser power. When we passed on to speak of Italy, he was quite positive that the French army would soon be recalled, and said that he had it direct from Marshal Vaillant. "We have done what we could for them, and if they won't take our advice, we must leave them to take care of themselves. We have not 50,000 lives, and (I forget how many) millions of francs, to throw away every year for them." One observation rather surprised me. "You have no idea," he said, "how bad a feeling the Piedmontese have toward us. If one of their officers is saluted in the streets by a Frenchman, he looks down upon him (*de haut en bas*), as if to say, 'I wonder who you may be.'" Of the future prospects of Italy he spoke gloomily. "If Cavour," he said, "could have his own way, things would be brought to magnificent results; but he is thwarted by many, and much perplexed by the rash movements

of the king." He argued that, between the hot-headed patriots on one side and the priest party on the other, the constitutional throne would come to the ground. This, too, had been the vein of the most intelligent Savoyard I heard discussing the question. But the latter said that they, in welcoming annexation with France, counted on the fall of the Napoleon dynasty and the restoration of the national liberties. He seemed greatly surprised to hear me say that in England we wished to see some dynasty take root in France, caring little which, but desiring repose for our neighbor nation. He had counted that the fall of a Bonaparte would in itself be a pleasant anticipation for a Briton.

Throughout the night not an oath or an ungentlemanly word passed the lips of these French and Italian soldiers.

When I passed the mountain before, the room in the quaint inn at Lanslebourg was very quiet, with an old English colonel, well known in India, and one or two other travelers. Now there was a large crowd, English, French, Swiss, Savoyards, and Italians, all talking their various languages, and many of them in uniform. The snow here lay thick upon the ground—thicker than at the same season for thirty years. Wheels could work no higher up the mountain, sledges had to be used; but they were not the graceful things which skim and tinkle along the streets of New York in the winter, but simply diligences mounted on sledges instead of wheels. All the enormous baggage had to be unloaded

and loaded in the snow. I watched our own conductor, and wondered at his industry, good-humor, and address. When all was over, what a hurried snatch of food he had by way of supper ! But with all this he was cheerful as a lark and civil as a gentleman. We were soon packed in again, and the crunch, crunch, crunch of the sledges upon the snow began, and the smoking commenced anew.

Up and up, amid seas of snow, in rolling waves, threatening hills, and yawning gulfs. Across these gulfs stretched mysterious lines, which, in the snowy night-light, looked as if the dazzled eye were forming fancy cords in air. When we paused near one of the long stretches, the lines hummed like fairy bees haunting the dells of snow. It is the song of the wire, murmuring the music of nature's joy at the union of long-sundered peoples. It is the voice of Him who delights in the habitable parts of the earth, and who has made of one blood all nations of men. Here, over the everlasting hills, Italy and England are mingling thought and impulse ; so that while the lamp kindled at Turin for a triumph of Italy is yet burning, eyes beam at the news around London firesides. Volta and Wheatstone, the suggestive genius of Italy, the plastic power of England, are forevermore united in those wires ; and though, for the time, they bear news of wars, their work is the work of peace.

Up and up, Alps in front, Alps to the left, Alps to the right, Alps closing in behind ; up with the morning

star glowing above the unbroken snow, up winding, winding, winding summits above, chasms below, huge shades flung over the mountain sides, and frail-looking pines hanging on the crags—up and up, wearily for the horses, cozily for us. Foot-warmers had been borrowed from the railway, and rugs and wraps were made unexpectedly useless. At last came a halt. “Monsieur, something for the ascent,” says a postillion at the window, and he takes his leave.

Then down we slide—not as rapidly as in the former descent described; and after a long run we reach the edge of the deep snow, where the diligences are waiting. The sun was just coming up over the shoulder of an eastward jutting of the mountains—he might have been leaning upon it. The hills behind were white, and various, and grand; before, was stretching the valley wherein formerly the cloud had given us the shining spectacle of a glacier. An Alpine village down, down, oh how far down! was sending up its morning smoke. Where it lay, not a particle of snow was upon the ground. Beyond it, the Dora, a little river which joins the Po at Turin, was racing away to the great plain, looking just as it had done when I saw it last, though in the mean time the legions of France had hurried along it to victory or death, and had marched back again, some carrying with them their wounds, some mementoes of comrades who would never return.

After all the packing had been done over again, we were once more in the diligences, leaving our sledges

behind. As the porter put in the foot-warmers, one of the French officers, finding that, by this time, all the heat was gone, said, with a laugh, "This is like confession. If it does no good, it does no harm." We had then a little talk, and the staff-officer said to me, "The Holy Father will soon blow up (*va bientôt sauter*), and where they'll put him, who knows?"

The next time we crossed Mont Cenis it was far more difficult work. Fresh snow had just fallen; the wind was blowing high; the cold pierced through every thing; the poor beasts shrank and turned round again and again; the eyelashes of the men were frozen. One of the sledges was stuck fast more than an hour and a half in a wreath of snow, and the great, mild mastiff of the St. Bernard breed kept alongside, as if he thought he might be wanted; but by the skill, caution, and unfailing good-humor of all the men, every thing went on well; and after such a night's toil, one could not but feel grateful to the poor fellows who, for a miserable pittance, endure such hardships, watching for the safety of those whom they have never seen before, and may never see again.



Chapter iii.

TURIN DURING THE VOTING UPON ANNEXATION
IN CENTRAL ITALY.



IN the railway carriage from Susa we had an Italian lady and gentleman. Both were rather inclined to talk of the French as shallow and vain. Of England they were profoundly ignorant, and learned particulars as to our Constitution with frank surprise and sometimes with loud approbation. The lady was from Florence, and disliked the idea of its becoming a provincial city; the gentleman from Milan, and gloried in the new state of things. In my explanations about England, I dwelt on our views of Christianity. The lady listened with eagerness, the gentleman rather uneasily, taking every opportunity of dashing back to politics.

The day was beautiful, and as the valley of the Po opened out, backed and fringed by the purple hills and the snow summits, with the old castles so high, high up, and the quaint carts and clumsy horses, brown men and stately asses, the trellised vines, the mulberries, the English steam-horse racing merrily, and, above all, the rich Italian light, it acted like a charm upon the spirits, and prepared one to hail Turin.

On first entering Turin I was more taken by surprise than in any capital I had visited. Nothing had

led me to expect a city of such pretensions. It is regular, open, and very beautiful. The site is level, the streets rectangular, and the buildings more uniform, perhaps, than in any other capital. Yet, partly by the help of nature, partly by that of architecture, the impression of sameness is hardly made, or, at least, was not on me. Two notable examples of regular cities are Carlsruhe, the type of concentric regularity, and Philadelphia that of the rectangular. The former is oppressively dull, and the latter, noble city as it is, becomes wearisome. But in Turin, the grand height and scale of the buildings, with the abundance of architectural ornament, prevents dullness in the street-fronts; and, turn whatever side you may, all openings terminate in a mountain. Sometimes it is a hill, thick set with villas, on what is called "the Collina," or southern chain, and sometimes it is one of the Alps. In the street called "the Dora Grossa" you have a line, nearly an English mile long, terminated on one side by the *façade* of a palace, on the other by an Alp nine thousand feet high.

The Po, though here not nearly such a river as the Thames at London, is so treated as to be a great ornament to the town; and the street leading up from it toward the palace is really grand, with a row of porticoes on each side, and behind a great church, the *Madre di Dio*, like the Pantheon of Rome.

At my second visit I expected to be less impressed than at the first; but here it was, the same grand, uni-

form, airy city, worthy to be the capital of the young kingdom. It looks as if some one had formed a noble design, and had it nobly carried out. What a contrast to London, which, up and down, in and out, squat, clay-colored, without plan or dignity except in the squares, having occasionally a new street struggling up to a worthy scale, and in, perhaps, two of the modern quarters, proofs of design, looks as if it had not been made, but had "grown," like Topsy and the British Constitution! Yet it has incomparable sites. Were Holborn and Oxford Street, Ludgate Hill and the Strand, built on some such scale as the streets of Turin, what a city it would be! Were the line from the Marble Arch to Bayswater turned properly to account, the Rue Rivoli would be beaten hollow. Were the existing quantity of sightly building disposed upon some great plan, no capital could touch it. Had that old glutton of a corporation spent half the money on men of genius it has done on cooks and butchers, instead of every foreigner returning from London to tell what a heap of dingy villages we live in, they would come back to say that London was the worthy mansion of a great family. What influence France gains by the beauty of Paris, and how much we lose by the ugliness of London! The capital is to a nation what the family-seat is to an individual, and has as much to do with its social influence in the circle of its neighbors. Our damp climate and quantities of coal-smoke impose upon us greater necessity for attention to civic architecture than lies

upon others; for an inferior building in France or Italy will look better than a superior one in London; and yet, in this respect, we have lain complacently behind our neighbors.

On leaving the railway station you almost immediately cross a noble street, planted on either side with trees, the *Strada del Re*. Here, in a conspicuous place, is a beautiful building, bearing the inscription, "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." What can this mean? It is a church; and yet, in Italy, churches are not wont to have inscriptions from the word of God in the vulgar tongue. You may go through all the cities, from Como to Syracuse, and perhaps you will not find, on the house of God, one word of the Bible that the people can read, either inside or out.

What, then, is this? It is an appeal to antiquity, but an appeal to the Bible, and a challenge to read it. You ask the first passer-by, "What is this building?" and the answer is, "It is the church of the Vaudois." What recollections does this answer call up! By those strange flashes which show to the mind, in a moment, the shades of past things, you see the Alpine valleys hidden there among those hills—the obscure and menaced flocks gathering at their peril, and hearing the Word of God; you see the advancing soldiers of the house of Savoy; then fire and blood, tortures and exiles, and the same scene over and over again, at each

fresh encounter the hands of Rome growing redder, the name of Vaudois more venerable, until reformed nations arise to call them heirs of the old faith—until, later, the thunders of the revolutionary time silence the bolts of the Vatican—until, at last, at last, the chains they had borne for ages are off, and they are permitted, as citizens, to stand erect upon the soil of Italy. And here that old church, true from the beginning, true through the darkest ages, true against all the kings, true against the people of her own language, true against the powers Rome could bring to bear upon her by letters or by arms, is at last permitted to come out from her mountain hiding-place, holding the faith she had received from her remotest fathers; and, setting her foot in this one free capital of Italy, she turns her face to the land that hunted her so long, and lifts up her hands in prayer that God would wipe away the blood with which it is stained, and send it days of Christian light and rest.

It was on a beautiful Sunday morning, with such thoughts filling my mind, that I approached that fair temple. A group was standing at the door: they were soldiers—soldiers of the house of Savoy, going in uniform to the Vaudois temple, not to commit havoc, but to worship God under the protection of law. I never looked at a foreign soldier with such interest before. A medal hung upon the breast of one or two, looking like a half-crown piece; but, ugly as it was, it had a greater charm for me, just then, than the more tasteful

ones of the Continental states—the countenance of Queen Victoria was stamped upon it. It was her Crimean memento to the heroes of the Italian army who had there stood by our side. By the two signs of the Piedmontese uniform and the English medal, it seemed as if the houses of Hanover and Savoy joined hands on this church threshold to uphold the consecrated principle of freedom to worship God.

In this church I attended services in the French and Italian languages, and in the adjacent school-rooms week-day services in both. On one of the latter occasions the excellent Pastor Meille brought out, with great effect, the fact that the first Gentile who had received the Gospel was an Italian, and dwelt on the special obligation which rested upon their countrymen to cherish the pure Christian religion, and to spread it far and wide. Attached to the church are a boys', girls', and infants' schools, and an orphanage. The children in the latter are of Vaudois parents, who are lodged on the premises, and put out to learn trades in Turin, to be sent back to the valleys, carrying with them the arts they have gained here. Under the same roof is a printing-office, with two presses at work; and we saw them throwing off the New Testament in large type. They have already a very considerable number of religious books, and regularly publish a paper called "The Good News," which boldly advocates the principles of scriptural religion.

The peculiarity of the Vaudois is, that they can not

properly be called Protestants, because, never having acknowledged the authority of Rome, or fallen into her errors, they never had to protest against them otherwise than by the perpetual struggle of centuries. They are an aboriginal Christian Church, holding the forms and the doctrines handed down from the most distant Christian times.

Every time I renewed my intercourse with Mr. Meille it was with increased esteem; and all I saw of the Vaudois brethren and their agents in other parts of Italy but confirmed the opinion I had conceived of them, and increased the affection with which all Reformed Christians are predisposed to regard them.

Besides their congregation, another exists in the town, presided over by a very remarkable man, Dr. Desantis, formerly a parish priest in the city of Rome. He has now for many years stood his ground as a pastor upon Italian soil; and active as Rome is in inventing calumnies against every one whom she calls an apostate priest, his name stands unblemished. Far away from the present scene of his labors, when it appears upon the title-page of a book, it insures a large circle of readers. He is a grave, thoughtful, silent, earnest man; with the stamp of a teacher upon him; and one would greatly desire to see him occupying some position in which the gifts that God has given him would tell more directly in training minds for the future enlightenment of his country. The converts attached to these two churches are principally from the

lower ranks, though many of them persons of education and intelligence. The numbers are sufficient to encourage those who labor there, yet, as compared with the great mass of the community, so small as to make no general impression; and thus both the casual observer who thinks all is in vain, and the practical worker who thinks all hopeful, can easily cite grounds for their respective opinions.

On reaching Turin this spring, we found the city wearing a gala-day look, flags hanging from the windows, streets teeming with people, troops in full dress and new uniform, festive looks, jubilant crowds—all things bespoke a rejoicing.

A visit to a hairdresser is seldom lost time when you want to gain a glimpse at the popular mind. It only needed an inquiry to set off the man who was serving me in an eloquent strain of exultation. The news of the voting in Central Italy was coming in; it was all in favor of annexation. It was far beyond what any one expected. There was to be an Italian kingdom. The Italians were to be united at last. The old jealousies were dying out. Also, this was the king's birthday, and he was to go to the theatre to-night; and what a reception he would have! Then, in a day or two, Farini was to come in from the *Æ*milia to lay the allegiance of those states at the feet of the king; and in a day or two more Ricasoli was to come bearing the result of the voting in Tuscany; and what receptions they would both have! And so on he ran in a tide of patri-

otic eloquence. How different was this man's strain from that of a Frenchman under any thing like similar circumstances! There was as much feeling; but, intense as it was, he was grave, almost solemn, and, what I did not expect, there was scarcely an extravagant word. If he was a fair specimen of men of his class, the intelligence of the people of Turin ought to rank high.

In the streets one was greatly impressed with the appearance of the soldiers; for, being the king's birthday, they were all in new uniform, and better-dressed men I never saw belonging to any army, or men of finer physical proportions. So far as one could judge, they were in strict discipline, and every where the townspeople seemed to look upon them with pride. As some regiments marched up before the palace, carrying flags that were gloriously tattered, scarcely able to hang by the staff, the excitement of the people was high.

Several points seemed to indicate the progress of events in the last few years. The streets were more thronged. The bearing of the people was bolder and livelier. The style of dress for men approached nearer to English fashions. It seemed plain that (except the hat) London ruled the taste for gentlemen, as Paris does that for ladies. At the *table d'hôte* the company was much larger; and, instead of being nearly all foreigners—English, American, German, and so on—it consisted chiefly of Italians, and national topics occupied almost every tongue.

Entering a merchant's office, I delivered a letter of introduction, and found a cordial reception. Two partners took part in the conversation. "What a moment you come at!" they exclaimed: "what a moment! The voting in Central Italy is all favorable to the annexation. We did not expect such a magnificent result. Italy never saw such a day! We are a nation—a nation at last! We may have troubles, and doubtless we shall have; but I have confidence that it will all be well." With reference to the past, they seemed to think that the Emperor of the French was well paid by Savoy, and that, however serviceable he had been, they had acquitted their debts to him.

When I asked what the bearing of all this would be upon the relation of the Italian people to the Church, it was plain that this was just the point upon which their views were the most undefined, and on which they were eager to hear what others might think. I told them plainly that, according to our ideas, many of the superstitions and doctrines found in the modern churches were not only distinct from the true Christian religion, but totally opposed to it. The old man looked as though a familiar doubt slumbering in his mind had been started up, and armed. I urged that we ought to learn religion from Christ's own words, the words of His apostles, the faith and forms of the first age. No man could believe that what they saw before their eyes in Italy, under the name of Christianity, was the same thing as had been established eighteen centuries ago by

the apostles of our Lord; and the duty of all was to discover the ancient truths and forms, to adhere to them, and to let all the accretions of the middle and modern ages fall away. In reply to all this, nothing was said, but the dark eyes looked approbation.

After all that I had heard among the Savoyards of their anxiety for annexation to France, it was rather amusing to find that these Piedmontese took it for granted that the measure would be unwelcome to the people of Savoy. They were specially sure that when it came to voting in the army, the great majority of the men, and all the officers, would be for retaining their connection with Piedmont. Indeed, the fact had been ascertained.

In another house of business I found a young, energetic, thoughtful man, who again received me with very great kindness. "You are come," he exclaimed, "at a glorious moment; you have heard of the voting for the annexation; all is going far better than we could have expected. The Emperor of the French will surely be satisfied now, and stand no longer in the way of the natural rights of Italy. We have been divided and distracted too long by princes and diplomatists; it is surely time, then, to let nature have its course, and Italy will be a nation after all. England has stood by us, and we feel it now much more than we did a while ago." When I asked him whether he thought they had a fair probability that the new nation would consolidate itself and retain its independence, he acknowledged that their

difficulties would be great, arising from Austrian and Roman hatred and French jealousy, but he felt confident as to the future.

When I gave a hint that it would probably be better not to attempt to revolutionize the provinces still in bonds, but to consolidate the new kingdom, and leave time, and the example of free institutions, to do their work, he energetically protested against the common accusation that their government maintained a great propagandist agency for the overthrow of the other governments of Italy. "Of course," he said, "it would be impossible to be an Italian, or a man living under free institutions, such as we have enjoyed for some years past, and see the rest of the country in the miserable condition it has been in, without burning for its deliverance, and its union into one strong and independent nation. All that have any heart or head desire this, and avow it before the world. But as to propagandism, the real propaganda has been our institutions—our Parliament, which has discussed national questions; our press, which has gone every where, spreading Italian ideas; our army, fighting the Austrians and the Russians, and fixing upon itself the eyes of Italy; our refugees, gathered from all the oppressed states, managing to make their friends at home know how different things were under the Constitution; and, most of all, Cavour—Papa Cavour"—and this word was uttered in tones of peculiar affection and exultant confidence. "He has so thoroughly gained the confidence of all Italians,

that they rally round him as the symbol of the national life, and wherever his name is heard of they wish to be united with the system he represents. He is the great propaganda by force of patriotism and talent."

In the letter of introduction something was said which led him to ask me if I was not an ecclesiastic. "Yes, I am what we call 'a minister' or 'pastor,' but it is not the same as a priest." He wanted to know the difference. "The differences are as great as can be. A priest is one who professes daily to repeat the sacrifice of the Son of God, and offer it up again for sin. In our view, as taught by the New Testament, this is not only without a sanction in Christianity, but wildly contradictory to the spirit and letter of its teaching and to the example of the apostles. They ever speak of one Priest only, Jesus Christ, who offered Himself up a sacrifice for the sins of the world; and that sacrifice, once for all, never more to be repeated or simulated. We should as soon think of professing to repeat His miraculous birth or His resurrection as His one great sacrifice of Himself." To him this distinction was new and striking. "Again, a priest is one who tells you that, as he represents an infallible Church, you have only to confide your soul, in matters of salvation, to his guidance, and that he will be answerable; that if you obey him, or the Church speaking through him, you have discharged your responsibility; and thus, when you put the greatest question that a man can put, 'What must I do to obtain remission of my sins?' he

tells you to go to him, to confide them all into his ear, and that he will give you God's absolution. This is what no apostle ever did. It is a tremendous transaction between two men, of which we find no record or hint in any part of the New Testament. When men came to St. Peter, asking him what they must do to be saved, he never told them that they must go privately with him, confide the detail of their sins to him, and receive at his hand the Lord's absolution, as if he were a power standing between them and God. On the contrary, he told them simply to 'repent of their sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' He instructed them, set them an example of Christian life, preached to them, held meetings for edification and prayer with them, but he never assumed to be a necessary medium between them and their Maker."

"Then," he said, "according to you, the priest, instead of being a sort of little god on earth, is just a spiritual friend and director?" "Yes," I said; "and not a director in the absolute sense in which the Church of Rome uses that word; because we, as Christian ministers, feel that what we teach must be strictly according to the Word of God; and that it is the duty of Christian people to receive it not implicitly because we say it, but to prove it by reading the Scriptures for themselves, and seeing that what they hear is not the word of man, but is, in truth, the old teaching of prophets and apostles. The work of the minister is to instruct, and lead, and guide the Church, but at every

point basing his authority and doctrine upon the Scriptures, and, above all, ever pointing the trust of the people away from himself and his own offices to the one sacrifice of Christ, offered upon the cross, and to His everlasting priesthood fulfilled in heaven for us."

It was strange the interest with which this was listened to—an interest partly of novelty, partly of politics, because every such question at the moment bore upon the great national movement, and partly, let us hope, of a true desire to know what Reformed Christians really thought upon the great question of religion. "Then," I said, smiling, "there is another great difference: the priest is sworn not to marry; but we believe that as St. Peter was a married man, and as St. Paul says a bishop ought to be, ministers of the Gospel should marry if they choose." He did not smile, but, with a shade on his face, said, "Ah! then, the minister is a citizen, and has ties to the country like other men."

So far as I could discover, this gentleman had no disposition to reject Christianity entirely because of the disgust felt at much that is palmed upon the people under its sacred name. After we had talked a good while upon the distinction between priest and minister of the Gospel, he said that a movement had set in among the Piedmontese clergy, many of them having resolved no longer to confound the temporal with the spiritual authority of the Pope, and he thought that the great body of them would go with the nation. My first impression was that such a party would include two classes—free-

thinking patriots and cunning self-seekers; the conscientious Roman priest who believes in the Church would be on the other side. It is easy for Englishmen to say that none of the priests do believe in their own system; that it is impossible men can believe so much absurdity; but the fact is, that there is no absurdity in which men can not and do not believe: all absurdities exist simply because somebody does believe in them. There can be no doubt that large bodies of priests, as well as laymen, as conscientiously believe in the Church of Rome, its dogmas, rites, and traditions, as any man in England believes in his Bible.

Much that I subsequently heard in various places modified the first impression as to the elements of which the national party among the priests would be composed. Besides the honest papist, whose conscience would hold him to the Vatican, the free-thinking patriot, and the time-server, there is a fourth class—priests who believe in religion, and have enough faith in the Church to prevent them from breaking with her, or too much fear of consequences to brave the loss of all, and the malediction of their brethren; but, at the same time, are sensible of the mental bondage in which they are held, doubtful of many things sanctioned by Rome, and wishing in their hearts that, without incurring the hated brand of heresy, they could see their way to a Church more resembling the one they find in such snatches of the Bible as they know, or such records of the first three centuries as they ever read at

first hand. This class is generally represented as numerous by men who are acquainted with the inner places of the priesthood.

From a gentleman so placed as to have the very best political information, I learned that they were daily expecting from Rome a Bull excommunicating the king. "To you and me," he said, "this may appear nothing" (for he was an Englishman); "but the king is a Roman Catholic, brought up a Roman Catholic, and there is no telling what effect it may produce upon his mind." I resolved to try what Italians would say upon this subject. The first to whom I named it was a thoroughly intelligent merchant. He simply laughed at it, and said that it might scare a few women in country places, but that was all. As to the men, or the people of the towns, it would produce no effect upon them whatever. "What did I think of it?" I was free enough to say that to me it appeared not so much in the light of a political absurdity as of a great wickedness. To curse ten millions of people in the name of the Christian religion on account of a political movement was surely a bad, a horrible action. If it had any effect at all, it put the souls of those people outside of the kingdom of grace. "Cursing," I said, "is not a Christian work, but blessing. Christ and his apostles suffered much at the hands of all kinds of men: they fearlessly and tremendously denounced sin and classes of sinners, exhibiting against them the future judgment and just condemnation of God. But what persecutor or opponent did

they ever curse?" He rubbed his hands and said, "Ah! but Rome is used to cursing."

I next mentioned the subject to a banker in his office. He treated it just in the same way. "Excommunication was well enough in past centuries. It has been tried too often. It has no terrors now; it only disgusts people to see an attempt to use spiritual arms for a political end. Besides, it can have no effect unless it be published in the country, and the government will take care that it shall not be so."

Upon this latter statement I looked at first as merely a feint to prevent the minds of the people from being affected by the excommunication; but afterward I found the "*Opinione*," the leading journal, strongly maintaining the position that, by ancient concessions of the See of Rome, the house of Savoy was guaranteed for all time against any such acts of the pontifical power, and could protect itself from the publication of ecclesiastical censures among its own subjects. In support of this view it produced formidable documentary evidence. With this grave argument the "*Opinione*" coupled strong representations that, to give the excommunication full effect, it would be necessary for the Pope, before the conclusion of the year of grace 1860, to prepare for and eventually to celebrate the greatest ceremonial at which Rome had ever presided; for an excommunication not followed by an *auto da fe* was only a broadside with blank cartridge. The *auto da fe* ought to come if they did not repent within the year,

and it would have to be performed by publicly burning eleven millions of Christians. The only difficulty would lie in catching them!

Another gentleman to whom I spoke on the question of the excommunication said, "Oh, let it come. The king is thoroughly prepared. His mind is made up as to his course, and he knows what to do. The people are prepared, and the ministry are prepared, even to the point of having prisons ready for any priests who will dare to publish an excommunication of the king."

As several had said that perhaps the women would be frightened, I went into a shop where there were four, and no men. Having bought a trifle, I began to talk. How they all went off upon the national topics, like as many alarm clocks trying which would ring the loudest! "What a moment for Italy! What a moment for Turin! What a grand union! The rest of Italy would soon be with them too. Italy was to be a nation. England had been their friend." After giving them time to effervesce, I threw in a little cold water in the form of a question—What they would do if the Pope should place them all under excommunication. They broke out again with as much eagerness as ever, mingled with a dash of indignation. "Let him! let him! Does he think it will frighten any one? No, not in the present day. Those were tricks for old times. How dare he excommunicate the king? If the king had done wrong, and he excommunicated him for it, there would be something in it; but the king has

been doing right. He has been working for Italy, and fighting for Italy; and the people have been doing right—they have been trying to become a nation. That is their duty, and they will be a nation; and they are to be excommunicated for that! If the Pope do it, it will hurt nobody but himself. If he shut the churches, never mind; he and his priests will be forsaken. Let him do it, if he likes.”

I never had, in any part of the world, a more willing audience than while I talked to them on Church, and priest, and religion, and blessing, and cursing, and after a long time bade them farewell, with earnest requests to come back again.

Selecting another shop, which also contained only women, apparently of a superior class to the former, I began to speak to the mistress. She was pale and very dejected; perhaps a widow lately bereaved, or, more probably, one who had long been struggling hard for a living. I began, “This is a joyful time in Turin.” “Yes, for some,” she said, with a sigh. “Not for all?” I asked. “Well, for the men, yes; but for us poor women?” “I suppose you are afraid that the holy Father will excommunicate you all?” “Oh,” she cried, “as for that, no;” and, with rather a pleased look, “I should like to see it.” “Like to see it?” I said. “Is it not a very terrible thing to be put out of the Christian Church by God’s vicar upon earth?” She shrugged her shoulders, and said, “Oh, that would frighten no one.”

The rest struck in. They declaimed with hearty good-will against the wickedness of such a threat, and said, if the Pope did it, all the churches would be forsaken. Several times I reminded them of the gravity of coming under the censure of the holy Father, but always provoked only fresh indignation. At last they appealed to me, and asked if I really believed that it would do them any harm.

"Well," I said, "as to us English, we have lain under the curse of the holy Father for the last three hundred years; and we have an idea that, after bearing it so long, we are not worse off, nor much worse people either, than the Neapolitans and the Romans, who have been so constantly favored with his benediction." They burst out into a laughing shout: "Oh, only think! the English under the Pope's curse, and the Neapolitans with his blessing, and that is the effect of it!"

A similar current of opinion was strongly indicated in the press. Wherever the topic was alluded to at all, it was either in a strain of indignation or of ridicule. The graver papers argued, and the light ones published caricatures and jokes. Among the latter, the "*Pasquino*," the Italian "Punch," had a large plate, entitled, "The use of a pipe-fusee in 1860." It represented the Jupiter of the Vatican upon his own Olympus, surrounded by the scarlet-hatted gods. He looked very feeble, but in a great rage; and was hurling down a thunderbolt labeled "Excommunication." Below, a crowd of priests were looking on with terror-stricken air, anticipating

the effects of the discharge; but a sturdy urchin, with a cocked hat, and cocked nose like Victor Emmanuel, stood laughing, with his pipe in his mouth, and held it out so adroitly as just to catch the forked lightning in the bowl of the pipe.

Another paper, "*Fischetto*," represented political animals, each taking their own way according to their humor; and there was one "sagacious animal" that had bethought itself of the best use for waste paper, and was just entering a pork-butcher's door with a great hamper of papers labeled "Excommunication," "Censure," "Bull," "Rescript," "Protest," and so on.

On the other hand, the Jesuits here have an organ called the "*Armania*," which does for them in Turin what the "*Univers*" used to do at Paris. It is chiefly remarkable from the fact that one of its principal contributors is a member of the Azeglio family, the head of which, the Marquis Roberto, has long been known as a liberal writer. Of late years, he had, in some important votes, taken sides rather with the reactionary party; but since the last national movement he has reappeared, holding a pen as bold as that of any other public man, and, in one of his recent writings, does not hesitate to make significant allusion to "the giant of Wittenberg," and to the artifices of the Council of Trent; and lays down the grand principle that henceforth there are to be but two authorities—

In politics, the Constitution,
In religion, the New Testament.

If the Marquis Azeglio and other statesmen will only abide by this axiom, the future destiny of Italy is assured. Alluding to the Council of Trent, he says, "From that day, progress and liberty always found, as they do to-day, their chief foe in the court of Rome, which, with subtle priestly forecast, saw that the ripeness of human reason and the diffusion of popular knowledge would assure the demolition of that frail and whited clump of stones with which it has deformed the edifice of the Church founded by Jesus Christ."

No wonder that the "*Buona Novella*," the organ of the ancient Italian Church, as represented by the Vaudois, should cite these words, in which the modern corruptions of Christianity are appealed against, and its ancient and holy foundations called to mind. That Vaudois Church has existed and suffered simply to sustain this appeal to the original truth and purity against more recent degeneration; but the "*Armonia*" makes it a great reproach to the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio to be praised by the "*Buona Novella*." "Your father," it says, did so and so, and so and so; "but the '*Buona Novella*' did not praise him." He did so and so, and so and so; "but the '*Buona Novella*' did not praise him!" And what becomes of statesmen in the future whom Jesuit papers do praise?

This Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio is not to be confounded with his more celebrated brother Massimo, or with his own son, who is now ambassador at our court. Among the prodigies of Italy, perhaps the greatest liv-

ing is Massimo d'Azeglio. He is celebrated as a painter, celebrated as a novelist, celebrated as a political writer, celebrated as a soldier, and, above all, celebrated as a statesman. His pictures receive much praise; his pen has exerted as great an influence on the fate of Italy as that of any living man. The tales of his soldiering are heroic, and he bears in his body a soldier's mementoes. When Italy bowed in sorrow under the disaster of Novara, and young Victor Emmanuel had sadly to take up the crown which his father, Charles Albert, had laid down with a broken heart, the man he called to his side as prime minister of the new constitutional kingdom, setting out on its untried career, staggering with recent blows, and shedding many tears over the exile of its founder, was Massimo d'Azeglio. He guided the nation until he had brought upon the stage such men as Cavour and La Marmora; and then, yielding to his love for study and art, went again into private life. But in the late commotions, when Milan became free, and a governor was to be appointed, the Lombards would have at their head the man whom all trusted, loved, and wondered at.

He, in a late publication, alluding to the religious aspects of the national question, declares that Italy can never be Protestant, and tries to throw the blame of the Pope's faults upon Austria. He seems to take pleasure in setting up the distinction between the spiritual and temporal power, hoping to rescue his country from the curse of the one, while yet the Church shall retain to itself the other.

Time only will show men how inevitably temporal despotism arises out of spiritual, and will make them see that the real groundwork of the tyranny of Austria, and of other such countries, is the absolute rule of human souls assumed by the Pope. People in England are ready to think when they hear an Italian statesman profess to distinguish between the spiritual and the temporal authority, that it is merely an artifice by which he seeks to have his own way for the moment. With some it may be, but with many it is perfectly sincere. They see the Romish religion existing in countries where the Pope has no temporal authority, and naturally conclude that it may be so in Italy, forgetting that in those countries the people enjoy rights secured to them by doctrines totally subversive of the Pope's claims, which protect them from ever being placed under the full force of the spiritual tyranny. If the Pope is the vicar of God, head and organ of an infallible Church, any power which prevents him from bringing all his spiritual authority to bear on the souls of men sins against their moral health and eternal hopes, as a ruler who prevented the free fall of rain and sunshine would sin against physical life. Now take the recent decrees of the Inquisition (of which one is hereafter inserted), and do they claim more than such a perfect possession of a man's soul and principles as it is natural a vicar of God and an infallible guide to salvation should claim? Yet is there upon earth a government that dare permit such atrocious enactments

to operate among its people? Were one found, could society cohere under it? And if, from the sheer necessity of warding off social chaos and political ruin, every temporal power that ever was, that is, and that can be, is compelled to curb and lame the Pope's spiritual power, how vain is it to protest that it is a sacred thing to be respected! Still, let us not accuse those who do so of duplicity. More time and more sorrows will teach more truths.

Another point on which we are liable to think them insincere is that of religious liberty. Every Italian of the liberal party professes an abhorrence of all persecution, and a firm belief in the doctrine that every man should be free to worship God according to his own conscience. Some of them may hold the French distinction between freedom to believe and freedom to worship; but, if so, I never heard any of them allude to it. It is the most silly of absurdities; for no man can interfere with the liberty of another to believe whatever he likes; and unless liberty of following and proclaiming your belief exists, there is no religious liberty at all.

Englishmen, then, finding Italian statesmen avow themselves friends of religious liberty, and yet hearing every now and then of a Protestant meeting closed by public force, or a preacher brought before the tribunals and subjected to some sort of penalty, perhaps to imprisonment, lose patience, and regard their professions as a mere blind to fool the people of free countries; but

this is not just. They sincerely desire to see religious liberty established. The practical difficulties in their way are great, and not easily understood by us. It is not at Turin as in London. With us, the Constitution has grown up by degrees, and is in itself the embodiment and power of national law and usage. At Turin the Constitution is a modern statute, placed by one royal act in the midst of a great body of ancient laws. It overshadows them; and, if it live, such as are unfriendly to it must eventually perish under its shade. For the present, however, they stand unrepealed, and some of them materially affect religious questions. Local authorities can apply the old law in the very teeth of the Constitution. This is done frequently. And the statesmen of Italy, bent, above all things, upon teaching the people the sacred duty of keeping law, will support a procedure, when once invested with legal sanction, which they regret as an occurrence, and disapprove as to the principles by which it was prompted.

While all credit for sincerity in this matter ought to be accorded, on the other hand, one can not look at the facts which constantly arise without feeling that the public men confront the priests when temporal motives impel them, but do not show much courage when they have to carry out their own views as to the rights of the human conscience. In the former matters they take the course they believe to be for the national interests, and leave the priests to rage at will. In the latter they temporize and speak of fears, forgetting that all rights

are periled if the man himself, the soul within, is not held sacred. They might settle the matter at once by simple laws, taking away all show of legal right to persecute, and by clear and express announcement that the time had come when the conscience of the poorest Italian was to be protected by the whole power of the kingdom of Italy. Let the priests but feel that the question was settled, that soul-bonds were all broken by law, and that the public force, whether armed or judicial, was no longer at the disposal of the persecutor, but ever on the side of the persecuted, and they would bow to this order of things much more patiently than they can do in several other matters to which they have learned to submit.

It is not, however, to be inferred that in the city of Turin sensible restraints exist upon religious liberty. There the Protestant churches are as free as Romish or Greek ones are with us. The Bible is every where hawked and sold, Bible-schools are taught, the press issues whatever books any one may please to print, and the spirit of the Constitution has free way. Throughout the great provincial cities the same state of things exists in the main, though now and then the courts of Genoa may be found pronouncing a sentence that reads much more like Naples than Sardinia. But in country places irritating obstructions are often thrown in the way of religious liberty, and statesmen are slow to interfere effectually.

This subject naturally leads one to think of the Jew

family Mortara. To them, as to thousands of others, whose liberties have been outraged under the papal government, the free city of Turin has offered an asylum. No longer able to endure the scene of their family wrongs, they have retired from the Romagna to a place where they can dwell under protection for both conscience and person. I called upon them, and met with a very kind reception. The first member of the family I saw was a little boy of eight or nine years old, whose countenance fell the moment I inquired if they had lately had any news of their little brother at Rome. A sister, of perhaps twelve years of age, when asked the same question, at once showed tears in her eyes. Both said they had not heard any thing for a long time. Madame Mortara was pale, sad, and worn with sickness. She had been ill for four months, having never recovered the shock of the midnight visit of the police, the abduction of her boy, and her own painful chases after him. Poor lady! it was some slight satisfaction to be able to tell her the feelings with which Christians in England regarded such acts as that which had violated her motherly rights, and left her heart so mournful, and how entirely they were opposed to the spirit and example of the Christian religion. The name of Sir Culling Eardley seemed to be music to her ear, and the little book, "The true Story of Edgar Mortara," though in an unknown tongue, appeared to be a jewel to her. The daughter mentioned a drama which had been got up and played here.

I could find very little general interest in the case among the people. They all blamed the priests, but looked on it as rather an ordinary example of what the papal government might do; and thought, if Europe generally had known as much as they, the treatment of the Mortara family would have been taken as nothing remarkable. Signor Mortara himself acknowledged that all the Italians condemned the Church for its treatment of his boy, and yet he seemed more disposed than most I met with to speak with respect of the priests, and gave them credit for influence among the people so long as they confined themselves to religious and avoided temporal matters.

In the midst of the excitement connected with the arrival of the news of the voting upon annexation, I visited several churches, and found that they were tolerably well attended, and in one or two cases, where special ceremonies were proceeding, the congregations were really large. Nor were they, as often stated, composed entirely of women; but, in some cases at least, there was a very fair proportion of men. It was rare, however, to see a man bow—very rare. Occasionally one might be found upon his knees, and then he was more in earnest than the majority of the women, who appeared as much at liberty to make observations while going through their prayers as if they had been knitting.

At first sight, in Romish countries, one is struck with the fact that the churches are always open, and that

persons passing go in for a moment or two, and kneel down and repeat a prayer. It is also the custom with those who are more devout to spend considerable portions of time at their private devotions in the church during the day. Impressive as this is at first, after a while one learns that a public place is not, after all, the best scene for private devotion, and that the occasional visit to the church, as a substitute for the closet, is a poor expedient. Moreover, it gradually comes to mind that this is the very thing against which our Lord directed His express reproof. He teaches us that a public place is for united worship, and that private prayer is for the secret place between the worshiper and God.

When the news of the definite result of the voting had been received, and the time of the arrival of Farini was fully known, the appearance of the city became more and more festive; the number of banners increased, signs of preparation for great illuminations rose every where, the throng in the street was great, men's looks and tones were exultant, and even their footsteps seemed to echo the proud word, "We are a nation." At night impatient joy could not wait for the prescribed moment, but burst out into partial illuminations. Having witnessed all this, and feeling more inclined for a quiet Sunday than for one of crowds and shows, we left Turin for Milan the day before Farini was to arrive.

When in Rome, I read in the "*Civiltà Cattolica*,"

“The population of Turin received Farini and Ricasoli in the coldest manner, and that for some reasons which we shall name. First. The Turinese side with the Pope, and regard with an evil eye the spoliation of his provinces. Secondly. The population has a presentiment, a prejudice, a something in the mind which says, ‘This can’t last; this won’t last.’ Thirdly. The city of Turin foresees that, even should it last, it would be to it a very heavy loss, because it must necessarily cease to be the capital. For these reasons the illumination of the 18th of March was a very shabby affair, so that the city guard had to go about from house to house, to entreat the citizens in the name of the mayor to light up; and then on the Sunday, an attempt being made to repeat the illumination, nothing could be got but a very few of the smallest lamps, scattered here and there, as many as you could count upon your fingers. . . . The Turinese prefer keeping their money to pay St. Peter’s pence.”*

This “*Civiltà Cattolica*” is the one lonely magazine which comes into the world at Rome, as the “*Giornale di Roma*” is the solitary newspaper. The latter is the daily organ of the papal government; the former the fortnightly one of the Jesuits; and the quotation just given is a fair specimen of the sort of news with which the one and the other illuminate the people, for whose indulgence such dangerous treats are allowed to be pre-

* “*La Civiltà Cattolica*” for April, 1860, under the head *Cronaca Contemporanea*.

pared. Besides the lies in the above statement, there is a curious blunder, because the 18th of March is first mentioned, and then the Sunday. Now the Sunday was the 18th, so that I can testify that, two days before the Sunday came, and before the public illuminations were looked for, a great many persons had lit up. When next in Turin, the waiter at the hotel, learning that we had just come from Florence, asked,

“Did you see the king?”

“Yes, we saw his reception at Florence.”

“Did they receive him well?”

“I have seen many public demonstrations, but never any thing like it in this world.”

“Oh,” he said, “but you should have been here to see the arrival of Farini!”

“The arrival of Farini?” I said. “That was a very cold affair.”

He looked at me with blank amazement. I said, “When Farini arrived, you gave him a miserably cold reception at Turin, and could not get up a respectable illumination for him.” The man turned all sorts of colors, and asked me why in the world I said that; that it was an overwhelming demonstration.

“But,” I said, “my account of it must be correct; I read it in Rome, in the Pope’s own magazine, the ‘*Civiltà Cattolica*.’”

This relieved him very much, and he burst out into a laugh.

Going into a money-changer’s shop, he said, looking

at the coin, "You have been into the south. Did you see the king?"

"Yes, I saw his entrance into Florence."

"Did they receive him well?"

"Such a reception as I never saw in this world. It was a most wonderful demonstration."

"And the illuminations?" he said.

"The illuminations were surpassingly magnificent."

"Oh, but you ought to have been here to see the arrival of Farini some weeks ago. That was the thing to see—the reception we gave him! And we surpass the world for illuminations: we have here a great genius in that line, a man who is sent for every where."

I repeated to him my statement to the waiter. Then he looked very puzzled and very angry; but at last, when I mentioned the "*Civiltà Cattolica*" as my authority, he laughed as one seldom hears an Italian do—a ringing, loud laugh.

"Oh, that's all right," he said; "very glad that the '*Civiltà Cattolica*' should say so. It is the organ of the Jesuits, and, of course, every body will read it as meaning exactly the opposite of what it says."

Will Turin remain the capital of the new Italian kingdom? This is a question which only time can answer. Should all Italy become united, it is not possible; and even should the present free states consolidate into one kingdom, the probability of a change of capital would be very strong. But be the future as it may, the part played by Turin in the emancipation of Italy must ever

make it a city dear to the memory of Italian patriots. Here, when every other power in Italy bowed to the ground before the foreigner, the standard of independence was raised. Here, while elsewhere prince and people were divided, the crown, the nobility, and the commons united to advance the national cause. Here, when the thoughtful and bold were obliged to flee from tyrannies, native or foreign, they found a safe retreat; and the most illustrious of them, as Farini, Mamiani, Calandrelli, an opportunity to labor in worthy spheres for the good of the fatherland. As the birth-place of the Constitution and the cradle of modern Italian liberties, whatever be the future position of Turin, capital or no capital, it will remain in history illuminated by the record of great events and brilliant names.



Chapter ii.

INTO LOMBARDY.



IN the railway carriage were two gentlemen, evidently both of some position in the country : one a tall, portly man, very like a North Country English squire ; the other old and frail, with a lively countenance and French appearance. They were both Piedmontese ; but the latter had traveled much, and knew England well. Every now and then they regaled themselves with a private chat in the Piedmontese dialect, making it so unintelligible that it might as well have been Turkish.

The different dialects in Italy are one of the strongest proofs of the perfection to which the isolating system had been carried by the petty little states that have cut the country up between them. They are not the mere brogues or accents which we find in different parts of the British Islands, but really deserve to be called separate dialects ; so much so, that the inhabitants of one part of the country can converse in the presence of those of another with tolerable security that they will scarcely be understood ; and as to a foreigner, they put him out of court at once. It will take considerable time before the influence of the press, rail-

ways, and progressive education renders the speech of the country tolerably uniform; but just as political isolation and limited reading tend to the multiplication of dialects, so certainly do union, periodical literature, and frequent intercourse tend to give men the comfort of a common speech.

From our two friends I endeavored to learn something of their views on passing events; but, though very cordial and talkative, they kept their opinions out of view. They both blew cold on Garibaldi. As to Cavour they were dumb. They had a good word for the Austrians, had little to say about the prospects of the national cause, and, altogether, took their place in one's idea as two fine intelligent friends of things as they used to be. The subject of the approaching excommunication had often proved the means of eliciting something of men's minds. I tried it upon my opposite friend, the tall, strong man, but he evidently felt uncomfortable at the thought of it. His was the only countenance on which I had read a fear. Perhaps I was mistaken; but my impression was, that a real religious fear, such as one might suppose a devout Catholic to feel, agitated his countenance when reminded of the fact that the anathema of the Church against the whole nation was now imminent. Still, if he had the fear, he had not the courage to avow it. As we sped along, the Alps showed gloriously on the left; and on the right, the southern chain below Turin, called "the Collina," veered away to meet the Apennines, leaving

the great plain of the Po to develop itself by degrees, stretching on and on toward Lombardy. We hoped to catch a good sight of Monte Rosa; but it would not come into view.

The old gentleman, in talking of the sights of Turin, dwelt especially on the armory; and then, referring to London, spoke of the Tower, and our armory there. I was obliged to make the confession that I had never been in the Tower.

"Where do you live then, sir?"

"In London."

"Then you have never been in the Tower?"

"It is too true."

Turning to one of the ladies of the party, he said, "Pack him up in a bandbox, and send him home to England directly."

These gentlemen left us at Vercelli, one of the posts which attracted some attention during the late war. Soon after we arrived at Novarra, the scene of Radet-sky's triumph and Charles Albert's fall in 1849. Here was a vast multitude of recruits arriving from the neighborhood of Genoa—tall, strong young fellows, apparently full of glee, singing national songs with vociferous enthusiasm. Into our carriage came three officers. What a change of wind from that which had blown during the presence of our former companions! These were all Lombards: one a mere youth, full of fire, and quite at home the moment he found we were English; the second was a short, sharp fellow, with great eyes;

the third, tall and weather-beaten, silent, strong, and self-composed. He had two medals: the one he took off, to show us the countenance of our own queen, from whom he had received it for the Crimean campaign, and inquired of the ladies, "Is she as beautiful as this?" To the second our attention was called by his companion with pride, for it was the national medal for military valor, equivalent to our Victoria cross.

When we approached the Ticino, how they did fire up! Every inch of the way had its own interest. The big eyes of the little officer first gleamed, and then filled with tears. "Oh!" he said, "you can not tell how I feel here. I was a conscript in the Austrian army, and deserted to Piedmont, and for two years dared not cross this line. How I did feel when the day came that I could march across it, not as a captured deserter, but in my uniform as an Italian soldier—a common soldier, but still an Italian soldier, in uniform, marching on to Austrian territory!" "He was longer than I," he said, pointing, through his tears, to his tall, medaled friend—a man of few words.

"Yes," he said, "I was a deserter too, and for eleven years I could never cross this line to see my family."

As we approached Magenta they pointed out, first, the positions of the troops; then the traces of the battle, the marks of musket shot and cannon shot, and the feeling grew higher every moment. Finally came

the cross raised to commemorate the dead. Deeply moved, I lifted my hat and said, "May God establish the liberty of Italy!" The young fellow dropped his eyes, overcome. The tall one gave me such a calm, grateful look; and the little one seized my hand in both of his, and cried out, "Thanks, thanks!"

"Signori, cannon balls! Signori, grape-shot! Signori, a sabre! Signori, an Austrian sword-belt! Signori, eagles! Signori, French shot!" Such was the cry of a crowd of urchins who thronged outside the railing of the station. Our little friend was out in a minute; and bought some relics for each of us, and then we managed to get a few on our own account.

They did not blow cold on Garibaldi, though Fanti and La Marmora, and especially Cialdini, seemed the men of their chief confidence. One hint dropped has often recurred to my mind since recent events in the south. "Where is Garibaldi?" "Oh," replied the young fellow, "he is in the isle of Capriola, ill; he has a little property there." Then, lifting his brow, and pouting his lip, "He is there, if not somewhere else, organizing something."

How they spoke of the king's soldiering! "He is a soldier! Just a soldier! The *beau idéal* of a soldier! Why, at the battle of Palestro," said the little officer, "when I was fighting away in the thick of it, whom should I see close by me but the king; and the balls were as free for him as for me. Oh, he is a soldier!"

After the excitement of Magenta was passed, I asked

our friends if it would not be a very serious matter if the holy Father laid the king, and army, and nation under his anathema ; but they tossed the excommunication off the point of their noses with soldierly contempt, and gave me a fair opportunity of telling them of the proper work of the Church of Christ.

Presently they pointed out a convent, saying, "There all the devout gentlemen of Milan come to perform penance." There was something so comical in the expression with which this was said, that one was prompted to inquire what they meant. "Oh yes, they come here and do penance, and remain in the convent, shut up, for forty days."

"Indeed ! practicing austerities ?"

"Yes, they pay the monks heavily, and eat and drink in princely style, and walk about the garden, and come out of their seclusion absolved by abundance of good cheer."

This was said with so much genuine fun, that, in spite of the gravity of the subject, one could not help laughing. It gave rise to a long conversation on repentance and forgiveness. They soon got out of their depth, and looked queer at me, as if one who talked religion could hardly be a true man. Still, I think, the honest fellows had a sort of instinct that one did mean something ; but off they broke again to this question of the prandial penance. "Oh, you can buy any thing ! If you want to eat what it is a sin to eat, pay, eat, and be innocent ! If you want to marry a person it is a sin to marry, pay,

wed, and the blessing of the Church be upon you! It is all a shop."

"And what is indulgence?" I said.

"Oh, indulgence! that is one shop more."

"But what is it?"

One looked at another, and their theology was hard set. The young fellow attempted an explanation, but stopped when he got to purgatory. However, enough was said to open the way for words about the Redeemer's great ransom for our souls. The night fell, the walls of Milan were passed, and we parted great friends.

Chapter II.

MILAN DURING THE REJOICINGS FOR THE
ANNEXATION.



As we were driving along the rather sombre streets of Milan, they suddenly flashed with torchlights, and bands of music and popular acclamations swelled upon the ear. A vast crowd, escorting something that seemed like a procession, swept past in joyous excitement. It proved that the students from Pavia had just arrived in the town, preparatory to great rejoicings on the morrow; and that this public reception was only a small part of the enthusiasm which was venting itself. Already, since the battle of Magenta, there had been some hundred illuminations or more; but to-morrow was to witness an exceedingly grand one, intended to commemorate the issue just achieved, the union of Central Italy with the northern state; and, at the same time, to be the anniversary of the five days of March, 1848, when the Milanese rose and expelled their Austrian masters. As in Turin, however, they had not patience enough to wait for the day fixed for the great illumination, but a night or two previously many had been commencing on their own account; and, what was worse, the mob had shown a desire to dictate to those who did not feel inclined to do so. They had passed sever-

al houses, shouting out, "Light up;" and carried it so far as to compel the poor dames of a convent to obey their wishes, equally against their habits and their political predilections. The governor gave prompt orders that no such interference should be repeated, and himself took the pains to wait upon the nuns, and express his regret for the annoyance to which they had been subject. I afterward found at Rome that the "*Civiltà Cattolica*" laid grievous complaints against him and the northern government generally for their disregard of liberty in allowing the nuns to be so ill used. They added that, notwithstanding his visit and promises, the insult had been repeated; in consequence of which, the ladies had been obliged to close their schools and leave the town. So sensitive is Rome to any infraction of the liberty of Rome.

We found that our hotel was within a few hundred yards of the Cathedral. The Corso is not a wide, but a lofty street, the end of which opens upon the giant form which even at night shed upon us, as we gazed from our balcony, a sense of the sublime. Immediately opposite us stood a *grandiose* modern church, which an overgrown dome prevents from being a beautiful little building; and its white color and dapper columns help to render the contrast with the prodigious mass and mysterious tracing of the Cathedral all the more forcible. That night the Corso was as animated a street as could be found in the world. Little remnants of the great procession now and then streamed by with flags,

and torches, and drums. The people shouted and sang, but apparently with the most perfect good temper and order. The hum of the passers has an unmistakable note of pleasure—like that of bees in honey time. A stranger, utterly ignorant of the state of the popular mind, must feel that he had fallen upon a day when men's hearts were rejoicing.

There is Milan Cathedral at last! How wonderful it is! For the first time in my life, my previous imagination is outdone by a stone building. The first view of the exterior of St. Peter's had disappointed me. With this it is just the reverse. Coming upon it from the narrow Corso, and seeing it in the shade, and feeling its growing vastness, and watching its forest of pinnacles, its wilderness of tracery, delicately marked against the gray sky, the impression sinks deeper and deeper into the mind, "Wonderful! Wonderful! What a head was that which gave birth to this conception! How it must have glowed as the great temple sprang forth within it, holding up these pinnacles to heaven, and shedding down this sense of grandeur upon earth! Oh, to rear up living temples in the souls of men which would transmit to coming ages, not the impression of one's hand or skill, but the spirit of true worship and the image of God!" So one goes on, musing, wondering, and enchanted, until the *façade* is reached. After a look or two at this, one would rather not have seen it. It is vast, but only vast; neither beautiful, nor uniform, nor grand, nor delicate; it is just the caparisoned Goliath of gables.

The murmur of the awaking nation swells around this stern old Cathedral, and the night light falls mystically upon it, and one thinks there of the days of early Christianity, which some of its traditions recall, and the succeeding times of gradual decline, up to the recent point of spiritual degradation and temporal woe, and now the great and uncertain future, of which that hum in the city is the voice whose words no ear can tell. Those old walls and their predecessors have seen the gradual corruption of religion, and the successive wrongs and oppressions of Italy. They now hear the shouts of a hopeful uprising. But what is to be the end?

Sauntering back full of these thoughts, I observed a coffee-house crowded with students, and, of course, went in. The poor fellows seemed as merry and simple as children, with their arms round one another, laughing and talking in all the heyday of a new existence. They had papers to read, freedom to speak their minds, and a country to call their own! An Englishman might have wondered what they had to make them so happy; but where these three things are strange, what boons they appear!

Instead of heady drinks, which one might expect a multitude of excited youths to order if one were in England, or the swilling of beer, which one would certainly see in Germany, nothing was called for but innocent cooling drinks—a little orange-water, or something of the sort, and very rarely a glass of *liqueur*.

Taking up one of the papers, which lay in large num-

bers round the room, I saw, in great letters, these words: "We are a nation! We are eleven millions! For the first time since ancient Rome, we can to-day use the words, 'We are a nation!' Italians have learned to unite. Again we cry, 'We are eleven millions!'" and this strange joy of their new-found nationality seemed to throb in the veins of every man you met with.

What a view that was from the balcony of the hotel on the Sunday morning! The fronts of the houses generally have balconies. Every one was covered with crimson. From the windows flags were streaming, the bright Italian tri-color—green, and red, and white; having the advantage of fine material, exquisite dye, and the Italian light. From every pinnacle of the wondrous Cathedral the tri-color banner was streaming; and away up in the blue bosom of heaven, from the highest point of the spire, a broad mass of red, and white, and green was floating in the air. The roll of the drum announces the National Guard; their light blue plumes form a moving pavement, the flags from the windows a waving canopy, and the background is the bannered Cathedral. Had one planned a sight-seeing journey, it would have been impossible to plan for a sight like that.

Amid the joy, the noise, the hurry of the streets, we make our way to the Swiss Church. There is no confusion. The people are all wonderfully civil; and such as I manage to get into chat with only need to be set a going, and they will talk to any extent, and seem really pleased that a foreigner should interest himself in them.

In the Swiss Church we found a good congregation, composed chiefly of well-dressed people, with a good number of French soldiers. At the close of the service, Mr. Swalb, the French Protestant chaplain to the troops, accompanied us. It was but a few minutes before we came upon an open space, the Piazza di Castello—a vast square, larger than any thing in London but the parks. In the midst stands a great altar, on one side a high platform erected before a building. Around it the National Guards are drawn up with military pomp, and every where banners are streaming in all the colors of the rainbow, and especially the favorite tri-color. At the altar priests are celebrating mass, and are going to consecrate the colors of the National Guards. Poor priests! Poor blessing! I saw them blessing the trees of liberty in Paris in 1848, and here they are blessing colors to be borne against the Pope and his allies! If I were a priest it would go hard with me to do that!

It is not a worthy spectacle either on the side of the Church or of the State. The churchman is there to do an act which, if he be sincere, is odious and sacrilegious to his conscience; and the state is there to command, or at least invite, apparent sanction from those against whom it is compelled to struggle for existence. The whole affair gives one an uncomfortable feeling of hollow and supple consciences. Still there had been some little show of sturdiness among the Milanese priests. On Friday, when the news of annexation came, all the church-bells were ordered to ring. Most of them struck

up; but the quick ear of the Milanese soon discovered that one was dumb. The great bell of their old Cathedral, of which they are so justly proud, had no voice to celebrate the spoliation of the Pope. The chief priest had taken upon himself to forbid it. The people rushed into the Cathedral, and found that the ropes were trussed up. They were very angry, but committed no violence. They got the ropes down, and made the great bell ring out with a will, and ring on till a late hour in the night, proclaiming the joy of Italy at the reduction of papal power. This, however, appeared to create a division among the priests; for an address was inserted in the papers, professing to emanate from a considerable number of the Milanese clergy, denouncing, in unmeasured terms, the unnatural conduct of men who had been the ready servants of Austria while inflicting all kinds of degradation on their fellow-countrymen, but who now refused to participate in the national happiness, and even turned the great Cathedral itself into a means of insulting the cause that was dear to every Italian heart. Under the frocks of priests, in many instances, the heart of the patriot beats instead of that of the mere Romish ecclesiastic.

Into the vast crowd now before me I plunged, going from one part of it to another, and talking right and left, to man and woman, old and young, rich and poor. The worst is, that the poor people talk a dialect which one can hardly understand. Every where they seemed pleased to converse with a foreigner; and the feeling

toward the English was good. As to the terrors of the Pope and the excommunication, they did not show a trace of them. Women who looked as if they were little above the laboring class said, "Among the lowest class there may be a little fear, but among all others it is too late for that." A sedate man waggishly said, "It is reported that the king will put on a heavy prohibitory duty, and order that the Bull of Excommunication shall not pass the frontier without paying." An intelligent, thoughtful-looking man of about twenty-five turned to two friends who seemed like "fast" young gentlemen, and said, "We must all become Protestants." This was the first time I had heard such an expression from an Italian; I had not named Protestantism, and it took me by surprise. The dandies were startled. I said to them, "I suppose many of you think that a Protestant means one who believes nothing, and is a sort of Atheist; or, at least, that it means some new religion invented in the last century or so." This fixed the attention of the young fellows, who wanted to know in what it differed from such representations. I said, "The meaning of Protestantism is simply this—that in the course of time Christians, looking back to the primitive Church as traced in the Word of God, and in the early creeds and histories, became aware that great corruptions had crept in—corruptions derived from the old paganism of Rome and other countries that had been imperfectly Christianized, and gradually mingled with newly-invented doctrines, just as in the

recent case of the Immaculate Conception. When they had become profoundly convinced that, to preserve Christianity at all, these abuses must be removed, and a return be made to the old beliefs and observances established by our Lord himself, they protested against the imposition upon Christians of any doctrines and practices not taught in the Bible, and especially against all teaching that was repugnant to it; but, protesting against those abuses, they held, and do sacredly hold, all the articles of the Christian faith as taught by Christ and by His apostles."

The thoughtless youths looked downright uneasy. The subject was too serious for them; and besides, they seemed rather frightened with what sounded like heresy. Still they said nothing. Their elder companion replied very gravely, "Oh yes, I know all about it; that is the thing for us. Italy will never be right until we have that. I have books, and I have read them, and I *know*;" and, turning to his comrades, he said, "You must read ecclesiastical history. You must read the *Vangelo*."

To one after another I spoke, wondering when I was to find the sincere defender of the Church of Rome—such as one would pick up in any crowd in Ireland; but he did not come. At last I found a very old lady. She was very civil, and we had a long chat; and she appeared surprised that a gentleman should take an interest in talking to her about the religious aspects of the matter; and she smiled just as pleasantly as any of

them at the idea of the Pope's excommunication doing any harm. It was plain she did not go deep into matters—took them as they came—was drifting on toward the close of her voyage in the easy way so many go, with their faces up the stream, looking backward, and thinking little of the rapids which they are nearing, and of the great fall down which their bark is about to go.

The only way I could account for the fact that none of those I spoke to showed any thing like a disposition to defend the Church, was by supposing that all those who would come to such a *fête* were persons who did not care for the authority of Rome.

After the mass was over the troops passed in procession to the platform at the end of the square, on which were standing a brilliant crowd of officials; and here occurred a ceremony which, in the distance, reminded me of that wonderful scene under the *Arc de Triomphe* in Paris, in April, 1848, when Lamartine and his brethren of the Provisional Government sat to review the army and the National Guard for twelve successive hours, having armed men marched past them, and receiving the oaths of allegiance to the republic from the commanding officers. A figure every now and then appeared in the distance, as if delivering some official words, and one naturally asked if that was Massimo d'Azeglio, the great and popular Governor of Milan. The people around me thought it was; but he was away that day in Turin, sharing with the king and Cavour the reception of Farini.

As the different banners streamed by in the procession, there was one that affected the crowd deeply—a brilliant banner draped with crape; and, as I asked what this sign of mourning meant, they said, dropping the voice, “*Venezia! Venezia!*” It was the tone men use in the sick-room of a friend. Then came a long streamer all black, with the lion, emblem of Venetia, emblazoned upon it; and the feeling among the people was intense.

I was greatly impressed with the order and good temper of this crowd. Whether on the Piazza or in the streets, whether in the height of an exciting moment or at the ordinary times, thorough good-nature prevailed. Any thing like drunkenness or misconduct was not to be seen.

When the night came the city lighted up with wonderful splendor, and the glow of the lamps, the waving of the banners, the perpetual rush along the streets, the plumes and the helmets, the swell of music, all seemed but as the bees and butterflies to an orchard in blossom; when the huge Cathedral flashed out with lines of light all round its frame, cunningly mingling with the tracery, and embellishing every pinnacle. It was such a sight as one’s eye had never seen before, and in the world could not see elsewhere. At a certain moment, the whole vast edifice, spire, roof, body, blushed in the richest crimson. This changed to green, and again to white. About this there was a mystery, a grandeur, and a beauty united, in the presence of which all recol-

lections failed to offer a comparison. The first fainter tints of the crimson, as it came out upon the warm white marble of the Cathedral, did remind me of that rose blush that may be seen covering the mountains on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea at sunset; but then, when this became intensified several times, with all the fret-work of the great Cathedral in the midst of it, with the spotless sky behind, and a waving world of banners and plumes over, among, and below, it was, for witchery of the beautiful and the sublime, something unique.

Is it all a dream? Am I not at Notting Hill, having fallen asleep over a volume upon unfulfilled prophecy? Is this a real eye that is gazing and gazing? It is even so. That is the second Cathedral in the Romish world, waving with joy-banners, gleaming with joy-lamps, and flushed with successive colors, as if emulating the northern lights, and all to celebrate the disruption of the Pope's kingdom? It is a sight to gaze at, to ponder, and to forget no more!

May brighter lights than these shine from within all the cathedrals ere long!

This had been a strange Sunday. The only two Sundays the excitement of which it recalled to me were the first I spent in India, going with Mr. Haswell among the crowd at the swinging feast; and that Sunday at Paris, during the battle of June, in 1848, when, passing through the ranks of Cuirassiers into the little chapel in the Rue Royale, we held our service amid the distant

sound of cannon, and came out again through crowds of Cuirassiers, with cannon still roaring.

As one lay looking back on the scenes of the day, comparing the ideas of the different persons conversed with, remembering how lately one might have suffered for speaking freely on religious topics, and hearing the ceaseless hum, frequently varied by bursts of singing and music, it was impossible to render an account of one's own feelings. On the whole, it was a state of puzzled enjoyment. As to the past, there has been this great change—an oppressed people is now standing up free; and where intolerance had been dethroned, the Word of God is not bound. As to the future, who will interpret it? That many-voiced hum is its forerunning note. Its tones are those of human passion—hatred of the tyrant, exultation for freedom—new hope of coming strength and victory. Making all abatement, these feelings, in the main, are right and laudable. And He who guides tempestuous elements till their rage ends in the refreshment of nature, can overrule this rush of earthly feeling, and silently work out for Italy what He wrought out for England, amid the darker torrents of passion that drove on Henry VIII. to collision with Rome.

A merchant on whom I called early the next morning was slow and sad, with little to say, although courteous as a man could be. He complained that, what with the failure of the silkworm and the commotions of the time, business was sorely depressed; and told me that the news had arrived that Savoy was now ceded to France.

Another was as lively and cheerful as the former was depressed. What a time I had come to Milan at! Had I seen the rejoicings yesterday? Was it not delightful? What did I think of the behavior of the people? England had taken a lively interest in their welfare, and, ever since Villafranca, had been their best friend. Presently his son, a very fine young man, joined us; and when the religious aspects of the new state of things were alluded to, took up the points, put questions, and, when I had observations to make, urged me on. In came a bright-looking, gray-haired friend, who heartily welcomed an English visitor. The former conversation continued uninterrupted. "I suppose," I said, "you Italians think we English are Atheists, and believe nothing?" The new-comer replied, "Nowadays we know a great deal better. Your nation has more religion, better morals, and more conscience than the Catholic nations."

"Ay," struck in the young man; "how Sunday is sanctified in England!"

While we were in the height of discourse, in came a brother of my host and a lady; and it was pleasantly explained that this being the day of his patron saint, his friends were paying him visits of congratulation. Unfortunately, the brother talked English, and this circumstance brought our conversation to a close, for none of the others understood it; and, like my Italian, his English was club-footed, and hobbled sadly.

In a book-shop near the Cathedral I saw large pla-

cards announcing a pamphlet under the title of "Anti-Christ is the Pope: Proved from the Holy Scriptures and the Holy Fathers, by Robert Fleming," and professing to be published in London. It was plain, at the first glance, that the printing and paper were not English; and, when one came to read the pamphlet, internal evidence showed that, though the author had availed himself of Fleming's thoughts, he wrote in a much more telling style, and must have been at work within the last few months, from allusions to passing events. In the same shop was also announced a pamphlet, "The Protestant Rule of Faith;" and another pamphlet on the question of excommunication, showing the conduct of the Republic of Venice when laid under interdict by Pope Paul V., and urging Italians to similar firmness in the event of the court of Rome proceeding to repeat the outrage. In this the writer endeavors to keep up respect for the spiritual authority of the Pope while resolutely combating his right to excommunicate for political reasons, and urging courses inconsistent with his own doctrine of the headship of the Pope in spiritual matters.

"Have you any Bibles?" I said to the man; and two or three visitors looked up at the question.

"No," was his reply.

"Any New Testaments?"

"Oh yes." He pulled down a musty volume, which was one of eight. Instead of a Testament, it was a Commentary upon it, without the text.

"Have you no other New Testament?"

"None."

"Have you any history of modern Rome in Italian?"

He threw his head aside, as if this was a new question which he wanted to revolve; but the answer came out, as I knew very well it must do, "No."

When I inquired of this man what the effect would be if they were all placed under excommunication by the Pope, he burst into a humorous laugh, and the customers turned round and smiled. "If the Pope does it," said the bookseller, "he will do it not against us, but against himself. We want to see whether he will; for then we shall know whose vicar he is. He says that he is the vicar of Christ: now we know what sort of works Christ did—He blessed men, and saved souls; and if we see the Pope cursing men, cursing a whole kingdom because they have done the best thing they ever did, and try to make their souls be lost, we know whose work that is, and we shall know whose vicar he is."

I found that another bookseller had a Bible. It was Martini's, and the price was £2 8s. (sixty francs). He had also a copy of the Vulgate, in two beautiful quartos, for about the same. I told him that we had New Testaments at fourpence a piece, and that they were circulated by the million. He seemed to have had some inkling of such a state of things, but an old gentleman in the shop stared as if I talked very strangely. Here again we got into a long conversation on national and

religious subjects. On the former the man was free enough, but on the latter it appeared evident that he had a strong leaning to the Pope and the Church, yet he would not express it. He also had never heard of a history of modern Rome in the Italian language.

Another, who appeared to sell Catholic books, talked warmly about the distinction between the spiritual and the temporal power, rejecting the latter, but professing to hold the former in the greatest regard. However, when brought to the practical test of what he would do with the excommunication, he made the statement that at least thirty priests, from different parts of the surrounding country, had told him, in his own shop, that if it was sent to them by the bishop, they would not publish it.

It was surprising that when such books as I have mentioned were publicly advertised in the shops, and when the papers were full of attacks upon priests and Pope, many of them calculated to do nothing but excite rancor, one could not find a Bible in any accessible place. By the help of previous information, I did find, away in a back street, up a few pair of stairs, in a poor house, a few boxes containing Bibles, and any one who had the same information and the same perseverance might buy them. There were also some hawkers employed in the surrounding country; but surely it would not be much if, in such a city as Milan, the Bible Society went to the expense of taking a good shop, in a good situation, and having the Word of God put obviously within the reach

of every man in the city. The person in whose charge the Bibles were seemed an honest, sensible man, thoroughly aware of the comparatively little influence this obscure mode of circulation could have, and wishing to see it supplemented by something more like a public endeavor.

Through Milan runs a canal, on the bridges over which one is reminded of a curious passage in the history of the city. One of its old dukes, being placed under excommunication by the Pope, received the Bull by the hands of two delegates. He heard it, and had them driven in state until they reached the bridge. They did not know why, but found their carriage suddenly stopped on the bridge, with the water at hand, while they were surrounded by the guards of the duke, who was a tyrant and a desperado. "My lords," said the duke, "whether would you prefer, to eat or drink?" They looked at the water, looked at the guards, and said, "Here is too much water to drink; we shall prefer to eat." "Very well, you shall have your choice," he said. The Bull was produced, its parchment cut up in pieces, and the dignitaries of Rome were forced to eat it, and also the leaden seals by which it was authenticated. Yet this rebellious duke and the Pope were afterward good friends.

The present ruler of Milan is of a very different stamp—the celebrated Massimo d'Azeglio. He is tall and thin, with a countenance upon which painful thinking has left an expression of solemnity verging on sadness.

He carries one of those select heads, built for broad ideas, which more than clearly, impressively announce a master intellect; not merely an able man, but one of those whose path is high up, and his view far forward.

It is very touching to hear such a man say, "Our poor Italy! I trust that blessings are in store for her at last. She is a country that God has been pleased terribly to chastise for ten centuries and more. We must hope that He now judges the correction to be sufficient, and that He is about to let us see better days. But I always tell our people that if we are to have a happier lot, we must endeavor to merit it at His hand." In him, such expressions come from the depths of a great and earnest soul, that has long been burdened with the sufferings of his country; and that, much as he has done to promote the present state of mind, by which Italians are hailing one another all over the country as brethren, would view the result, not as his handiwork or that of his school, but as the movement of the Hand which *does* command nations.

From Milan we made a day's run up the Lake of Como, highly enjoying the beauty of the scenery by land and water. It was too early in the spring for the hills to have put on their verdure, and yet the grandeur and the beauty were extreme. On those waters and in the town the peaceful fame of Volta appeared to be entirely drowned by the thundering renown of Garibaldi. The honest boatmen, in their terribly difficult dialect, delighted to dwell upon the events of the last summer;

and how the fame of Garibaldi passed from mountain to mountain, and lake to lake; and how the Austrians were perplexed, and the people excited; and how little boys left their homes in crowds to join the hero's standard—their fathers and their mothers telling them that they would be of no use, but afterward finding that they had fought like soldiers! Some ladies were quite as enthusiastic as the boatmen, pointing out, step by step, the way that Garibaldi's forces came down the hills, the posts to which he scattered them, the points at which they opened upon the Austrian pickets, and then the triumphant conclusion, when the strong enemy made an ignominious retreat, carrying his splendid artillery away to Camerlata. How delighted they did seem to be told that even in London they might see coffee-houses by the name of Garibaldi, and Garibaldi pale-tots; and for the boatmen especially it was a notable fact that in London they might see advertised "Garibaldi pipes."

This enthusiasm for the hero we found, however, by no means universal in the country. One was very often told that Garibaldi was no statesman, that he was not a sound and safe politician, and several items of information of that sort; and even in reference to his soldierly qualities it would sometimes be said, "It is true he is a wonderful soldier, but then we have so many of them." Yet, with all this, it was plain that every Italian talked of his name with a certain pride and confidence, and those who said most by way of drawback would often

wind it up with the admission, "After all, when the work of hunting the Austrians is to be done, there is nobody like Garibaldi."

Here we may relate a story from the "Official Documents." It was on the 4th of August, 1849, shortly after Rome had fallen under the arms of the French, that about twenty people were gathered round a farmhouse in the village of Mandriole, near Ravenna. They were laborers waiting for their week's pay from the steward of the Marquis Guiccioli. A phaeton came up, in which a woman was lying beside the man who drove. He did not look an ordinary man; but the woman was deadly ill. A doctor happened to be there: he felt her pulse, and declared that she was in the last stage of fever. The owner of the house had her carried into a room and laid upon a bed. A little water was brought to her; she tasted it, and died in her husband's arms.

Then that strong man lifted up his voice and wept. It was the voice of Garibaldi. It was his Agnes who lay there; he gave vent to what even a papal official calls "outbursts of inconsolable grief"—charged the family to give that body an honorable burial. Whatever may have been the words, the tone would say, "My Agnes was the heroine wife of a hero." Then he fled from the eyes of the astonished peasants, fled they knew not whither. Into the jaws of the Austrians? Into the claws of the Pope? No; but under the wing of Providence, reserved to reappear at Varese, and Como, and Sicily.

The peasants at once foresaw that the simple fact of their having allowed Garibaldi's wife to die upon their bed would expose them to the vengeance of the papal government, and, in hope of escaping, they buried the body in a field. But the Delegate Lovatelli makes haste to tell the most reverend ruler at Bologna, Bedini, that he has sent police, and had the two brothers who owned the house put in prison, and that the court was preparing for their trial. The men were accused of murdering the wife of Garibaldi; and, as no case could be made up, it would seem that Bedini applied to the Austrians to know what punishment they were to suffer. To their credit be it said that this reply was returned: "From the proceedings of the civil and criminal court of Ravenna against the brothers Stephen and Joseph Ravaglia, of Mandriole, on suspicion of murdering the wife of Garibaldi, it proves that the proceedings have justly broken down; and, considering that the momentary reception afforded to the fugitive husband and wife in the house of the Ravaglia was from a mere sense of humanity, and took place before the notification of the 5th of August had been issued, that can not be cited as having any bearing upon the act; therefore, the better to meet your honored communication of the 3d, lettered M. A. N. 560, in which you beg me to expedite this matter, I directly order the Delegate of Ravenna to discharge the brothers Ravaglia from prison."*

* *Documenti*, part ii., p. 608-610. See the translations, Appendix A.

In returning from Como, I called the attention of a priest who had just put up his breviary by making some inquiries, as we passed Monza, respecting the convent mentioned in the "*Promessi Sposi*" of Manzoni. He at once took up the subject, and talked with literary pleasure of the scenes of that beautiful story which lay just about us. All conversations in Italy, at the time, gradually turned to the questions of the day. He thought that the European powers must interpose to uphold the throne of his holiness. They had such interests at stake, his independence was to them all a matter of such vital importance, that they could not be indifferent; in fact, his position was necessary to the Catholic world, a thing not to be compromised on any account. Even Russia and Prussia had a heavy stake in the maintenance of his temporal authority; and in 1848, Prussia had been one of the first powers to interpose, and would doubtless do so again. Poor fellow! he used the word "Catholic" so frequently, and with such sonorous emphasis, that I could not help telling him that with us it had a very different meaning from "Roman." At first he seemed unable to imagine what was meant. I said the two words were as irreconcilable as "triangle" and "circle." At this he simply gaped. "The one means 'universal,' a Church in which every Christian of every age and nation, who believes in and follows Christ, is recognized, whatever errors of opinion or forms he may have; the other means a particular church, which would fain be empress of all oth-

ers, and holds accursed all Christians, good or bad, who will not absolutely submit to her."

He then began a long, rapid, and very clever oration, uttered with as perfect connection and fluency as if it came from a professor's chair. He showed how, after the first council, the Council of Jerusalem, where St. Peter had originally established his see, he removed it to the city of Antioch, thence to Rome; how, wherever he went, he carried with him the centre of the Christian world; how he finally established it in the imperial city, which, in his day, was determined upon as the head of Christendom. Therefore the matter was of apostolic origin, and in all the ancient councils, and fathers, and creeds, had been recognized as of Divine foundation.

It was plain enough that this was meant for a final deliverance, and he looked a very strange sort of disappointment when he heard it quietly said, "The point was never started in the most ancient councils, and 'Roman' is not to be found in one of the ancient creeds. The early councils were summoned, not in Rome, but elsewhere; not by the Bishop of Rome, but by the emperors or others; the Bishop of Rome did not preside; and it was only in comparatively modern times that any thing like a council was held in Rome, or that the word 'Roman' found its way into any creed. In the ancient creeds you have 'catholic Church,' but never 'Roman.'"

"Yes, yes," he said, "we have catholic, apostolic, and Roman too."

“In all the ancient creeds?”

“To be sure.”

“In the Apostles’ Creed?”

“Most certainly, yes. In the Apostles’ Creed, of course you have.”

“You have the Breviary in your pocket: will you just do me the favor to look?”

He pulled it out without a doubt upon his mind, turned to one place, seemed puzzled; turned to another, looked a good, long, conclusive look, then lifted up his spectacled eye, and said with a good grace, “It is not here.” It was plain that a new fact had come before him.

He then tried the old plan of talking me down; and as his Italian ran like a mill-race, and mine came like liquid from a bottle with part of the cork in the neck, my poor argument had small chances. Still I did manage to make him hear me say that creeds and forms, however good, did not make Christians; that there must be the Word of God to instruct, and His Spirit to regenerate. He then broke into a vehement denunciation of the unchristian wickedness of the people generally, laying to that score the fact of their enmity against the Pope and Church; if they were only such Christians as I had mentioned, all would go well. “How can we,” I said, “expect a population to be Christian, when, perhaps, they have never seen the Word of God in their lifetime, and scarcely any of them has ever read a chapter of it?” To this he assented, ap-

parently without seeing what it implied. I then tried to give an account of what constituted a true conversion of the soul, and renewal of the life in the image of God. This he heard with real interest, and exclaimed, "Yes; but only grace can do that." He was good-tempered throughout, and both intelligent and able.

Would it have been so safe a year before, on that soil of Lombardy, thus openly to discuss with a priest the vital point of Rome's claims? It was Lent, the preaching season; for in the Church of Rome, although there is scarcely any preaching all the year round (except in a few select places), in Lent courses of sermons are delivered almost every where. I heard in a large church a sermon on the duty of love to our neighbors. The congregation was very considerable, with a fair proportion of men. The discourse was, for the most part, unexceptionable—a straightforward ordinary exposition of the Christian duty of doing as one would be done by. It was delivered in a perfunctory style, but was quite as good as plenty of sermons one may hear in England.

During my stay in Milan I had the opportunity of witnessing a distinguished assembly of Milanese, and to hear the opinions that were freely expressed. The Milanese are tall, grave, and dark. The ladies have often splendid figures and striking faces, but few have the look of what we should call downright womanly happiness. One could not select many and say, "There is a happy young wife," "There is a mother full of the

joys of home." How much this cast of countenance may have to do with the long pressure of political suffering, how much with family life, one can not tell. In a company of about three hundred I did not see more than three ladies or three men with fair hair, and not a single one with a touch of red in either the hair or the whiskers. It was rather a curious fact, but a fact it was, that nearly all the really pretty girls in the room were noticeable for the quietness of their head-dress and neck-ornaments: not that the others were extravagantly dressed, for generally, although rich, the attire was in good taste. Upon the great questions of the moment there was a uniform vein of earnest enthusiasm. When the religious bearings of them were mentioned, there seemed some curiosity to find what an Englishman thought; and yet, whenever one talked upon religion as if one meant it, an odd sort of look would be given, as if to say, "Are you not another sham?" that, perhaps, being the normal idea they have of any one who feels on such points.

A very fine young man came up to ask me if I had lost an eye-glass.

"This is an interesting time for a stranger to come to Milan," I began.

"Very much so. I only came yesterday."

"Then you are not a Milanese?"

"No, I am a Roman."

"How are things going on at Rome?"

"Oh, as for us, things are as bad as they can be; we

are entirely under the priests, and can do nothing but suffer, and long for the time when we shall be joined to the rest of the nation; but our great difficulty is the Pope. What to do we do not know." I asked if the Pope, as a man, was not personally liked. He pouted his lips: "He is nobody: Antonelli is Pope, Antonelli is every thing." He then burst out into the usual strain, inveighing strongly against the Pope's government.

In conversation with a Piedmontese politician of great name, when the question of the pending excommunication came up, he smiled and said, "Well, the Catholic belief is not so absurd as some may think; for the true Catholic doctrine is, that excommunication has no validity unless pronounced for spiritual offenses, and in this case it would be purely on temporal grounds." I replied that this idea was very prevalent among the people, but to me it seemed that, if an excommunication were promulgated by the vicar of Christ, with the council of the Cardinals, it came with all the authority the Roman Church could give it, whether on one ground or another; and, besides, a temporal injury done to the vicar of Christ is easily proved to be a spiritual offense. "Nevertheless," he said, "an excommunication on merely political grounds is invalid, according to true Catholic doctrine."

"Well, of course, I understand catholic in a different sense; for to me the words 'catholic' and 'Roman' are not only different, but irreconcilable terms."

He seemed rather perplexed, and I continued: "I am a Catholic; I use the word in the sense of the Apostles' Creed, which says, 'I believe in the holy catholic Church;' that I say from my heart; but mark! the word 'Roman' is not there. Had the Creed been written in modern times, it would not have been expressed as it is; the word 'Roman' must have been in, and that would have altered the whole character of it. The Roman is a particular Church; and when that creed was written, there was one catholic Church throughout the world."

"Yes," he said, "*catholicus*, 'universal,' yes."

"Yes, there was then one universal Church—the Church in Palestine, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Italy, France, Spain—one catholic Church, in which all the particular churches were sisters and equals. There was then no particular Church, not even the mother Church at Jerusalem, that claimed to be dictator to all the others. After the conversion of the Roman emperors, and the accession of masses of more than half pagan people as nominal adherents to Christianity, the Bishops of Rome gradually set themselves up to be emperors of the Churches, as the others had been of the nations. By degrees, they procured the subjection of some churches, and finally made a schism with all the Christian world which would not submit to their dictation. From that time there existed a particular Church, denying and anathematizing all Christians that did not entirely bow down to her. You will never find the

word 'Roman' in ancient creeds ; it is only in modern ones, after a particular Church had sought to replace the universal one. What I want to see in Italy is, not that the people should seek a model in England or America, but that they should go back to the New Testament, and to the authentic records of the first Christian age, and find again that ancient pure Church which was planted in this country by the Apostle Paul, and bring her back to be the blessing and glory of Italy."

This was listened to probably with much doubt, but, at all events, with perfect patience, and apparently some interest. We then spoke upon the character of the Italian people. He said how long and how dreadfully they had been ill used, and were therefore in many respects behind ; but oh, how intensely did he seem to love them ! This led to an allusion to Naples, and to the remark that they appeared the worst specimen of the Italian people I had seen. "When in Naples, it appeared to me that the king's palace was the most emblematic building I ever saw ; it was surrounded by all the symbols of his government. Upon this side the arsenal, his first instrument, Force ; behind it the theatre, his second instrument, Amusement ; below, under the portico, the public letter-writer and his desk, the next instrument, Popular Ignorance."

My interlocutor at this point broke into a quiet laugh, and finished the sentence exactly as I meant to do, "And in front, the Church, the next instrument, Superstition."

A bending old man, evidently holding some public place, said, "You (the English) have been our best friends all through. We see that *now*. You have been faithful and disinterested."

I said, "It is quite true that at the opening of the war we did not approve of it, for we have no confidence in benefits to a nation from the arms of another; and, besides, we suspected that the emperor had two objects—Savoy for himself, and Tuscany for his cousin."

"Ah!" he said, "you saw farther than we did. We believed his professions. Well, here we are! He pays himself well. He went to war for an idea."

"Yes, and a very practical idea too. Savoy with Mont Blanc and the Alpine lakes is a lofty and brilliant idea. But still, if Italy be united, you can do without Savoy."

"Ah! I hope so; but we shall have great difficulties to pass through yet. Poor Venetia! What is to become of Venetia? It is terrible to think of all they are suffering; but the greatest difficulty of all is the Pope. That always has been Italy's trouble, and threatens to be so worse than ever."

"And what do you suppose will be the end?"

"Who can tell? I don't know."

"What about the excommunication?"

He lowered his voice and said, "It is come, but it will produce little effect: in Piedmont, perhaps some; but here in Lombardy, no." (A little while before, a Piedmontese officer had been saying that it would pro-

duce no effect in Piedmont, but some in Lombardy.) The old man went on: "We are not now in the sixteenth century. Such acts have lost their power. We regret them, but are not afraid."

"To me," I said, "cursing does not seem to be part of the work of Christ's Church. He gave his apostles commission to save souls; but to put them into peril of damnation is not the work of any one commissioned by Him."

"No, no, no, it is wrong, and ought not to be feared." But this was said with the tone of a man whose convictions spoke, while something in his breast sounded rather hollow, as if an old misgiving troubled him.

"Well, for us English, of course, the malediction of the holy Father seems a very harmless thing."

He looked an earnest look, which said, "Do let me hear why."

"Three centuries ago that malediction was laid upon us. Since then we never once have had his blessing. What was England then? A small, disunited, ignorant, superstitious, third-rate power. From that day dates our national greatness and welfare."

"Ah!" he cried, with a splendid smile upon his grave old face, the light of a well-read history kindling up, "Ah! it was so. From the time of your breach with the Pope your glory began."

"Yes; and, in spite of his curse, it has steadily grown; but mark! it has not been a growth of mere political glory, but that has all been founded on the

growth of religion and virtue. We have far more religious knowledge and the fear of God, and they are increasing in our country. At the period I refer to, our people learned to go and seek for religion in the New Testament."

"That is the true source of the Christian religion."

"Yes, there it is as taught by Christ and the apostles; and then the proof that the curse of God has not rested where the curse of the Pope rests, and the blessing of God where his blessing abounds, is to be found in the moral condition of our people, and of those of the States of the Church and Naples. God forbid that I should set up our people as a model; they are very far from it. We have causes of shame without number; but still the fact remains that, in the States of the Church and Naples, constantly refreshed with the Pope's benedictions, out of a million people, about two hundred are yearly accused of murder, and in England only four. Where does the blessing of God rest?"

His face beamed as if I had given him a little fortune. Whether his pleasure arose from relief to some fears in his own mind, or from acquiring a fact he could use with others, I could hardly tell.

"Well," he said, "our poor, poor Italy has suffered. Oh, how ill-used our people have been! They may well be backward in many things; but it is pleasant to think you can tell our friends in England that you have found moderation and order among us. After all, Italy may be united and happy yet."

There was a weight of sorrow and a tenderness of hope in these words that would have melted any one. "May God grant it!" I said, with deep feeling.

"Oh," he replied, "you can not tell how sweet it is, after all we have passed through, to hear a foreigner, an Englishman, speak with such heart of our country. Perhaps she has a future before her."

I said, "I trust God may have great things in store for her; and if she became really free, united, and enlightened—in the family of nations Italy will be the fairest sister." The old man looked as if he could have hugged me.

Chapter vi.

THE GREAT PLAIN.



THE road from Milan to Piacenza leads through a country as dull as the flats of Egypt. The fields were laid out for rice, and provided, of course, with artificial irrigation. The peasants are sallow, and dried up with fever. One never mistakes the difference between the effect of a healthy sun upon complexion, and that of sun combined with malaria. The one gives a hardy brown, deepening regularly, according as temperature rises or exposure is increased; the other underlays the skin with discolored matter, combining a sort of chronic jaundice with the hue of mahogany.

The three things in man's physical appearance on which climate tells most obviously are the complexion, the hair, and the eye. In cold climates the skin is white, the eye blue, or lighter, and the hair fair. The farther you go toward the tropics, the darker they all become; and when to heat are added damp flats and malarious airs, the process of darkening is combined with one which leads to the sallow appearance we see in the feverish regions of America and Italy. Among the negroes it has reached a point at which the change in the skin appears to offer some protection against deadly ex-

ternal influences. In England, the blue and gray eye, light hair, and fair skin prevail. In France the eye is often brown, but the majority are gray, and light hair is much rarer: a great difference exists, as also in Germany, between north and south. In Italy a dark gray eye may frequently be found, the bright blue one scarcely ever, except high up in mountains; but the national eye is brown, frequently black, and generally prominent. Black hair and a healthy pale complexion are also generally prevalent. But the peasants are often browner than persons of rank in India, who have all their life been kept from the sun. There is no place where one so naturally observes the influence of climate as going up the Nile. At the mouth of it you find whiteness very little different from that of South Europe, except in those who are much exposed to the sun; but steadily, as you proceed upward, the color deepens, until you come to the thorough black of the Nubian; the eye at the same time passing from gray or light brown to dark brown, and then intense black; the hair becoming first black in every instance, then stiff and glossy, and then finally beginning to indicate the woolly character, which is to be found fully developed among the real Nigritian families. The animal kingdom shows the same effects in hair both as to quality and color; even to this extent, that in tropical countries sheep, instead of a fleece, have hair like a dog.

Physically, the Italian race is one of the very finest upon the face of the earth. Whether we take the Pied-

montese or Lombards on the north, the Tuscans and Romans at the centre, or the Neapolitans at the south, every where you find magnificent frames of men and women. It may be that they are indolent, as is so frequently said; but it is hard to go among them, watch them in the field, in the workshops, in the towns, without gradually acquiring the conviction that, with proper government, and fair rewards for industry, they will be every thing that ought to be expected from a Southern people. It is not fair to look for exactly the same kind of working hardihood in such a climate as that of Italy as one has a right to expect in England or Scotland.

Driving along this great plain, one has a clear view of the physical conformation of Italy. To the west and to the north lie the Alps, which are for Italy precisely what the Himalayas and the Hindoo Coosh are for India, protecting it north and west from all the world; and here, as there, immediately at the foot of the mountain wall lies an immense plain, that of the Po, answering very fairly to that of the Ganges. On this plain Turin is the first great city toward the west, and Venice the sorrowful queen of the east. Milan and a host of other great places lie between. Parma and Bologna are upon its southern skirt, and away stretches that fat plain, laying open a territory of inexhaustible riches to one of the fairest skies that ever shone. Along the south of it run the Apennines, which, as well as the Alps, are within view at most points. These do not cross the whole continent, but, turning southward, form the

remainder of the country. Beyond the valley of the Po Italy is scarcely any thing but the Apennines, their valleys, dells, summits, outlying chains, and sub-chains, with two strips of flat territory between them and the sea on both sides. Very often the mountains encroach upon this little bit of plain, and rush right into the water. We talk of "the backbone" of England, but these are really the backbone of Italy. Herodotus said long ago that Egypt was the gift of the Nile; and it might be said, with almost equal justice, that Italy is the gift of the Apennines. The one is a strip in a desert of rock, given by a river; the other a strip in a desert of water, given by a chain of mountains.

We passed the town of Melagnano, where the French gave the Austrians a heavy beating—taking a thousand prisoners, and leaving eight hundred of their own dead. The town was full of the marks of the terrible struggle, and the mound of the dead, with its simple cross, was fresh. It was a curious example of the value of local tradition that we could not learn the name of the general who commanded. My memory suggested Baraguay d'Hilliers, but those mentioned were M'Mahon, Niell, Canrobert. Even a French soldier, whom we met with at Lodi, was very doubtful, but at last said it was Niell. Now this, be it remembered, was only about nine months after the battle had been fought.

Lodi was our half-way house, as dirty and dull a town as a traveler could wish to see. Of course we went to the Bridge of Lodi; and, oh dear! how it did

spoil one's boyish ideas! When I read Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, I should have thought it worth any thing to see the Bridge of Lodi. It is long, narrow, ugly, built of wood, ill shaped, ill kept, and half burned by the Austrians—a contemptible-looking affair. Yet from these dirty planks went forth a blast of fame that bore the name of young Bonaparte into every barrack and every drawing-room of Europe—one proof more that, in the career of life, not the splendor of the theatre, but the quality of the actions, carries real power.

As we were finishing dinner, the waiter most civilly said, in a low voice, but loud enough for the ladies to hear, "The road is not too safe; you had better not travel on by night." Those ugly words, prettily spoken, brought up images of the plain of Esdraelon, with Bedouins, and pistols, and spears. I am not sure but I had rather fall into the hands of an Arab than of an Italian brigand. I said something by which I hoped to get rid of the waiter; but he gently added, "You had better not go; unpleasant things might happen." The ladies heard him; but all seemed alive to the arts of Italian innkeepers. No one proposed that we should stay for the night. When I ordered our *vetturino* to put to the horses, he made no objection. Meeting the waiter, I said reproachfully, "You pretend that the road is not safe." He replied, "I assure you it is not well to travel by night. It is only a few days since the diligence was attacked."

"You do not mean that there can be any danger

before nine o'clock in the approach to a city like Piacenza?"

He seemed rather ashamed, and, feeling certain that we were to go, acknowledged that there could not be any danger before that hour.

Away we went along the same kind of country, and saw the sun set grandly behind heavy clouds. The night fell, and for three hours we drove along in the dark; and after the conversation at the inn, be it mentioned to the credit of English women, that though three were in the carriage, the word "brigand" was never named. Whether or not it was the Bridge of Lodi that inspired this heroism, I can not say, but am inclined to think not; for, after the uncomfortable fashion of English women, the ladies seemed more offended with the dirt of Lodi than inspired with its glory.

For a long time the lamps at the gate of Piacenza gleamed across the plain as we slowly and wearily made our way to the banks of the Po; then we came upon a great bridge of boats, loosely put together, to replace the one which the Austrians had destroyed. The river is immensely broad. We passed through ruins upon ruins of fortifications demolished by the Austrians; then by a huge building, like some two or three of the greatest Manchester warehouses piled together, which we understood was a barrack; finally through a narrow and dirty street into the hotel. Here we found an odd combination of grandeur, kindness, and dirt. The latter is a very tolerable thing for a well-seasoned traveler as

long as it continues inanimate ; but live dirt is a serious matter ; and in this hotel we found quartered a strong force of the tiny but active police appointed for the punishment of the uncleanly.

This hotel at Piacenza was on a large scale, and had some grand rooms ; and any thing more pleasant than the attention of the people could not be ; but it would do discontented folk in England good if one could only have led them into a part of the establishment over which was inscribed the cleanly word "Baths." Thinking something comfortable might be found under such an announcement, I opened the door, and such a scene of confusion and dirt, though women were washing in it !

In the dining-room of the hotel at Piacenza was a large company, apparently of men of business, with one lady. Her husband was from Bologna, and was giving the rest stories as to the papal government. He talked in a dialect hard to understand, and with much rapidity, so that I could catch only the necks and wings of his facts, and I do not attempt to repeat them. When he had run himself out of breath with one story, his wife reminded him of another, and on and on he went. The statements were horrible, and, to us, beyond belief ; yet not one word of doubt escaped any person present. I could imagine that I was back again in the Mysore, hearing a knot of Brahmins telling stories of the days of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib. They were tales of fines and imprisonment without any reason given ; of

hundreds kept in dungeons untried and uncondemned ; of mullets laid upon whole classes of persons in a day ; of plunder concerted between officials and robbers, and prey divided share and share alike ; murderers petted, and thinkers put to death ; and priests and bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, and legates, all fingering and dividing the spoil. It was something very fearful to hear those tales, and to see the hatred of priests, and Church, and Pope, and Rome—Rome, odious Rome—that seethed in that company. There was something in the expression of that hatred such as I doubt whether a company of Englishmen could, under any circumstances, put on. If any one has seen a man in Rome, when something that might compromise him is said or done, look round as though all the walls had eyes and ears, he has recognized a species of fear as new to him as if he had never seen a man look afraid before—a kind of fear that it would be impossible for any man born and brought up under the British flag to throw into his countenance. And so with this hatred. It was not vociferous, but it was dark and hot, and lay down in the secret places of the men, boiling, and smelling of blood. Priests, priests—blacks, scoundrels, robbers, tyrants, devils, priests—how that word priest was repeated with every tone that detestation could teach ! One could not but shudder to think what a national insurrection would be, led by men like these ; and the impression came strongly home, how much Italy and Europe owed to the fact that the present national movement is in the

hands of men of the highest position and the very first stamp—men who have every thing to lose and nothing to gain; and who, however much they may sympathize with the body of the people in what they hate and what they desire, have yet knowledge enough of human affairs to feel that, above all things, passion must be kept under, and order and moderation preserved. Instead of the tales of this room, here is one from the “Official Documents.”

THE THREE MEN OF FERRARA.

IN 1852, the Austrians arrested, in the city of Ferrara, about forty citizens on a charge of political conspiracy. The town was struck with horror, which soon increased by news that came from within the prison. The prisoners made it known that they were often put upon bread and water, laden with chains, beaten with sticks and with fists, subjected to the “bench” and other tortures; that, while one was undergoing this, his companions were obliged to look on; that they were daily threatened with death; threatened with having their mothers arrested; and that the things they were to say were continually suggested to them; and they were forced by the extreme of pain to confess, against themselves and others, offenses that had never occurred. After these representations had reached a certain height, they managed somehow to get a communication sent to the Count Camillo Trotti, the mayor of the place, who

communicated with the papal government, but it had nothing to say to the Austrians but words of encouragement. Representations to the same effect were also sent to the general commanding in chief of the French army at Rome, and to Mr. William M'Alister, the British Consul at Ferrara. The collection contains not only these documents, but a large number of extracts from private notes of the prisoners, in which the words "bastinado," "irons," "hunger," "torture," "beating," "in chains for two days together," are scattered up and down with fearful frequency, and in which this sentence occurs: "As for G——, they have bastinadoed him two days together, and then read him a confession of mine which I had never made." At last, three men out of the number were sentenced to death. Their names were Succi, Malagutti, and Parmeggiani. The public opinion was that they were all innocent, even of the political offense alleged against them.

The Austrian general writes to the pontifical authorities the night before their execution; demands that they should send three "reserved and silent priests" to be confessors of the men. One of these priests, probably as a part of his duty, drew up an account of all that passed. This was left in the archives of his confraternity (*La Buona Morte*), and is reproduced with the rest of the official documents. This narrative, in the original language, will be found printed in the Appendix;* but here we give the substance of it.

*Appendix B.

On the afternoon of the 15th of March, 1853, the three confessors were carried to the prison, where they had to wait a long time, first, for the return of an officer from dinner, and, secondly, because the wife of Succi was screaming dreadfully, and would not be removed from the cell of her husband; and the wife of Parmegiani was taken with wild convulsions, and blasphemed horribly. These poor women had learned the fate of their husbands from their own mouth.

The priests entered the chamber of Succi, who was standing uncovered, and guarded by four armed soldiers, but not in chains. They told him that one of them had come to keep him company, to weep with him, and to "reconcile him to God," and that he should choose which. Succi said, in a high tone, "I accept all; but, as I am the oldest of the three unfortunates, I shall choose for a confessor the oldest." Then the chief priest, throwing his arm around his neck, and kissing him on the forehead, said, "It is I." "But," replied the sufferer, "I wish first to make a little will, and to say that the confession, and the written depositions which I have made to the military commission, have been extorted from me by violence, by the bench, by bastinading, and by chains; and that they did not merely threaten me, but beat me; and that unless I meant to die under the lash, there was nothing for it but that I should say what they wished."

The priests passed to the cell of Dr. Malagutti. He threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly; he kiss-

ed the hands of all, and then said, "Thank God that I see a clergyman in this my agony, which has oppressed me since eleven o'clock in the morning." He rose and said, "I wish to confess all my sins, and to tell you that I have such confidence in the mercy of God that it appears to be almost a sin of presumption. And let it be known that in my examination I have been forced to say what they wished. I have suffered horrible tortures, which have brought on hemorrhage. You must all stop with me," he said. He was told that he must choose one.

"Then," he said, "let it be my schoolfellow, Don Luigi Zaffi."

Then they went to Parmeggiani. He rose, kept his hat on his head, and said, "You have come to confess me? I am innocent. I wish to confess in public, in the presence of the commission, and to say that what I have said and written has been extorted from me by suggestive questions, by irons (leaving me an entire month in chains day and night), by the stick; in consequence of which, they were obliged to take me to the Hospital of the Martyrs, where I was for eighteen days." They told him that he must choose one of the three. He looked in the faces of them all, and, knowing one, he burst out weeping, and said, "Father, you have had a wife and children; you can more easily pity an afflicted father, who is leaving a wife and two marriageable daughters in poverty." Then, seizing him forcibly by the hand, he made him sit down on his bench.*

* The internal evidence of the narrative shows that it was this

Parmeggiani wept with strong convulsions. He drank cold water and coffee all the night, and was never silent. He continually spoke of the unjust and iniquitous mode of seeking the truth with tortures, "under which both the strong and the weak told lies." He wrote a letter to his wife. He made his will; he confessed twice, and several times asked for absolution. He went through several acts of devotion. At two o'clock in the morning, he said, "I should like to know if my companions have confessed. Go and ask; and tell them that I have confessed, and that I ask pardon from them if, in act or word, I have caused them any pain." Succi said, "I ought to ask pardon of him; and, if we meet before the execution, I will ask him to give me the kiss of forgiveness." Malagutti was sitting on his bed with his confessor, smoking a cigar, and said he had pardoned all, as he hoped God had pardoned him. At seven o'clock in the morning Parmeggiani and his confessor went down, and found Malagutti surrounded by soldiers. The confessor took him by his left hand, holding his own sufferer in the right. They kissed one another. At that moment Succi arrived; and then they all three kissed, and said, "Adieu." They went into the church, repeating the "Act of Faith." They kneeled at the foot of the altar; they priest who has left the record. Human affections had been wakened up in him by family ties; and the command that the priests should be "close and silent" had not been well executed in selecting *Don Giuseppe Poltronieri*.

received the Holy Communion with the utmost devotion. At the reading of the last Gospel they stood up, and Malagutti said aloud, "Oh, how light I feel! Lord, grant that the years of life taken away from me may be added to my mother!" Parmeggiani repeated the prayer, and added, "And to my daughters." When they arrived at the ground of execution, Succi and Parmeggiani declined to be bandaged; and the latter kneeled down, lifting up his united hands with his eyes closed, repeating, "Jesus," &c. A lieutenant came, and said he must be bandaged; it was *his* duty; and a soldier put a white handkerchief over him, he still continuing on his knees. They then fired upon them into the chest and into the forehead. "Parmeggiani fell upon his face, and never moved. He died like a martyr."

On the day of this tragedy, young Hannibal Bonaccioli, a student of eighteen, left his home for his classes at the University, and on the way heard what a deed was being done. He stopped; and, meeting some of his comrades, told them to go home and weep. The crime of having said this to several was laid to his charge, and he was thrown into prison. When released, he and his father applied for permission to go to see another brother, living in Turin. This point was not decided without a formal reference to the central government at Rome; whence came an order, signed by the most reverend and most terrible name of Matteucci, giving permission for Hannibal and his father to receive passports, but on the condition that, if he once left the

state, he was not to return. This was inserted with the threat that, in case of his re-entering his native country, he should undergo a year of imprisonment. Five months afterward we find another letter from the same Matteucci, directed to the apostolic delegate of Ferrara, and telling him that, as Hannibal had returned to his native town, he must suffer the penalty with which he had been menaced. He was again thrown into prison, and treated worse than a malefactor. In a few months more we find another letter from Doctor Dino Pesci, also to the apostolic delegate, telling him that from childhood he had been the friend of Hannibal, and that he now had one favor to ask. His old companion was all but dying, and suffering terribly; he entreated permission to go to him, that he might pass the nights with him, and some hours of the day, to nurse him in his sickness. But no such comfort was to be allowed to the unfortunate prisoner. All that could be obtained was, that when his twelvemonth of imprisonment expired he should be again set at liberty, "being subjected to that rigorous political restraint sanctioned by the fact of his having been imprisoned for a year." But shortly after the hand of Matteucci wrote this gracious permission, another letter was written to tell him that Hannibal Bonaccioli was dead—killed slowly for the crime of having told his comrades to weep for the three men of Ferrara.*

* The documents illustrating this case are twenty-five in number, and are found in the second volume of the "Official Documents," occupying from page 539 to page 565.



Chapter iii.

PIACENZA, PARMA, AND MODENA.



THE name *Piacenza* means "charm, grace, pleasantness," &c. Well, so be it; it is a pretty name, and it is said, in some of the books, that Piacenza is a beautiful city. Certainly the Po rolls by it broad and grand, with the bridge of boats over it, and the many forts built and blown up by the Austrians lie about in suggestive ruins; but as for the city itself, if one must tell the truth in plain words, it is flat and dirty, without fine buildings or pleasant walks.

In the piazza two middle-aged men were standing talking in that leisurely way that one so rarely sees in England, just as if talking were the business of life, and standing at the street corner the natural way to carry it on. They were evidently glad to have their company increased by a foreigner. Their tongues ran as smoothly as all in the country on the questions of the day. They pointed to the placards all over the town, "Victor Emmanuel forever!" "Annexation forever!" and "Our Italian king! our legitimate king forever!" for this was the first point we had reached of the territory which had not previously belonged to Piedmont or been conceded by treaty, but had just attached itself

by the vote of annexation. When the question of the priests and the Church came up, one of the men showed considerable curiosity to know what I as an Englishman would say, and after a while he turned to his comrade and remarked, "They used to tell us that Protestants were not Christians; that they were a sort of infidels or atheists, or something of that kind; but we know better now. Why, the Protestants have more churches than we; they attend them more numerously; they behave in them with a deal more reverence; they believe the doctrines of the Christian religion much more firmly, and, what is more, their moral tone is higher;" and, lowering his voice, he said, "and their priests have families, and are good citizens, like other men."

Seeing placards upon a book-shop announcing a set of political sermons, one upon the excommunication, I went in, and, purchasing the whole course, found that the eyes of a considerable number of customers were fixed upon me. The subject of the pamphlets at once led them to talk upon this question. They not only agreed with me, but ran before me, as to the duty of our learning religion directly from Christ and His apostles through the Bible; but they did seem puzzled when now and then I put in a word to the effect that personally the Pope was a good kind of man, and insisting that there were many good priests. Above all, they seemed to think it strange that one spoke of religion and devotion as living things.

As we were going round the town for a drive, I asked

the coachman—a yellow, knife-nosed fellow, that one would not like to meet between Jerusalem and Jericho—what the people here said about the excommunication by the Pope.

“They want to go and knock him on the head,” he growled.

A druggist, into whose shop we had gone, was soon led into a violent onset upon the poor Pope. I put in a good word for the old man, using the expression, “*Santo Padre*” (“Holy Father”).

“*Santo Padre!*” grumbled the druggist, giving us a suspicious look; and, turning to Mr. B——, he asked plump, “Are you Irish?” Not a little tickled, I said, “No, *he* is English.”

“Oh, then we may talk. The Irish have faith in the Pope. Well for them! they live far enough away for that. We are too near not to know what the popes are, and the cardinals, and the priests, and the monks, and the nuns, and all the rest of them.” Then he said, “We Italians know something now about the difference between Rome and the Protestants, and it is high time that we were Protestants too.”

From Piacenza a railway runs along to the east, leaving the Apennines on the right, and the Po on the left. The first capital city to which it brings you is Parma. Here there was an immense crowd around the station, and I was glad to share an open carriage with a commercial traveler, whose luggage filled it up. Every where the crowds were great and the excitement high.

They had just gathered to witness the first arrival of Piedmontese cavalry—a living proof that the annexation had really been accepted by the king, and that possession was taken in his name. What gay uniforms in the street, and what a buzz of triumph and hope!

The city is really a fine one as a provincial city; but we should as soon think of calling Bath or Leamington a capital. In fact, it is not equal to either. At the first hotel to which we came, there was “no room;” at the second, “no room;” at the third, “no room.” How glad I was that, for the moment, my friends and I had parted, they having gone on directly to Bologna! At last, at one hotel, after we had got the same answer, a waiter ran out and cried, “Yes, there is room.” My companion went to see, I sitting and watching the crowd in the streets. After a good while he returned, and, looking out of the corners of both eyes, said, “There is a little bit of a closet, but there is nothing for you;” and he began to take down his boxes. I bowed and smiled, and said, “There is nothing for me!” The waiter, in a friendly voice, cried, “Stop, sir, perhaps I can find you a room in a house hard by.” Off he went, and I followed. There was a motherly old body in a good large house, with a plentiful allowance of peaceful, self-possessed dirt, that had never been molested by the breath of an Englishwoman. She took me up stairs into a capital room, looking twice as comfortable as one could expect. At the foot of the staircase was a place open to the sky, as is very common in Ital-

ian houses ; snow was lying there, which had fallen this winter, I argued ; but, from its color, it might belong to any post-diluvian era. It had evidently lain long in perfect peace with a rich black pall, except in a spot or two where something had fallen upon it and broken it. An English hostler would have stared at such a thing in a stable-yard—in fact, it could not be endured.

After a survey of the town and visits to coffee-houses, during which I had such a troublesome companion of toothache that I could not get into the usual conversations with the people, I returned and had a long fireside chat with the sensible and kind old woman. It seemed rather an event for her to have a live *Inglese* to enlighten, and she put out her powers with a good will. She praised Maria Louisa very much, and said all sorts of bad things of the present duchess. As to the Pope, the priests, and nuns, she had not the same bad feeling as the men, but talked lightly of them all. “Black in robes and black in heart,” she said ; “we have a thousand, I dare say, of them in Parma, one sort and another.” I had been struck with the number in the streets, most of them looking depressed, a few content, two in angry discussion with citizens, and some, poor fellows, looking really hungry and dirty. One could not help contrasting the difference between the tone in which this woman talked and that of a person of the same class in Connaught, to whom a priest and a nun would be something sacred, a bishop almost superhuman, and the Pope rather more than half Divine.

The air and site of Parma contrast pleasantly with those of Piacenza, and the people appear to differ a good deal from those of the Lombard plain. They are not taller, but have a fine complexion; not a few of them have light hair, and many are very handsome. They lie farther south, but on more elevated ground. The most beautiful woman I had yet seen in Italy was a young Parmesan lady.

In the morning the old woman awoke me early; and talk of dirt as you may, Englishwomen, with all their cleanliness, can not give one a cup of coffee like that. I was soon in my favorite second-class carriage, having now liberty to choose, as I was alone. It is the real place for observing and picking up, and, as to comfort, only below the first in idea; for foreigners say that the first class is made for "fools and Englishmen." An old colonel, three ladies, a thin, sallow Capuchin monk, and another gentleman, were in the carriage. The monk had just returned from South America through England. In spite of all one heard against priests and friars, something in his suffering countenance said, "I try to keep a conscience void of offense, and am ready to do a good action." He soon left; and it was really a relief to hear the others in the carriage, after a few remarks upon his sickly looks, say that the Capuchins were often sincerely religious men. One so generally finds that a belief in goodness, particularly among priests, is totally wanting, that to hear it expressed in any way is comforting. They did, however, say that

many of the Capuchins were all they professed to be, and lived a penitential life. When asked what they meant by a penitential life, they expressed it as a life of severity and mortifications to the body, but seemed entirely to agree that that could not be the kind of life to which all men were called by the voice of the Christian religion; that real penitence must consist in abhorring and fleeing from our sins, and following Christ in newness of life. The old colonel, who had been in the Grand Army with the first Napoleon, and was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, said he had seen a great deal of Protestants in Germany, and Holland, and other countries, and he had been particularly struck with their mode of confession; that instead of one man going alone with the priest, and trying to tell him all he could remember, and forgetting a great deal, a number knelt down together in public, and made a general confession to the Almighty, and asked Him to give them absolution.

This naturally led me to say that in the Book of Psalms and the Epistles in the New Testament we found the confessions of David and Paul, but they were confessions made direct to the Almighty, and never consisted in detailed description of offenses, which, put before a human mind, have never any effect but that of soiling it. They were only such general though deep acknowledgments of guilt against God as serve to show the penitent feeling of the heart, without defiling the imagination of others. The others seemed to be rather

surprised to hear a Protestant speak in this way, and were still more so when I repeated as a summary of my faith the Apostles' Creed. They were exceedingly grave, and pulled me up at the word "catholic," and asked if I believed in that, and wondered at the exposition of it. While all the others were silent and thoughtful, the old colonel was as sprightly as Champagne, and began merrily telling all he had seen in the way of religion. On the whole, he thought the Protestants were the best; but it was plain he had not taken much pains to decide that question. The Quakers he had seen, and took them for rather an odd set—something very like the monks, he thought.

The town of Modena is entered by a stately gate, and at first presents the aspect of a considerable capital. The duke's palace is more imposing than any of ours, and at first one is ready to imagine that this little private capital is going to prove a city that would astonish us in England; but it disappoints, and is much inferior to Parma. It seems odd to find two capitals within an hour or two's run on the railway; and one can not wonder that men, instead of being content to remain the property of a princeling, should aspire to be members of a great nation. Modena had that air of inferiority to Parma which almost necessarily follows a harsher form of despotism. It was here that, after the restoration, the duke said he did not want enlightened men, but obedient subjects and submissive Christians; and the mode of carrying on his government was such

as to lead Farini to say, "In activity he had few equals, in obstinacy scarcely any, in perfidy not one."* Insignificant prince as he was, he has left a superb palace and rich galleries, which it is worth the while of any traveler to stop at Modena and see. The old colonel and his party met me in the dining-room of the hotel. Two young volunteers in the uniform of privates had joined them and dined with us. One was the relative of the ladies who accompanied the colonel, and to see whom they had come; the other was the son of a count, who had three brothers out as volunteers. That term in Italy means one who not only joins the army without being drawn in the conscription, but takes no pay. The old man seemed quite young again, and, beside the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he wore, showed me the St. Helena medal, which he had carried in his pocket, and then put it on. He seemed to return with amazing pride the salutations with which both men and officers met him in the street. The place abounded in soldiers, some of them the raw levies just coming under training, and others the thoroughly-formed legions of Piedmont. The old man talked much of the virtues of English ale. In Belgium he had once had a bottle of it, and said it was stronger than wine. "For twenty-four hours," he cried, "I did not feel that I was upon the earth." Whenever the religious aspects of the questions of the day came into view, which they were constantly doing, the others wanted to hear them discussed, but the poor

* *Istoria d' Italia.*

old colonel had always some word to put in, such as, "Do you know that before the French Revolution we had twenty convents in Parma?"

"Twenty convents in that one little city?"

"Yes; and there was one for men here, and another for women opposite, and an underground passage between the two. *Ecco!*"

On the way to Bologna, I had for companion a very intelligent man, with his daughters. He gloried in the present state of the country; but with regard to pope, cardinal, priest, and all their kin, manifested the same sort of hatred which had horrified me among the men in the room at Piacenza. When I asked if we had already passed the papal frontier, he said, "We have no frontier now. We are formed into the kingdom of Italy. We are a country; and we shall be a country, not hacked up, and tied tightly in little parcels, so as to be handed about among princelings, as may be most convenient. All that has had its day. The national impulse has been given to the twenty-five millions of Italy, and it is going forward as an avalanche goes, when the hand of spring has touched it upon the mountains. It is moving, and all the princes and diplomatists in the world may be alarmed, or jealous, or angry, but it is not to be arrested. Frontier!" he said; "there used to be a frontier here, between us and that miserable Duke of Modena; and then a frontier to Parma, and then a frontier to Piedmont, and then a frontier to Tuscany, and then a frontier to Massa. But that's all

over, thank God." Clapping his hand upon his pocket, where, I suppose, the passports used to lie, he said, "Signore, I leave Bologna now and come back, traveling without a passport, like an Englishman at home."

A few years ago, the authorities on this frontier were much occupied about a gentleman traveling with an English passport as Colonel Crawford, but this was not his name. He had just escaped from a French state prison. He had been in the Pope's dominions before, and the idea had got abroad that he was about to appear there again, with political designs. Instructions were given that he should be "arrested, and closely confined;" and all manner of vigilance was maintained; still he was not secured, and the authorities grew impatient about the arrest of this "wight."* On a certain day the higher power from Bologna writes to an inferior at Poretta, and tells him, "It has come to our knowledge, that on the night of the 21st instant (June, 1846), a young stranger, laden with arms and money, who took up his lodgings at the hotel of Luigi Ferrari, although using a feigned name, was recognized by an English lady as the son of Jerome Bonaparte." He goes on to say how the stranger sent a letter into Bologna to the Count Camerata, son of the Princess Baciocchi (a member of the Bonaparte family), who was driven to Poretta by Battista Golinelli, and arrived at eleven o'clock A.M. on the 22d. The stranger met the count at a mile from his hotel. The count got out of the carriage, and they

* The word is *soggetto*.

walked back together. The count applied for a passport to Monte Catini, which was refused; but as the stranger had several passports, they set off toward Tuscany, accompanied by Luigi Ferrari, to the frontier, and having a Tuscan subject as guide. And then a severe rebuke is administered to the subordinate official for his remissness, because the report was current that the stranger was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, lately escaped from the chateau of Ham, the "wight" of whom the government was in search.

A second letter tells this official that it is pleasing to find that he had sufficient evidence that the stranger was not Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom the police were in search, but his cousin, the son of Jerome. However, as the report had got abroad, much harm had been done; and, therefore, the censure for not having given information is repeated.

From Poretta the authority had written in great anxiety, on the very day of the alleged arrival, to say that, at his part of the frontier, the suspected "wight" might easily pass; for no one knew him, and they had no account of his personal appearance. In fact all that they could ascertain respecting him was, that he was about forty years of age; that is, if the almanacs were correct. He begs, therefore, at once, that means of recognizing his person may be forwarded. The reply is to the effect that they do not possess any means of giving a personal description of him, and therefore all vigilance must be used; but that the absence of a de-

scription is less material, as it often proves that persons who are described as having a beard turn up well shaved, and *vice versâ*.*

This is a chapter in a remarkable biography.†

* However, the following shows that the defect in information did not always last.

“Acts N. 59, f. P. N.

“Personal marks of Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte :

Age, thirty-eight years.

Height, a metre and sixty-six centimetres.

Hair, chestnut.

Eyebrows, ditto.

Forehead, middling.

Eyes, gray and little.

Nose, big.

Mouth, middling.

Lips, thick.

Beard, brown.

Mustaches, fair.

Chin, pointed.

Visage, oval.

Complexion, pale.

Special features.—Head stuck down between the shoulders ; shoulders, broad ; back, round ; some gray hairs.”—“Documents,” part i., p. 55-63.

† These documents are found in a work of the Cavaliere Gennarelli, the official editor of the Government Documents, issued since then, and entitled, *I Lutti dello Stato Romano, e l'Avvenire della Corte di Roma*. The documents quoted are given at full length in the Appendix C, but those upon the case are more numerous.



Chapter viii.

BOLOGNA DURING THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

For a city of such historical name, both ancient and modern, Bologna does not impress the stranger as other Italian cities do. Like all the places that have been under the papal government, it looks as if it had for some centuries been waiting for better times—things as they might have been some three hundred years ago, when it fell under the rule of the Popes. Most of the streets have low mediæval porticoes, of which an idea may be got in our city of Chester, where only enough remain to be a picturesque memorial of things that are past. In Bologna they have the effect of giving a stereotyped cast to the whole place.

The people are tall, darker than any to the north, except those on the flat plains of Lombardy, and, for the most part, less cleanly and carefully dressed. The men generally wear those great cloaks, of which a familiar name is "wrap-rascal," and which have too often served the purpose of concealing a dagger. From the outrageous proportions of crinoline, I thought that it must have been forbidden by the papal government, and that the women, now that they had freedom, were taking revenge; but at Rome I found that, whatever might be

under repression, hoops were free. Judging from English analogies, one would expect that the first general election after a great revolution would be attended with commotion, if not with tumult. This, however, I had learned not to expect. Whatever our other political institutions may be, it appears certain that, in making elections instruments of vice, no people has yet come near to us. I have been in Paris when every man there, without exception, was voting under the double heat of French temperament and revolutionary passions, and yet the whole passed off in as business-like a way as the drawing of dividends at the Bank of England. So in America; though there was plenty of discussion before, and of shouting, and firing, and tar-barrels after the election, the process itself was respectable. And here among these Romagnoles, noted for their boiling blood and swift-striking hands, an Englishman might have been in the town, and no more have imagined that it was the day of the general election than that it was Christmas-day in England. Every thing was conducted with the most perfect decorum, not even a sign of the public tranquillity being disturbed. For such men as Count Pepoli, and Minghetti, and others, who were at the head of the public movement, this must have been gratifying in the highest degree; and the former, who knows England thoroughly, must derive some pleasure from thinking that English people must feel how much better order was observed at this new and first election, than is often to be found in our

own country with all our advantages. To me the greatest marvel of order I had witnessed any where was in Bologna, because here the people, having been under the rule of priests, all spoke of them with an intensity of hatred such as one did not meet with either in Piedmont or Lombardy. There the feeling against them was strong enough, but it was that of men who were able to take care of themselves. Here, on the contrary, it was that of men who had suffered in their tenderest feelings, perhaps in all their interests, and who felt so bitterly that one would have thought it must lead to deeds of violence. I could not, however, hear of any injury having been done to a priest from the beginning of the Revolution. In one case, in a day of great popular commotion, when the people were streaming in one direction, two priests were seen breaking the crowd, and pushing their way in an opposite one; and all who know a great multitude know that it is not a very safe thing to set one's self against the stream. Count Peполи himself took the trouble of going to these two imprudent men, and said to them, "Gentlemen, perhaps you may know me; I take the liberty of advising you not to go against the crowd as you are now doing. It is possible you may meet with insults." They told him, however, that they were not afraid of the consequences, and pushed on, and, to the pride and pleasure of the good citizens, did not receive one uncivil word.

Facts like these show the difference between a revo-

lution led by the natural heads of a people, and one in which they side with oppression, and leave the power in the hands of demagogues. Had they, instead of such men as the Pepolis, been at the head of this Romagnole rising, scenes would have been enacted over which human nature might blush for centuries to come. They who most inveigh against the noble men and philosophers who have placed themselves at the head of the national movement are the very persons who owe to them every drop of blood in their veins, and every atom of goods that their families can call their own.

At Bologna we witnessed again the arrival of Piedmontese cavalry. How far the people went out to meet them! How densely they crowded around the gate! How they lined the highway on each side, and waited and chatted pleasantly! How they covered their windows with banners, and prepared the rich flowers of the country to fling in fragrant welcome to soldiers of their own blood! And when, at last, the waving of the first lances was seen, with what emotion the words, "They come! they come!" went through the crowd. And they did come, dusty but cheerful, thoroughly equipped for service, on little hardy horses, and led by gallant-looking men. All through the crowd the welcome given to them was one of boiling enthusiasm. They had often seen soldiers in those streets, but these were not oppressors, but defenders, not a foreign army of occupation, nor a papal army of oppression. For the first time in their life they could say,

“Our own soldiers,” “Our own cavalry,” “Our own officers,” “Our own uniform.”

In Bologna, intense as was the feeling against the priests, the churches seemed well attended. At one, a splendid military festival was celebrated. The National Guards, with arms, and uniform, and bands of music, and flags, made an imposing show, and the whole matter went off with great *éclat*.

At the great church of St. Petronius was the largest congregation I ever saw to hear a *sermon* in a Romish church. Over the pulpit was spread an awning of canvas to assist the voice, and below that a heavy sounding-board. The preacher was a dark Capuchin, who had already, during Lent, excited much attention. In the very heavy shade created by awning and sounding-board, nothing could be seen but the yellowish oval of his face, above the thick black beard which hung down undistinguished in the general gloom. The only other point visible, besides this oval, was the white cord round his waist, and the yellow hands when they moved. In darkness that little oval was set, and out of darkness came the deep, rich, pliant voice, and against a background of darkness the white waist-cord lay, and the hands were waved. It was the very thing for Rembrandt to have painted; and some of his disciples ought to have been there.

He addressed the people by the style of “*Signori*” (“Gentlemen”), as I had formerly heard done at Milan; but with this friar the term “Gentlemen” came as oft-

en as "Beloved" does with some preachers at home. He poured out a torrent of rich sound, modulated with the greatest skill, and adorned by a manly bearing, and, in the main, dignified gesture. He was a speaker of very uncommon power. The Church of Rome does not descend to the reading of sermons. If men can preach, they are employed to do so; if not, they let it alone. This man could preach, and that with a witness.

His subject was "The glory of the Priesthood;" and the proposition he laid down was this: "The defamations uttered by the laity against the priesthood are an impudent injustice." He began by saying that he did not wonder at heretics, and Turks, and atheists maligning the priests, but the shocking thing was that it should be done by Catholics. In all ages and nations the priest had been held in sacred regard. Among the Jews, among the old Egyptians—of whose ideas the hieroglyphics had given us back some notion—among the Persians, among the Greeks and Romans, the priest was ever a public power to whom men looked in all the junctures that involved the crises of life: the Brahmin in India, the Mandarin in China, and the Llama in Tartary, was often treated as a kind of god. So, from the foundation of the Christian priesthood in all countries, it had been held in lofty honor. But of late it had become the fashion to malign it. They were represented as the enemies of good, the patrons of all evil, obstacles to human progress, dangerous to liberties and

repose, and even injurious to animal life. He undertook to show that all this was flagrantly unjust. Then he sat down for a moment, gave the people time to breathe, and rose and began.

“Do you know what is the dignity of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church? It is the highest dignity under heaven! Kings are to be honored; magistrates are to have their respect too; scholars, discoverers, and poets, all merit honor; but upon this earth there is no dignity that for one moment can compare itself with that of the Roman priest. Do you know who a priest is? He is no less than a person who continues here upon earth the sacrifice of the Son of God! a person who daily renews the great act of the economy of Redemption! a person who holds the keys of the kingdom of God, and opens or shuts! a person who, with a few Divine words, changes the elements of bread and wine into the body, blood, soul, and Divinity of Christ! a person who stands between you and God, hearkening to the confession of your sins, and pronouncing over you the absolution given by the Almighty! a person who, in infancy, makes you members of Christ; who, in youth, formally inducts you by the Holy Sacrament into the communion of saints; who, when you are young and full of life, consecrates your union with the wife of your choice; who, in the day of bereavement, brings the consolations of heaven to the dark chambers of your friends; and who, when your own day of death comes, bids your soul depart in peace!” All good, all

comfort, all true science, all the lights really valuable to men, had come through the priest. In the early age the Church had its Chrysostoms, its Augustines, its Cyrils, and a long list, which he repeated with the utmost rapidity, and wonderfully sonorous effect. Now, in our modern day, it had its equally illustrious roll of names, which again he poured out with the same fluency and force. But what was my astonishment, in the midst of these names, to hear those of Lamennais and Gioberti. The priests had been the patrons of the arts: here another list of *artistes* whom they had made, from Michael Angelo to Canova. They had been the fathers of knowledge: here a long citation of learned and scientific priests. They had been the founders of all charitable institutions: and here was really the most eloquent part of his sermon, but one impossible to report from memory. Selecting every great work in the history of the Church which had been done by an individual, characterizing it in a word, he concluded each sentence with, "This is the benefit of a priesthood!" "Yes, the priests were the guides of life, the lights of the world; they were the salt of the earth, they were the staff of society, they were the shield of the people, they were the glory of the past, they were the hope of the future." Again he sat down, and gave the people the benefit of a long respite. Rising up, he exclaimed, "But there are bad priests! True: there are bad priests, many of them; but what does that prove? There are bad Christians; but that does not prove that

Christianity itself is bad." And so he went on; but this part of his oration was certainly the least effective. Still it was a grand declamation; real eloquence was joined with earnestness and courage; and, so far as one could judge, the whole was sustained by perfect honesty. The man seemed to mean every word he said, and to look upon the priesthood, of which he was the organ, as the one institution upon which the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind depended. The effrontery appeared to cost him little effort, and of the blasphemy into which his grandiose periods often led him he seemed unconscious. The people heard well. A few looked as if his reproaches troubled them; some were evidently angry; but the most part seemed just to say, "He does it very cleverly." Opposite him sat the Chapter of the Cathedral, a numerous body in rich robes—some of them fine-looking men, but others of dark and dangerous countenances. His enthusiasm did not appear to carry them along. They seemed more uneasy than elated, and as they retired there was more of anxiety than of any other feeling upon their countenances.

Oh! how one would have liked to stand up then and preach, giving this honest man and his theme credit for every good man and good action he could justly cite; then, sweeping his false facts and false history to the winds, preach to that throng the one great High Priest, the one sacrifice for sin, the one Mediator between God and man, and tell them of the true, meek, and benign

mission of the minister of the Gospel upon the earth! One could not do that; but one could pray that He who holds the stars in His right hand—and the stars are the messengers of the Churches—would call many out of darkness to shine on this Italy.

The singing of the responses at one part of this service was exceedingly fine. The multitude joined, and it was the sort of music that men can enjoy. In contrast with it, the singing in the Protestant French, Swiss, and Italian churches is very miserable. They seem to have adopted as an axiom that a psalm or a hymn is to be only a wail. The music is sweet and good, and, for penitential psalms, very appropriate; but the praise of God is not all plaint, and the emotions of worship not all heavy. Many of David's Psalms are like the cherubim; they have six wings, and are full of eyes. They are intended to mount, and course, and shine, and warble against the very arches of heaven; and yet these are made to sigh, as if the Protestant Churches had found no music but for the sorrows of the Psalmist. Joy, triumph, outbursts, raptures, flashes of fire, and peals of hallelujah, are the ideal of the music which suits the greater part of David's psalmody, and especially which suits that of a Christian multitude, redeemed to God, and marching on its way to immortal happiness. In alternation with such music as this, the penitential and solemn strains one so often hears would have great power over the soul; but where they alone are heard, they become merely soft and heavy. By persons train-

ed in them from infancy this is not felt; but, for influence upon the great multitude of men, the defect can hardly be overrated. The singing in the German and Italian Romish churches comes as near to my idea of what Christian singing ought to be, as to its composition and style, as any thing I have heard. This remark certainly does not apply to the military music heard in one of the churches of Bologna.

A shrewd-looking man of the middle class was standing before me, and followed the monk's sermon with close attention; his countenance expressing wonder and dislike on the whole, but sometimes a certain kind of doubt. As the congregation was breaking up, I had a few words with him, but we were separated in the crowd.

The next morning I found, standing under a portico of one of the streets, two Bible *colporteurs*; honest, intelligent men from Geneva, friends of Mazzarella, who seemed to be diligently doing their work. Had the priestly honors claimed by the friar still been accorded in Bologna, the first criminals put in prison that day would have been these heretic hawkers of the best Book.

While I was talking to them, the man I had spoken to in the Cathedral came up, plainly wishing to renew the conversation which had only been begun the day before. "From what that friar said yesterday about priests, one would conclude that your countries, where there have been most of them, and they have had most

power, must be full of good Christians, and all happiness?" "But it is not so," he said; "it is directly the opposite of that. Look at this country; while it was under the government of the priests, the place reeked with crimes; and now Rome and Naples are the two countries that abound in crime above all in Europe. There is none like them."

I said that this was quite true; and that, besides, he would find that the countries where once the Roman priest, so much lauded yesterday, had possessed all the power, but where now, instead of his word, the light of that Book which these men were selling had been substituted, the returns of criminal courts showed that there was no comparison between them and the countries where the priests still reigned. Even where a country was divided into two parts, as, for instance, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany, there was a conspicuous difference in the amount of crime, in the comfort and intelligence of the people, between those provinces that were or were not under priestly influence; a difference that might be traced even by the eye of a traveler in passing from one to the other. "Then," I said, "take the period at which the Reformed nations broke off from the spiritual dominion of Rome: what were then the great powers? Spain, Portugal, Austria, France, the Italian Republics, retained much strength. But Prussia was unknown, Russia unheard of, England an inconsiderable nation, Holland the subject province of Spain, and the other Protestant nations out of account.

What had been the course of events since? Gradually, all the nations that had remained under the spiritual leading of Rome had either become feeble by internal degeneration, as Spain and Portugal, or odious externally, as Austria, or tormented with incessant revolutions, as France. They were all periodically the theatre of civil wars; whereas, the powers free from the spiritual domination of Rome had steadily risen, and were going on with every promise of increased strength. In the New World it was just the same as in the Old; even where, in free republics, with virgin continents, and more land than could be occupied, men had every advantage. What was the disastrous condition of Mexico and other states, in which the priests had great power, as compared with that of the North American Union and the Canadas? Where did we trace the disorder and internecine wars which marked a moral blight, and the prosperity and order which betokened the protection of God?"

The exclamations of pleasure and curiosity with which he interrupted and hailed these observations led me to go on farther. "And suppose you take only the last century, that page of history which lies within the knowledge of all—what has been the course of things during it? At the beginning of it, Spain and Portugal still retained their colonial empires, and much of their splendor; France had great possessions in the East and West Indies; Prussia had but newly become a kingdom; England was little more than the British Isles,

with just a few colonies in America; the United States were not in existence. Now, within that time, Spain and Portugal have lost all their foreign possessions, except some fragments, declined in population, fallen to nothing in moral influence, and become the frequent theatres of civil conflict. France has passed through frightful carnage, committed by neighbor upon neighbor, and lost all her foreign possessions except Algeria, which she has taken in compensation. Austria has been conquered, and conquered again, and gone through rebellions and disruptions, which are wearing her down. In the mean time, the non-papal powers have been steadily developing, and that very strongly. Russia has grown to gigantic proportions; Prussia has become one of the great powers of Europe; England has added nearly as many subjects as all the kings of Europe have upon the Continent; and the United States of America have come into existence, and reached their present eminence and power."

The man held his head on one side for a few moments, thinking, and then shook it, as if to put the facts into their right places; lifting it up again, he said, "No wonder, no wonder! No; where Rome has its band and its priests, all national interests, and all the order of society must be subordinate to the ruling idea—the ascendancy of the priest over the public mind; and the foundations of manhood are constantly being sapped by a band that has no sympathy with national views."

"But you do not say that of all the priests?"

"No," he said, "not of all, certainly. There are good ones among them, as every where; but I speak of the general influence and drift of the priesthood. There must be feebleness and revolutionary elements where things are conducted as they conduct them."

"Speaking of revolutions again," I said, "you find that all the modern revolutions have their centre and chief provocation in the countries that lie under the priests. Take 1848, for example: what were the thrones that fell, and the crowns that had to be abdicated? In France the king chased away; in Austria the crown abdicated; in Bavaria the crown abdicated; in Sardinia the crown abdicated; in Rome the prince chased away, and obliged to employ four armies to force him back again upon his people: but all this time the sovereigns of the non-papal world held their own; and, much as some of the states were disturbed, things did not come to the point of revolution."

"Oh, it is true," he cried, "it is true; and no wonder that it is true! If you only knew the thousandth part of what we know in this city, you would have the key to it all. I never heard so much said about it *in the general*, but we know it well in the affairs of everyday life. But what did you think of the friar?"

"I thought he was very eloquent, and made the best of his cause; and he seemed to me a bold, honest man."

It is really painful to watch the expression of countenance with which an Italian often receives one's declaration of belief in the honesty or goodness of a priest.

It betrays such a want of faith in any honesty as must be in itself a terrible moral void in the character. However, passing on from this, which he evidently considered my weakness, I said, "You heard wonderful praise of the priests: did it strike you, while you were listening to him, that, in the New Testament, this book which these men are trying to spread, neither our Lord nor His apostles ever called any minister of the Gospel a 'priest?' "*"

"No," he cried; "surely that can't be!"

"There is the book. If you take it, and read it through, you will find that no one of the twelve apostles was ever called a 'priest;' that none of their fellow-laborers or their disciples—none of those whom they ordained, or sent out to preach in the world, were called 'priests.'"

"But is it possible?" he said. "Who, then, were called priests?"

"The Jewish priests were so called, but the Christian ministers never. They had no sacrifice to offer up; they had only to act as heralds, proclaiming to the world that one sacrifice for all sin had been offered up by that one Priest of the human race, the Son of God, who had gone up to heaven to intercede for us there day and night, our perpetual High-Priest at the right hand of the Almighty, to whom every poor man upon earth had access, if he but lifted up a trusting and a sincere heart."

* The Italian word is "*sacerdote*."

“Oh,” he said, “is it possible? And there is no talk of priests in the New Testament?”

“Much talk of Jewish priests, but of Christian priests none. There is talk of the minister, the pastor, and teacher.” In dwelling on his work and office as contradistinguished from that of the priest, I was now and then helped out by a very intelligent and earnest observation from the *colporteurs*. By this time some people had joined us, and all took an interest in the conversation; and some one said, “In England it is not as it is here. There are not assassins, and robbers, and all the villainy that we have going on.”

“Don’t say so,” I said. “In England we have criminals enough—far too many; and we have much reason to be ashamed. Yet it is ground for thankfulness that, when we compare the total amount of English crime with that returned in Naples and the States of the Church, or Spain, or Portugal, or even France, offenses against human life are few in comparison. But take care that you don’t look to England for a model—for it is not there—or to America, or to any other country. You will find no true model upon earth. The model for the Christian is there, in that Book. It is yonder, in that heaven, where Jesus Christ reigns, and whence He will come to judge us all.”

The amount of desire to hear what a foreigner had to say on such subjects must be strong when a man will stand while one slowly grinds out such observations in bad Italian. Any man who knows what it is to hear a

foreigner attempt to argue in slow and broken language will form some idea of this.

The state of feeling with regard to the government of the priests indicated in the above conversation seemed to be universal with all among whom I spoke in Bologna.

"Was the papal government really as bad as they said?" I asked of a professional man.

"As bad as they said? They could never say half how bad it was. In spite of its permanent effects upon the people, the change since its fall is wonderful. The place was a den of assassins; now few homicides occur. The police were in league with the robbers, and the priests with the police. When a great robbery was committed, the culprits, even if imprisoned, were always discharged. They got a share, and the authorities a share. As to assassination, any man who had committed one, if he had only money, could at once make friends with the priests, and the evidence broke down, and he was set at large. But an honest man who dared to think was punished without mercy; or a poor man who happened to get into prison, and had no money or friends to carry the priests' influence for him, might lie there and rot before they even took the trouble to bring him to trial."

At the hotel I said to the waiter, "You appear to have many priests in Bologna." "Oh, plenty." "All married?" He looked at me with surprise; but I seemed quite innocent. "No, not one of them married."

“What, none at all?” “No, on the contrary.” “Why, how’s that? We find in the Gospel that St. Peter was married.”

“Perhaps he was; I can’t say for that; but in Bologna the priests do not marry, and I assure you that all over the papal states, wherever I have been—and I have been in several places—they don’t marry—that is, they don’t have wives openly—*occultamente*.”

Considering how notorious Bologna had been for crime, how constant the excitement of its people against the papal government and the Austrians, and how ardent the national temperament, one could not but look upon the perfect order prevailing in the present revolutionary time as one of the greatest marvels of modern society. Once or twice there had been danger of trouble. When Garibaldi, for instance, was recalled, the people were greatly excited; but throughout an entire night the utmost vigilance was exercised by the military and the authorities. The first men of the town might be found in the streets, going about talking to the people in their own dialect till three o’clock in the morning. On another occasion some of the lowest class, much like the Lazaroni of Naples, had shown signs of restlessness, about which the opinion seemed to be that it was stimulated by money and other incitements from the priests, under pretense of Mazzinian aims; but this also had been easily got over; and now, as before stated, the elections were just completed with exemplary quietness.

Count Pepoli, who had taken a leading part in preserving order, was returned for two places, one in the town and one in the country; and a proof of the readiness of the priests either to join from patriotic feeling in the national movement, or to worship the rising sun, lay in this, that the first announcement of his election in the distant place came to him in a congratulatory letter from a doctor of divinity, anticipating all other communications. But probably this priest was one of the many whose hearts long to see their country happy, and who have not sufficient faith in Rome to believe that it is a blessing either to one soul or to a nation.

Count Marliani, to whose courtesy I had been much indebted, had also been elected, though absent in London.

I had the opportunity of conversing upon religious liberty with a gentleman whose influence in the movements of Central Italy had been very great. As all leading Italians do, he expressed entire respect for freedom of worship; at the same time being disposed to keep up the spiritual authority of Rome, if only the temporal could be got rid of. This is natural in men who are endeavoring to combine their patriotic duty with certain remnants of religious feelings; but they will find that they can not pull down the towers on which the church bells swing, and leave them to make music in mid air. The great bell of St. Peter's needs a solid earthly buttress.

In speaking of what constituted national stability, I

argued that three foundations were necessary to the repose and equilibrium of a nation—a political one, a social one, and a religious one.

The religious foundation, faith.

The social one, the family.

The political one, the Constitution.

All national institutions rest upon the family, and it upon religion.

And “here it appears to me that France is essentially deficient. She has not a religious foundation, for want of faith; not a social one, for want of families; not a political one, for want of a Constitution. Instead of all these she has substituted military organization, which, for the time, is giving her internal order, and a commanding foreign influence; but will it last? All our institutions would lose their stability the moment our social foundations became loosened. England is the land of Home; France, of Glory: the one rests upon the family, the other upon the army; and it remains to be seen which of the two will, in the long run, be the better.” My interlocutor replied, “The one is based on the principle of conservation, the other on that of destruction. It is easy to foresee which has the greater vitality.”

We had several times remarked, in going through the streets, that the people appeared to regard one of the ladies of the party with peculiar attention, not unmixed with pleasure. After a while we began to suspect the cause, and in Bologna had it confirmed. On a

brown silk dress were certain adornments in a tartan pattern, which in England would have attracted no notice; but the colors were white, red, and green, the Italian tri-color; so that this innocent dress was nothing less than a strong political demonstration. We were not a little amused when we discovered it, but afterward saw many ladies who had studiously put on the three colors, and yet it was not done near so effectually as it had been in this case by accident. In every form in which it is possible to work in these three colors, you see them; such as a red handkerchief, green bonnet, and white feather, or *vice versa*; and as the name of Cavour is Camillo—and Italy abounds everywhere with extremely beautiful camellias—one of the prettiest forms of the tri-color is putting together a white and red camellia, surrounded by their own green leaves. When we were about to start for Rome, the political robe was prudently left behind at Florence.

It will be remembered that only a few years ago the newspapers reported the progress made by the Pope through his dominions; the accounts of congratulatory addresses and loyal receptions were affecting. In Bologna one heard such reports of the papal government that it was hard to believe one's ears—I do not mean hard to believe the things that were said, for that one did not think of; they were incredible—but hard to believe that one was hearing such things in Europe. The worst deeds of Asiatic misrule that one is wont to hear alleged by "Indians" as sufficient grounds for sweeping

rajahs off the face of the earth, were upon the lips of every one, as done here in the heart of Christendom. Over and over again one thought, and said, that the only value of such representations was that they showed what the papal government was considered capable of by the people who had lived under it. Several times, appealing to the personal virtues of the Pope, one asked if he had not been received with enthusiasm when he came among them. A man said, "He was at first received with a certain degree of cordiality, because along the road, wherever addresses of complaint were presented to him, he returned one answer, that when he arrived at Bologna he would investigate matters and make improvements; therefore the hopes of the people were high, and they did receive him with some warmth. But when he had been here a while and nothing was done, public feeling changed, and he left amid universal contempt." This was the answer of a working-man. That of a professional man was, "No, he was not received well at all. He was received as became his dignity. The authorities had orders and money, and got up arches and demonstrations. A few of the people, in hope of reforms, took part in them; but even they found themselves bitterly disappointed, for he did nothing; and, before he left Bologna, when he passed in the streets, scarcely any one would take the trouble to raise his hat." Instead of repeating here statements as to the character of the government which could have no other value than to show the feeling of the people, I will

give, as published in the "Documents," a case which occurred in a city still under papal rule.

THE THREE YOUNG MEN OF FERMO.

One evening in February, 1849, while the Republic was still in power, old Canon Corsi fell, mortally stabbed, in the streets of Fermo. He was professor of eloquence, mild in politics, a friend of the young, kind and charitable; the one priest in the town universally respected. The public was filled with horror; the National Guard arose, and seized upon every suspicious man in the place. Appearances were strongly against two, who remained in prison. As an example of the dark hints one hears breathed in the Roman States, it was whispered about Fermo that this deed had been planned to produce a reaction in favor of the priests by striking the public mind with horror at the murder of so good a man.

After the papal government had been restored, heavy blows were dealt to the people of Fermo. "There was not a citizen who, during the Republic, had given the least sign of adhesion even by simple silence, who was not annoyed, or placed under surveillance, or imprisoned, or condemned to the galleys or to exile." But this was not enough for Cardinal d'Angelis. Some lives must be taken. Three men were especially obnoxious to the restored government—Joseph Casellini, a young man of good family, who had been an officer in the Republican army; Ignatius Rosettani, a tailor; and Henry

Venezia, a coffee-house man : all of hotly liberal politics, but with names unstained by crime. These three youths were arrested for the murder of Canon Corsi, as accomplices of the two criminals already in prison. Of those, one, called Testori, was an old galley slave, whose life had been a tissue of crime. His cell, it was observed by the political prisoners, who numbered no less than one hundred and thirty-six, soon became the favorite resort of the police. Presently he had an extra plate of victuals every day; then his bed was provided with a mattress, sheets, and counterpane; and, finally, he was allowed the indulgence of cigars. He was also frequently taken to the police-office, which was near the prison, and, on his return, used privately to show money, which had been given to him by his nephew, he said.

It proved that this worthy had sworn information against the three young men as accomplices in the murder of the canon. Two of them met the charge with the best evidence they could, but Casselini had a triumphant answer. He was at the time lying ill of fever, and had the evidence of the doctor who attended him; of the druggist who made up the prescriptions; of the maid who waited upon him; and of a friend who visited him. Notwithstanding this, his relatives prepared a way of escape for him. "No," he said, "there is not a shadow of proof against me, and conclusive evidence in my favor. I must be liberated some time; and, were I to escape, a stain would rest on my character."

Every thing that threats and bribes could do was tried upon the witnesses to make them retract. The doctor, Baronciani, was easily won. He recalled his evidence, and from that day lived under the double weight of the government patronage and the public curse. The friend, Tarini, resisted for a while; but he had a young wife and three children, whom he saw plunged into the deepest poverty, and, rather than they should starve, he betrayed his friend. There remained only the chemist and the maid. The girl was threatened with imprisonment for perjury; but she was brave; into prison she went, and there lay for years. Poor old Carlini, the chemist, was so far advanced in age that to him a papal prison was certain death; he must either swear away the life of an innocent youth, or lay down his own. He did not hesitate; went to prison, and in natural course to the hospital; and there, "in the presence of all—of the curate, and of the confessor, and of Christ in the sacrament, he swore, 'I die a victim of the truth.'"

The curate and the confessor had the courage to leave to old Carlini a testimony of his religious character and praise of his unblemished conduct.

The three young men were condemned to die with the two malefactors. On the evening before the execution, the Jesuit Castiglioni came to act as confessor; but Testori told him that he did not need to confess, for he had promises by which he knew he was not to die. When midnight had passed and no pardon had

come, he began to feel that he, too, was to be executed, and then his dark soul quailed at the prospect before him. In attendance were some brethren of a confraternity called that of "Pity," the rules of which bind them to attend the last hours of men condemned to death. The senior of these was the most revered citizen of Fermo—the benevolent old Marquis Trevi-sani, stooping under the weight of seventy-four years. The culprit had him called; and in the reverend presence of that old man, and of the priest Castiglioni, he formally declared that the three youths were innocent of the death of Corsi, and that he had been impelled to say that they were his accomplices by being told that they had been his accusers.

The old marquis, overwhelmed with this proof of villainy, knew too well in what repute he himself was held by the government, to think that any interference of his would be of advantage to the innocence which he saw, in this awful moment, made, by the hand of Providence, morally triumphant over the murderous power that was striking it down. He urged the confessor to take a minute of the deposition, and immediately to convey it to the archbishop and the delegate; but the Jesuit replied, "I am here to take confessions, not depositions."

The brothers of the confraternity, who were all noblemen, stood weeping like children, for they were every one friends of Casellini, and all at that moment impotent to help, though with the proof of his innocence in

their hands. The police-officer, whose duty it was to take minutes of every thing connected with the execution, was called to take down this deposition. He left a space in the page on which he was writing, and asked his superiors if he should write this down. The reply was "No."

When the mournful group arrived at the scaffold, what had taken place in private was unknown in the city. Few had gone to witness the murder; but those few were thrilled with horror when the Jesuit Castiglioni, commencing the ordinary exhortation, uttered the strange words, "It is not always the guilty who die." When the heads of the three young men of Fermo fell one after another, the Jesuit went away to fall upon a sick-bed, the people to say, "It is not always the guilty who die."*

* For the judgment of the court, see "Documents," vol. ii., p. 392-396; and for the certified narrative given above, vol. ii., p. 572-577.

Chapter ix.

PAPAL GOVERNMENT IN THE ROMAGNA DURING
THE TEN YEARS OF RESTORATION, AS
SHOWN BY OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.



ON May 1st, 1849, when the French had laid siege to Rome, the corporation of Bologna met and adopted a formal protest, addressed to General Oudinot and the Constituent Assembly of France, against the attempt to restore a government "universally condemned by experience," and to make of "a people of three millions a realm of vassals, cut off from the common rights of nations, and held as a feudal tenure for the will and interests of the Catholic powers."*

Five days later an Austrian officer presented himself to the magistrates of Ferrara, and demanded that they should send a deputation with full powers to deliver, into the hands of Archbishop Bedini, the submission of the city to the pontiff. The magistrates declared that they had not power for so grave an action without the consent of the corporation. It was summoned, and met at 10 o'clock at night, in the presence of four thousand Austrian soldiers. Thus surrounded, it deliberated at considerable length, and, by a vote of thirty-seven against six, declared that it had received no authority to act in so grave a matter.†

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 13.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 16-19.

The Austrian army soon opened an attack upon Bologna, which was obliged to capitulate. Out of the smoke of the battle came forth a ruler for the conquered city. He was a priest, an archbishop, the direct representative of the vicar of God: his name was Bedini. In a few days he wrote to inform his government that he had ventured his sacred person inside the walls; for, he says, "the population was amazed that the representative of the government should always be outside the city, surrounded by foreigners." He also stated that he had been obliged to accept the services of the corporation; but that it was to be said in their favor that they had showed great zeal and activity in the cause of order; and, by several interviews, he had now satisfied himself that they were all "choice men." His testimony as to the character of this body is to be borne in mind.* Moreover, he added, that on another matter it was necessary for him to say a word to Cardinal Antonelli. When the Austrian general, as one of the terms of capitulation, was agreeing that the troops should not be disbanded, provided they would take the oath of fidelity to the sovereign, "I mentioned that my instructions contained this order—the dissolution of these corps; but the answer to me was that the articles of capitulation bound only the Austrian army, and were in force during the momentary occupation; and, on this account, I considered my own action free when I should come to assume the government of the provinces."

* "Documents," p. xxxii., xxxiii.

Thus the new ruler considered, at the very beginning, that promises were to bind an Austrian general, but not an archbishop.

On the 27th of July following, the corporation, foreseeing that, in the event of the Pope's return to Rome, the Constitution he had granted to the country before his flight would probably be revoked, held an evening meeting, and recorded its desire "that the restoration of the prince should not be unaccompanied with the re-establishment of those representative institutions which could not be abolished without oppression to the country, and that they considered that the maintenance of the Constitution would be a sure pledge of conciliation and harmony."

The Austrian commander, Strasoldi, at once wrote to Bedini, telling him that the minutes of this sitting must be taken possession of, and the authors proceeded against; and that if the archbishop did not feel certain of effecting the seizure of the documents without any being made away with, he had better leave the matter to him, the general. To this Bedini replied that the action ought to be severe; and that, as he was not quite certain, if he took it in hand, but that some of the papers might disappear, the general had better act at once. Under Austrian orders the police pounced immediately upon the officers of the corporation, seized the books, discovered that the author of the resolution was Count Ranuzzi, took him and the senator of Bologna into custody, and fined the members of the corporation who had

attended in the sum of two thousand crowns. Bedini, apparently foreseeing the effect which this would have upon the minds of the people, and upon his future administration in the Romagna, positively wrote to his own government to say that he had taken no direct part in the proceedings, and had only interposed to mitigate the severity of the Austrians—he had given explanations and no more. He little thought that this lie, and the letter in which he told Strasoldi to take the matter into his hands and to act severely, would both come under the eye of the men whom he punished, and would by them be given to the world.* Thus, at the outset, the Pope's representative goaded every leading man in the city to implacable hostility, which never relented so long as the ill-starred restoration continued.

From the city of Ferrara the delegate writes to his superior at Bologna under a difficulty. "Thank God," he says, "the Republic is now fallen, and a beginning made in restoring the Pope's government in Rome." Hence it might be supposed that the official journal, the only one now published there, might be introduced into the legations; but as, for the time being, the papal government is not restored "in its plenitude and independence," he is not sure whether he may have "full confidence in the rectitude of the principles" which may be set forth in that print. This, be it remembered, was the only print the people could see, and was directly official.

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 144, 145.

The restored government published a document which it called an amnesty, offering pardon to all who were not excepted; but the exceptions were tremendous. Among them were named the chiefs of corps, or general officers; and the way that this part of the compact was kept may be seen by the following statement of the Cavaliere Gennarelli.*

THERE presented himself at Bologna a Lieutenant Colonel Cocchi, who in the capitulation of Ancona, which he had defended, obtained, with others his companions, from the Austrian army, promise of life and liberty. But Monsignor, representative of the Pope, did not wish to hear much talk about keeping faith, or respecting in any manner people whom the country might love. He commanded the arrest of Cocchi; but he, being advised of it, kept out of the way. Then it was that his uncle, unknown to him, went to General Marziani, to whom he told the fact, presenting to him the so-called Decree of Amnesty of Pius IX., absolving officers who were not chiefs of corps, and the capitulation of Ancona. Although Austrian, General Marziani fumed.

“What does the priest say?” he asked the Advocate Cocchi, who was speaking with him. (*The priest was Monsignor Bedini.*)

“He says to his constables” (answered Cocchi) “to carry my nephew to prison.”

* *Lutti dello Stato Romano*, p. 1., li.

“Is it possible? But he was not a general officer.”

“Monsignor Bedini will have found in some theological book that lieutenant colonels are general officers.”

“And the capitulation?”

“That is a matter which concerns you, general.”

“I will write to him immediately; and if you do me the favor to come to me in a few days, I shall have his answer.”

The Advocate Cocchi returned. The Austrian general, seeing him, said, “Mr. Advocate, the priest has not replied to me, but your nephew may go at large; nobody will touch him. In any case, it would be an affair of a few minutes.”

“Nobody did touch him. We who heard this story from the Advocate Cocchi afterward found the letter of General Marziani, and those of other Austrian generals, who bitterly reprovèd the pontifical government for the military proscription, which, to strike majors, lieutenant colonels, heads of squadrons, and staff-officers, classed them all as chiefs of corps. This as *general rule*, but *in fact* officers and soldiers of all ranks were constantly exposed to all the phrensy of the Antonelli police.”

In November, 1850, eleven prisoners, who had been lying for eighteen months at Forlì, without even being brought to examination, prevailed upon a bishop to entreat the apostolic delegate to give them a trial. He replies that he is very sorry “not to be able in any way to accede to his recommendation, because these prison-

ers are within the direct jurisdiction of superior authorities, whom he has not failed already to entreat to take some step with regard to them.”*

A year later, the Prelate Stephen Rossi, with his own hand, wrote the following to the Governor of Faenza. “I have gathered from your political note that you have put into prison some boys, who allowed themselves to insult one Nunziati of the borough, and that you have ordered them to be put occasionally upon bread and water. I feel that it is always necessary to use prompt and severe remedies for similar faults, because, in such a city as Faenza, a little spark between the people of the borough and those of the city may have fatal consequences, unless strongly put down at the beginning. Therefore I applaud the punishment you have inflicted, and I instruct you not to discontinue it without my orders; and to place them upon bread and water twice a week. Farther, it would be desirable that you should come to an understanding with the Austrian commandant in regard to similar annoyances, especially among young people. You ought to engage the commandant to use prompt and efficacious punishments whenever a fact of this kind occurs, and when the age and constitution of the person will bear it. In prison, young men rather get worse than become humbled; and if, instead of it (imprisonment), the Austrian captain would subject them to a punishment which on several accounts is repugnant to them, we should have no fear of the re-

* “Documents,” vol. ii., p. 590.

newal of such faults." In the original, which remains in the archives of Ravenna, instead of reading as the copy found at Faenza, "a punishment which on several accounts is repugnant to them," it says, "which is repugnant to them on account of the shame and the pain;" but the worthy prelate canceled these words and substituted the others.

The "prompt and efficacious punishment" thus smoothly recommended to the Austrians by the priests was none other than that of the bastinado.*

The establishment of this penalty required a peculiar officer, and accordingly we find that such was discovered. The terms of his appointment are taken from a criminal trial which was still proceeding when the "Documents" were printed. "Louis Bazzigotti, who twelve separate times had been imprisoned, and seven times convicted of theft, breach of ban, and swindling, after having endured the sentence, was, either in the year 1850 or 1851, imprisoned anew, by way of precaution. At this time he undertook the employment of cudgel-man, with the monthly pay of fifteen pauls, besides double rations;" but Signor Bazzigotti himself puts out of doubt the important question of the date in his noble history by saying in his examination that it was "on the 15th of May, 1851, by appointment of his Excellency Monsignor Bedini, communicated to him by the Cavaliere Curzi, that he was employed as bastinader, and that he is a Catholic." However, good

* "Documents," vol. ii., p. 608.

times did not always last with Signor Bazzigotti: after he had conducted himself very well for two or three years, cudgeling his brother Catholics, he made earnest application to be allowed to go out to see his family, promising to return the same day. However, he took a ramble into the country, changed his name, professed himself a police agent, and extorted money from several people. He was again caught, and carried back to the prison, and then he had to exercise his Catholic ministry as *bastinader* without any salary. After another year of good conduct he had his wages restored, and continued in the full enjoyment of fifteen pauls, with double rations, and the privilege of *bastinading*, under the direct sanction of bishops and archbishops, up to the 29th of May, in the year of grace 1859.*

The condition to which this sort of administration brought the subjects of His Holiness may be gathered, now and then, from the remonstrances made by the secular officials to those in authority. For instance, under date of the 16th of July, 1853, the local Governor of Faenza thus writes:

“MOST REVEREND EXCELLENCY,

“YESTERDAY I went to the prisons for an extraordinary visit. My heart was wrung with grief. Without counting those in other prisons, I here found ninety-one. Very few of them are under trial; several are in the jurisdiction of the Austrians, several under that of the

* “Documents,” vol. ii., p. 95, 96.

Sacra Consulta (a high Roman court), but the greater part are imprisoned for precaution, without having been examined, without having been charged, and probably without being suspected. Some have been confined for months, some for years, some for lustres. This is a bleeding wound, and the real cause of the discontent, of the hatred against the authorities, and the spite against the government. Crime can not be conquered in this way by striking in the lump: the people can not in this way be drawn to love the august sovereign. For the last sanguine facts, three individuals have been arrested by the governor and mayor, by order of the public prosecutor, and those only have been examined. By order of the delegate, twelve others were arrested for precaution, but these have nothing to do with those; either the one or the other are innocent. The outcry is almost general. It is necessary that as to this some firm and rigorous, but just step should be taken; have the goodness to tell me what, otherwise I shall not be able to wipe the tears of a hundred families, that are lamenting the imprisonment of parents, of husbands, or sons, and of those hundreds of families that are languishing in poverty because of the absence of the person arrested.

“When I looked into the records of the court I found a mournful void; four hundred and fifty cases have been pending from four to five years and more. I do not wish to take possession of such a troublesome inheritance; but at least I do not wish to let the cases that can be heard, sleep.”

Then the poor man goes on to beg for help, that he may have some means of expediting matters.*

It is not to be supposed that the officials felt themselves under the obligation of proceeding with the cautious forms of justice habitual in civilized countries. For instance, a certain captain at Cesena writes to the governor to report that some of his men have arrested one Ricci on the charge of having been insolent to them, and the governor leaves this record upon the case: "That, considering the report made to him, and the want of proof by which he could judicially condemn Ricci, he orders that he shall be imprisoned for eight days by way of correction, with the injunction that he shall have one day the ordinary prison allowance, and the alternate day bread and water."†

One would have thought that such a government would at least have had the advantages of expedition.

In the town of Forli, when some executions were taking place contrary to all justice, the people shut their shops, and for this seventy-two of them were fined in sums ranging from three to forty crowns.

The government never succeeded in bringing the authorities in Bologna fairly under its hand; and accordingly we find that the court there, in the year 1856, losing all patience at the kind of cases that were brought before it, put upon record the judgment found in the Appendix, in which, instead of convicting the prisoners, it declares the police guilty of tor-

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 42, 43.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 580.

ture, of extorting false confessions, and of complicity in crimes.*

The connection of the police with robbers, and the instigation of crime on the part of the authorities, is an idea so familiar to the minds of the people who have lived under the papal government that a stranger can hardly believe that it is any thing more than a morbid state of suspicion ; but this judgment does too much to accredit it ; and fouler instances are found in these documents, but we give this, as coming with the gravity of a formal decision from a court composed of judges chosen by Rome.

The following document only echoes the hundred hints that one hears among the people : it does not prove that the government was guilty of the turpitude mentioned ; it only proves that its own officers took it for granted it might be. It is to be found at page 606 of the second volume.

“P. S. P.

“MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

“It having come to the knowledge of this division of police that the court of Rome has written to the friars of your country, inviting them to kill some Austrians belonging to the garrison stationed in the fort there, with a view to cause the principle of non-intervention to be broken through, and that the Austrians might rush in upon our provinces to avenge an outrage

* Appendix C.

which would be laid to the charge of the country people as an effect of the revolution; I pray you, illustrious sir, to have the goodness to inform me if this news is certain, that I may take the necessary resolutions in the matter for the good of our cause. Also, I should pray you to keep up an official correspondence with this section, in order to the advantage of our common affairs, and I assure you that I shall always be ready to give you such statements as may be necessary."

Signed "G. DELLA SCALA;" dated "Ravenna, 22d February, 1831;" and directed "To the Political Section at Ferrara."

The great inconvenience of the papal government was that it had subjects. It executed a great many—more, indeed, than all the other governments in Europe put together, Austria excepted; it imprisoned as many as it could, until there was no more room; and it exiled not a few.*

* Gennarelli says, "Monsieur de Corcelles, in his book on the pontifical government, dares to print the following words: 'From two to three hundred might have been expelled according to the terms of the amnesty first promulgated, but afterward amended and made milder. However, those were reduced to thirty-eight. The words "chief of a corps" were interpreted in a way not to designate more than eight or nine superior officers.' And in a note he added, 'Twenty members of the Constituent Assembly embarked for France and Piedmont October 1st; fifteen of those who were compromised left by steam-boat on the 5th of October, and three others a little later. The category of "chiefs of corps" only led to two

In addition to all these, another expedient occurred to the governing mind of Bedini. We find a letter from no less a person than Radetzky himself, in which he acknowledges that he has received the archbishop's proposal to enroll in the Austrian army those papal subjects who gave cause to fear that they might disturb the public tranquillity. The field-marshal tells the archbishop that his authority is not sufficient to decide upon this proposal, but he refers it to Vienna. Then comes a second letter, in which the generous offer is rather harshly declined; its most reverend author being told that the government does not wish to "destroy the exemplary spirit of the imperial army." However, he had another expedient. The papal soldiers were afflicted with a disease, the chief symptom of which was desertion; and we find the Austrian general Gravert replying to an application of the same fertile Bedini, and telling him that he could not undertake to try these deserters in the Austrian courts, for that it was a purely military offense, and therefore the archbishop must deal with them himself by pontifical law. To Cardinal Antonelli he makes the simple proposal that they should get *every province* garrisoned with Austrians, without which, he says, "every effort is vain for the restoration

exiles.' I don't know," says Gennarelli, "if lies were ever told with so much hardihood. We beg Monsieur de Corcelles and the Bishop of Orleans to read, among the documents of the pontifical government, the statistics of the Constituent Assembly and of the chiefs of corps exiled."—*Lutti dello Stato Romano*, p. 54.

of the government upon a sound principle and a basis of order." The only other matter he suggests in the same letter is that a treaty should be concluded with some power for sending a convenient number of inconvenient subjects across the Atlantic. He thinks North America would be the best place. Algeria is not favored—perhaps too near—and something or other decides him against South America. He has gone so far as to send to Vienna for a person acquainted with the United States, in order that he might give the government the necessary information.*

Zealous as the archbishop was in his efforts to rid the papal territory of the bad burden of thinking men, he had subordinates who considered him tame. In April, 1854, from Faenza, we find a commandant of *gens-d'armes* fuming at the restraint under which he lies, and treating the measures of Monsignor Bedini as any thing but vigorous. It is to be remembered that at this very time, according to a document already quoted, there were more than four hundred cases not even tried in the prisons of Faenza, which is only a place of twenty thousand inhabitants. But the brave Major Dominicis writes to the apostolic delegate at Ravenna, that "if he had in December last written to the legate that he must send two hundred persons across the seas, and if, since then, he had verbally told the apostolic delegate that it would be better to send three hundred, it was because he had turned the matter well

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 175, 176.

over in his mind; and now he is prepared to say that they must select four hundred of the most dangerous, and send them off." But then, he says, to propose to arrest three hundred at once is useless, seeing that difficulties were raised about the first twenty, and the second thirty, and they even hesitated to arrest forty-one. Therefore, to propose the taking of three hundred together would only be to expose themselves to reproach as to the impotency of their efforts, "which impotency will never cease as long as the half measures lately adopted are continued," which some may think to be efficacious ones, but which, according to his short sight, "are only a lenitive plaster laid upon a limb eaten with cancer."*

The official journal of Rome of the 22d of March, 1851, quoted in the "Documents," sets itself to repel the charge that the papal government is unable to keep down disorder, and declares, "We will now place matters in their true aspect, dealing with facts and not with vain words. Can it be denied that in the governments of Faenza and Imola, as the result only of two trials, eighty-two persons were shot; besides whom ten others obtained commutation of a similar sentence into that of the galleys, and thirteen others were condemned to temporary or perpetual prison?" Hence the official journal argues that the papal government is vigorous and fully able to maintain order! What follows I dare not write in words of my own. Gennarelli says, "The

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 205.

official journal might have added that the times were improving, because another judge at Ravenna condemned eight hundred in a single sentence; and this judge, moreover, was a cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and was called Rivarola, who died a few years ago.”*

If the judges and superior officers were such, we may tell what the subordinates would be. From the harrowing evidence before us, we will only take one example.† It is an extract from the depositions in a process at law. In 1853, one of the witnesses, named Cussini, says: “The officer of police, Paganini, had me taken down into a cellar by six or seven of his men, where he made them cover my mouth and beat me with sticks, in order that he might teach me what I was to say; and then he began to recount to me, part by part, this crime of house-breaking; and, for fear of being further bastinadoed, I assented to every thing.” The same witness, at a subsequent examination, said, “The sub-constables will themselves tell you that several days Paganini had me taken into his own office, and there, armed with a knife, he threatened to cut my throat; and he did give me some slight wounds, insisting that I should confess a crime that I did not know. He took me by the hair, he kicked me; he gave me blows with his fist, and he beat me in every possible way.” Another witness says, “He kept me closely confined for fourteen days, mak-

* *Lutti dello Stato Romano*, p. xxxix.

† “Documents,” vol. ii., p. 604.

ing me hear every night the beatings that he gave to the other prisoners; and making me observe that he set his great dog upon those wretches, and it bit them. He told me that he should treat me in the same way if I did not tell the truth as to the house-breaking at Olma; and then I had to say not only what was true, but also what Paganini wished, in order to exempt me from the cruelties which he used to the others. The cudgeling employed by Paganini is indescribable, and any body would tell what is not true to escape it." This evidence is confirmed by that of one of the sub-constables, who describes the manner of action. He says that the "officer put a handkerchief into the mouth of the prisoner that he was going to flog; then he rolled a sheet about his head, in order that his howls should not be heard; that he had done this with Cussini, and then beat him with sticks, at which I was present several times, as also three other sub-constables," whom he names. "I take it that in treating the prisoners in this way he had the orders of the governor, of whom he is a great friend, and also of the superiors in Bologna." Another sub-constable says that the blows of the stick given to Cussini amounted to sixty.

Amid all these horrors enacted by the priests in temporal government, they did not neglect spiritual matters. In March, 1850, a convention of cardinals, bishops, and archbishops met in Loretto, and adopted an edict which, by authority of the Pope, was republished in the Lent of 1856. This is directed against the prev-

alent sins of the country, especially against blasphemy, non-observance of holy days, profanity in churches, violation of fasts, and immorality. The decrees will be found in the Appendix.* It is enacted that all insults offered to the name of God, or the Virgin, or the saints, shall be punished by imprisonment from ten to thirty days—a slur upon St. Anthony and an offense against the thrice holy name being joined together: for a second fault, the penalty shall be heavier, and prison fare be sometimes changed for bread and water. In case of obstinacy, the full penalties of the canon law must come in “at the will of the ordinary.” All those strokes to be laid on at the private will of a single man! Keepers of coffee-houses, hotels, public houses, and eating-houses are bound to reprove and turn out blasphemers; and, if they can not do so, immediately to give information to the Holy Office; “and failing this, they will be proceeded against with the greatest rigor.”

It is carefully stated that the penalty here expressed does not apply to persons who deliberately utter any thing heretical; that they are not simply blasphemers, but heretics, or suspected of heresy; and that these must be proceeded with, not summarily, as the others, but by canon law; and, under pain of excommunication in the largest sense, all are charged to inform upon any persons whom they have ever heard uttering *heretical* blasphemies.

The non-observance of holy days is to be punished

* Appendix D.

with a fine of from five pauls to three scudi (from two to twelve shillings), and with imprisonment of from two to twelve days ; the penalty to be doubled for a repetition of the offense. Those who do not keep the fasts are to be punished with the very same penalties. It is formally stated that "the names of informers and witnesses will be kept secret ;" and immediately following this are the words, "The fines shall go, half for the benefit of sacred buildings, as appointed by the ordinary, and the other half shall be divided between the informer and the police, if they have had to do with the case ;" and then comes the provision that if the punishment is not fine, but imprisonment, the person convicted, if he has the means, shall pay fifty baiocchi (about two shillings) to the informer and the police. To these decrees are placed the names of three cardinals, four archbishops, and twelve bishops. This incitement and bribe to spy and inform is to be put up in the sacristy of every parish church, and in all the houses of entertainment in the country.

The "Documents" contain a decree of an inquisitor general, which will also be found in the Appendix,* in which he lays upon all the duty of informing not only against heretics, but those who are suspected or reported to be such, or favorers, or receivers, or defenders of them ; and in this respect the poor heretics are put in a much worse position than Jews, Mohammedans, and heathens, because, in their case, nothing is said about persons who are "suspected," or "reported," or who

* Appendix E.

“favor,” “receive,” or “defend” them, but simply of the open criminals themselves. Another matter upon which all good subjects are bound to inform, with the certainty of having their neighbors punished and their own names kept secret, is against all who have done “any thing from which can be inferred an express or tacit compact with the devil, by exorcising, incantations, magic, witchcraft, or offering to him odors, incense, or prayers to find treasure, or doing any thing else in which his name and work comes in.” Kaffirland and Italy are close together !

In addition to all these edicts is another from the Bishop of Senigagli, the native city of Pio Nono, in which he enacts that young persons affianced shall not be permitted to have private interviews before they are married, or give or receive presents ; and all parents or heads of families are held accountable for preventing disobedience ; and it is positively added, *immediately* after, that every person who breaks this law will be punished with fifteen days’ imprisonment, and he must maintain himself at his own expense ; the presents shall be forfeited, and applied to such pious uses as may be appointed ; and then follows, in case of obstinacy, the more terrible but less tangible punishment of excommunication.

All this seems very horrible as a means of demoralizing society, setting neighbor against neighbor, and making every foot tread as if every step was over the hollow echoing chambers of the Inquisition.

The question naturally comes, "Does any thing practical ever arise from this in our day?" If you turn to vol. i., p. 316, of these "Documents," you will find that in Bertinora, a city of four thousand inhabitants, the court, composed of five judges, a vicar-general, an arch-deacon, and three others, tried Baptist Orlati under the charge of irreverence in church, insulting a priest, and uttering heresy. The very words of their own sentence charge him with only these offenses: attending with disrespect, and without due reverence, in the holy temple, during the celebration of the Divine mysteries; refusing to give homage to God; showing himself continually sitting with his cap on his head, in church, even while the most holy host was elevated for the adoration of the faithful. When he was charitably admonished by the reverend chief priest, he did not hesitate to utter vile language, and this to the great scandal of the people assembled in the church; and, in fine, he uttered heretical words, saying that Jesus Christ was one who did not know all, or could not know all, because He would then have sent His apostles to preach in the New World, which was not discovered; and also expressing himself that he believed in nothing but death, because it is the end of life, and there is neither paradise nor hell.

These, then, are the charges of which this man was held guilty. He was rich, educated, and, his judges say, keen and clever in business. And to what is he sentenced? First, to five years in the galleys, for his ir-

reverence in church: on this point the court was not unanimous, one judge demurring. For the second offense, of insulting the priest, he is sentenced to a year of imprisonment after the expiration of his five years, and that unanimously; and for the third offense, of uttering heresy, to another year of imprisonment, to begin at the end of the sixth; and this too, it would appear, was unanimous. Let it be repeated, that the date of this judgment was "Bertinora, the 21st of June, 1855." In the *Lutti dello Stato Romano*, at p. 67, we have the following narrative:

PUNISHMENT FOR BLASPHEMY.

In the city of Fermo, two citizens were accused of blasphemy. The bishop commanded them to be bound and put in prison; afterward, on a high day, he had them carried to an open place outside the city gates. They were made to kneel down, and the *mordacchia* was placed on the lips of one and on the tongue of the other. One died not many hours after having undergone the punishment, and the life of the other was in great danger. For strangers who may be ignorant of it, we will tell what the *mordacchia* is. It is formed of two rods, which at the two extremities can be compressed together by the force of steel springs. The mouth of the sufferer being opened, his hands and feet tied, and he made to put out his tongue, the tongue itself is pressed between the rods closed by the springs. Thus the wretch remains with his tongue out of his

mouth, tortured by that barbarous instrument. Little by little the tongue enlarges, and thrusts out the lips. If the victim should refuse to put out the tongue, the executioners take his lips, and press them between the two steel springs; so that the mouth remains closed against respiration, the steel springs stick to the lips, and the anguish of the sufferer can not vent itself by cries, and escapes only through the eyes, the color of the face, and frequently by a paroxysm of convulsion. In the execution at Fermo, a doctor declared that the men tortured would die in less than an hour unless the punishment ceased. The barbarity, however, was carried to such an extent as to compel them to walk to the prison (a mile) with the *mordacchia*, through which, as we have said, one of them, Luigi Tacchi, died a few hours after.

One of the last men with whom I talked in Bologna, looking out of an eye where consumption gleamed, said, "SIR, THE ALMIGHTY IS TIRED OF ROME."

Chapter x.

THE APENNINES.

LOOKING at the map, one is led to ask how much of the space between Bologna and Florence is occupied by the mountains; but the fact is, that, whatever the map may suggest, the whole is only the Apennines. In nature a chain of mountains is not the same regular thing as upon a map: it spreads itself out and out; subsiding ranges falling off from the great central one, until gradually the plain is reached. When the barrier is a river, near the shore it is shallow, and in the middle deep; so, when it is a mountain, near the edges it is low, and in the middle high. By *vetturino** the journey occupies nearly two days. At a short distance from the gates of Bologna you become engaged in the hills, and while you are upon their last slopes the Queen of the Arno is delighting your eyes. Our *vetturino* had a young friend whom he got or took permission to carry to Florence, so that, altogether, we made seven for the mountains.

The scenes were of ravines, torrents, ridges, peaks, slopes, steeps, and windings; the view now narrowing

* A coachman who carries you in his own carriage for a journey, however long.

to a few yards, now sweeping over tracts of mountain wild, now going out and away over territories where, deeply down and distant on the plain, cities showed white like the curling waves of the far-off sea. Every now and then two oxen were yoked before our five horses, and tugged away honestly. Cultivation struggled with the mountains. Every few miles, a flat-roofed village of big but very dirty and uncomfortable houses. At Pianoro I got out, went about the village, and made friends with a boy in a smithy. It was as clean and nice as any smithy I ever saw. The bellows were really grand, made of oak, with fine brass nails, and well-preserved leathers, and kept cleaner than the tables in hotels—a gentlemanly pair of big bellows. The people generally looked pretty well fed and clothed, but they begged almost like Neapolitans. At one village a number of rosy children were whining for “something;” but one fine little fellow stood by, beside his father, asking nothing. I called him, gave him half a paul, and took care to tell him that it was because he did not beg. Oh, what joy! and the father seemed as pleased as the child. He cried, “The signor gives him half a paul because he asked nothing. Ecco!” The other men standing by evidently felt the rebuke, but did not seem to like it.

The first time I got out to have a walk, a decent mountaineer said, “You will have tough work to cross the mountain to-day; it blows so hard that, high up, it will almost upset your carriage. The last few days it

has been terrible; even the mails were stopped." It did blow; but I said nothing about the prophecy of an upset, and happily, excepting some personal discomfort, we had no bad effects from the wind. "No brigands?" I asked. "Oh no, none: while we were under the priests there were plenty of brigands, but since the Italian government came into power, none."

The young friend of the vetturino, as we tugged up a hill together, said, without being asked, "You see, signor, the effect of the change from the government of the priests. This road used always to be dangerous, robberies going on every day; now, none."

The vetturino himself told one of the ladies that the priests used to disguise themselves as brigands, and do a little business on their own account; but this was, doubtless, only an illuminated edition of the common story, that the robbers shared spoils with them. When the young man already alluded to was saying these terrible things of the priests, I reminded him that he must not lay all their faults against religion.

"Oh," he said, "no; you must not think that I am an atheist. I am a Catholic; but I can not profess to believe all the things that they teach us. There is a deal of nonsense that no thoughtful man can believe; but still I do believe in God and in Christ."

"Then how do you account for it that there are so many things you call superstitions and follies, if you say you still believe?"

This seemed a point that he had not gone into, and

he asked me how it was. "The matter is simply this: religion, as the apostles planted it, was just as if it had been sent down from heaven; and it had been. It took root upon our earth, a Divine and beneficent thing, and, had its principles been steadily adhered to, would have regenerated all human society. Instead of that, those principles were gradually overlaid with corruptions adopted from the old superstitions of this country and other countries. To this was added the invention of doctrines. By these two, mark, by corruption and invention, one change and another came in, until now the whole is so altered that it is very difficult to discover the original. It can only be found by going back to the Word of God, and studying, in the writings of the apostles themselves, what sort of ministers they were, and what the churches they founded; and that is what all you Italians must do."

"Well, signor," he said, "we often say that the religion of the Pope is not the religion of Jesus Christ, and yet we do not want to give up Jesus Christ; but I suppose it is as you say, that things have been changed."

"Yes, almost every thing has been changed."

"What has been changed, signor?"

"*Worship* has been changed. It *was* a purely spiritual worship; now Christian temples are full of images, and before these men and women are taught to say their prayers. It was in every man's own tongue, a service of singing, praying, preaching, and in private

meetings of mutual exhortation and fellowship ; now it is a mystic ceremony in an unknown tongue. The *ministry* has been changed. It was a ministry of pastors and teachers, whose business it was to instruct the people, and show them Christian examples of all personal and domestic virtues. This has been changed into a priesthood, which professes to repeat the sacrifice of the Son of God : they never marry, and give themselves out as constituting an infallible body, to whom men must implicitly submit their consciences."

"Ah !" he growled, "that is a change."

"The *sacraments* have been changed. Of old, the very name of the Lord's Supper was the breaking of bread. The disciples both ate of the bread and drank of the wine ; now, as to the cup, they do not even give it to the people ; and as to the bread, it is a wafer, so made that it shall not be broken. Besides this, they have added five other sacraments to the two that were instituted by our Lord."

"Dear me, any thing else changed ?"

"Yes ; the mode of finding absolution is changed."

"Ah !"

"In the days of the apostles, when a man asked what he was to do to find pardon, he was told to repent of his sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Now they have changed repentance into doing penance ; and instead of telling men simply to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, they tell them to go in private, and confess all to a priest, and then believe too ; and the priest privately pronounces absolution."

"And do you say that the apostles did not do that?"

I looked at him as calmly as I could, and said, "Look into my face, and see if you can trust me."

"Yes, signor," he said, "I can."

"Did you ever read the New Testament?"

"Never."

"Well, then, I have read it every word, over and over again, and I can tell you that in it all there is not a word about any of the twelve apostles ever having taken a man to confess to himself, or sent him to confess to any priest whatever, that he might obtain the priest's absolution. There is no such word."

"There is no such word! Oh dear! what a change! Any thing else changed?"

"Yes," I said, "there is something changed, perhaps, that you would not think of; even the Commandments of God are changed. Do you know the Commandments of God?"

"Oh yes!" he said, "I know the Commandments of God."

"Will you repeat them?"

He said, "You know there are ten Commandments of God, and five of the Church: which do you mean?"

"I mean the Ten Commandments of God."

"Yes," he said, "I know them."

"But, first of all, will you tell me what the five Commandments of the Church are? Which do you learn first in the Catechism?"

"Oh! in the Catechism, we first learn the five Commandments of the Church."

"Well, tell me what they are."

"1. Hear mass every Sunday, and on other appointed feasts. 2. Fast on the days appointed, and do not eat meat on Friday or Saturday. 3. Confess at least once in the year, and take the Communion at Easter. 4. Do not marry in forbidden times. 5. Pay the tithes."

"Then these," I said, "are the Commandments of the Church?"

"Yes, the five Commandments of the Church."

"And you are taught them before the others?"

"Yes; the others are the Ten Commandments of God."

"Very well; what are they?"

"1. I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other God before Me. 2. Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain."

I said, "Are you sure you are correct?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "quite sure. Yes."

"What, then, is the third?"

"Remember that you keep holy the feasts."

"Are you sure you are right?"

"Oh yes."*

* The form of the second and third commandments, as given in the Catechism, often varies. It will be seen that the form here repeated is an abridgment such as may be found in many editions of the *Dottrina Christiana*, or Popular Church Catechism, in Italy. In the copy now before me they stand thus:

"Then what is the fourth?"

"Honor your father and mother."

"Now," I said, "are you quite sure you are right as to the second?"

"Certainly," he said; "of course, I don't forget the Decalogue."

"Well, now, I have to tell you that these Ten Commandments have been changed."

"What, signor? the Commandments of God changed!"

"Yes; I am very sorry to say it, the Commandments of God have been changed."

"But is not the law of God unchangeable?"

"The law of God is unchangeable, and those Ten Commandments were written by Him with His own finger upon tables of stone, that men might know forever that these laws could not be changed; and that, however they might forget them upon earth, the hand

"Q. Repeat the Commandments of God?"

"A. The Commandments of God are ten. 1. I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other god before Me. 2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. 3. Remember that thou keep holy the feasts. 4. Honor thy father and thy mother. 5. Thou shalt not kill. 6. Thou shalt not commit fornication. 7. Thou shalt not steal. 8. Do not bear false witness. 9. Thou shalt not covet the wife of another. 10. Thou shalt not covet the goods of another."—*Compendio della Dottrina Christiana ad Uso della Città e Diocesi di Como, di cui per ordine di Mons. Vescovo CARLO ROMANO deobono servirsi in avvenire i Catechisti e Maestri nelle Chiese della Dottrina Christiana. Lugano, 1855.*

of God would maintain them to eternity in heaven. But still the priests of Rome have changed them."

"But how? What change?"

"You have been taught by them that the second commandment is, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' Now none of what you have learned is the exact words of any commandment. They give you the substance of several of them, and what they call the second is the third, and they have cut one commandment clean out and thrown it away."

"Oh, signor, you don't say that. They would never do that, because they must know that they would be found out."

"They do know that they are found out. Their own Bible contains a commandment which in the Catechism is, as I tell you, thrown away. And do you know what that second commandment is?"

"No; I never heard any second commandment but the one I have mentioned."

"Then it is to the effect that people shall not make graven images, or bow down before them and worship them."

"Oh," he said, "no wonder they have put that away."

Ridge after ridge was passed; the wind grew fiercer, and the view swept over a larger succession of mountains, while the plain stretched out farther and farther, and gradually grew blue, as we are wont to see distant

hills; but still upon its bosom the cities gleamed in the sun. When we had reached a very high elevation, when the road wound, the mysteriously distant plain would wind too; cities, perhaps a day's journey apart, following each other as in a magic lantern. It was a strange and touching effect, having in it something of awe and mystery. How real earth is, yet how little! How widely separated its objects when viewed from the common level! how near together when viewed from on high! And away yonder, over the last hills, beyond and beyond the utmost edge of the hazy plain, and yet on this side of the horizon, shows a line of steadier, clearer blue. Certainly it is not mountain, and it looks more like water than land. Is it the Adriatic? Yes, the Adriatic. Far, far away, not gleaming clearly, like the Dead Sea from Olivet, or spreading out grandly, like the Mediterranean from Nazareth, but doubtfully visible, like a mirage, yet steady as the sea. As the evening wore on we passed the frontier, leaving behind the old realms of the Pope, and entering Tuscany. No stoppage, no search, no call for passports. A shut-up Custom-house is a silent monument of divisions at an end. From Piedmont into Lombardy one, into Parma two, into Modena three, into the Romagna four, into Tuscany five. Yes, five old frontiers passed without even seeing a soldier or undergoing a stoppage! To a traveler unions are something.

Almost immediately after passing the frontier appearances began to change; the fields and hedges had a

more finished look. With all its defects, the Tuscan government was very different from the papal one. Still one would not have thought that up three thousand feet or so above the level of the sea, traces of this difference would appear; but it is so. A change is traceable in the better condition of the land, the houses, the people.

The evening was falling fast; the wind was terribly high; the horses said, "We are tired," and, like Gilpin, I responded, "So am I." We came to a point where a volley of air smote the horses and shook the carriage; but in a moment more we were coursing down hill, and down and down, with a great valley widening below, and two torrents meeting in its depth, then hasting away to the Po; for still we were to the north of the water-shed of these tough Apennines.

"That is the house!" "No!" "That one!" "No, here." "No, there;" as one house and another showed itself, and as one or another chose to guess. At last it did come; Covigliajo, the lone post-house, almost at the top of the Apennines; and out we got, right thankful, and gathered up our multifarious wraps, under the eyes of a number of officers billeted here for the night.

Much as one was impressed with the distant views from the Apennines, I several times thought that I had never crossed a great mountain range which offered less beauty to enliven the grandeur; but it is to be said that I never before crossed one with a ranting toothache. Oh, how pleasant was that blazing wood fire in the post-

house at Covigliajo, and rooms looking clean and smelling sweet, and a civil old man, whose words were rather hard to understand, because they came out from toothless lips ; but this fallen mouth was to me just then a strong title to esteem, for it represented many a day of that sort of suffering I had just been going through.

"The mountain air is so fine," I said ; "but it seems to me not to be particularly good for toothache."

The old man looked a very long while. "No," he said, as if it was no trifle. Then deepening his tone, he repeated, "No ; it tries it worse and worse."

How thankful and cheery we all were by that cosy fire ! What a dinner the old man gave us ! And then how the ladies brewed poppy-heads, and tried by hot applications to charm away the pain that had been tormenting me for the day ! And thus, at this high part of the world, began my first experience of fomentations. But in spite of the scalded fingers of the ladies, and my wonder at the heroism of nursing, and the poppy-heads, and a good bed, and fatigue, and mountain air, pain was too strong for sleep.

After four miles of farther traveling the next morning, we reach the highest point, and now take the westward slope. The descent is rapid, the views over the mountains again grand.

Several times during the day the immense range of mountains and the variety of chains reminded me for a moment of the scene from the top of Serbal, in the Sinaitic Desert, and it was the only mountain scenery that

ever did. Yet there is no proper comparison between the two. From Serbal the ridges seen are as distinct, and, one is ready to say, as numerous, as the roofs of the various streets of London seen from St. Paul's. The extent of the view is far greater than even that from the Apennines, and, strange to say, though there is scarcely a rag of vegetation, except at two points, the variety of colors is vastly grander.

We soon struck upon the first vines; then they came more frequently; then the air sensibly grew milder; then cultivation began to cover all the hills. In an hour or two we had real vineyards and numerous villages. Violets came out; hepatica, and primrose, and hellebore, with lilacs budding in the valleys, told us that we were coming nearer and nearer to the Vale of Flora. So it went on, growing greener, warmer, and more flowery, till the last spurs of the mountain were reached, and the valley came into view. The snow was nearly off the mountains, and the sun very bright. Long and far the Arno stretched and gleamed, not hiding, like the Thames from Richmond Hill, but winding in the sun to be seen of all. On we swept, past hills covered with olive and vine, each plant of the latter climbing upon its trusty mulberry, and the three together telling of the country's native wealth—oil, silk, and wine. On among square white houses, and convents upon hill-tops, surrounded by cypresses, heavy-headed palaces, country carts so old and ugly, and the people in their odd costumes, and the almond-trees in blossom, and the pervading olive-green:

At last, at last the dome, then the tower of the Old Palace, and the glistening bulk of beautiful Florence. All the cold of the mountain, all the fatigue of the ride was forgotten. We were all merry as larks, and even the surly face-ache owned the mild air, and confined itself to low and stifled grumbles.

Just as we were scouring along in the enjoyment of this scene, the coachman and his friend called attention to a spectacle at which they joked. A man was leading a mule, another man walking beside it, and on it was seated a priest in his white surplice. "He is going," they said, "to administer extreme unction to some one who is dying." Ah! they may ridicule him and his offices; but that surplice flitting among the olives represents the most tremendous power in this world. Is that a son, or a husband, or a father, that is conducting him? Be it one or the other, he thinks that man seated on the mule holds in his hand the power to give the soul of his mother, or his wife, or his child, its title to enter the kingdom of God. He has probably hastened from his home in terror at the thought that death might arrive before the priest; and so over Irish bogs or Italian mountains, or other wild and lonely scenes, men with aching hearts often hurry, to invoke this mysterious talisman. Other priesthoods are content with holding in their hands power over men in this life. The Brahmin leaves the soul of the father, as far as it can be influenced from earth, to the charge of the son, laying upon him the duty of offering the sacrifices that will

appease the manes; and it is only the priests of Rome who have the dread art of first shadowing the spirit of man with their hand at every step of his course below, and then extending their power into the world to come, so that his welfare there depends again upon their intervention. Thus, over survivors, they hold the double influence of conveying their own absolution, and, yet more tremendous, of directly controlling that of their departed kindred! The art of selling for money redemption for the dead is all their own. Do not laugh at that peasant and that priest; the spectacle has too deep a meaning for that!

How would it read in apostolic writing that a disciple from Bethany had hastened into Jerusalem with his ass to carry out Peter in haste to give the last sacrament to his mother, that she might die absolved? The son would have hailed the presence of Peter as an additional light in the sick-room; but, with it or without it, he and his mother would have parted rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.



Chapter xi.

FLORENCE

AT THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE
OF CARIGNANO; AND ALSO AT THE RECEPTION
OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.



WE passed the beautiful gate, the Porta di Gallo, and here, for the first time since landing at Boulogne, our passports were asked for. This, then, is a token of the Tuscan autonomy; but they are only looked at. On we go by the Piazza S. Marco, on by the grand old Cathedral, with its rows of parti-colored marble and superb tower of the same, and its *façade* as bald as any gable in England.

Are we in for a *fête* again? At Turin, the *fête* of the annexation and the king's birthday; at Milan, the anniversary of the five days; at Parma, the first entry of Piedmontese cavalry; at Bologna, the general election; and here, at Florence, what can there be? Banners! banners! banners! it must be a *fête* too. As we turned into the little square by the Arno, just before the "New York" Hotel, the head of a Piedmontese column was winding round the corner amid flags, and music, and bouquets, and branches, and all tokens of interest. "A *fête* to-day?" I said to the master of the hotel. "Yes; the troops are coming in to-day, and to-morrow the prince." "What prince?" "Of Carignano, who is coming as Lieutenant of Tuscany, in the king's place;

and the king himself will come next month, after he has opened the Parliament." The next morning the city was all astir; every street running over with people, and every window streaming with flags. As to the tone of conversation, it was just the same as elsewhere; with this great advantage, that, instead of speaking a dialect, the people speak Italian, so that a foreigner has a much better chance of understanding and being understood. Between two and three o'clock I was chatting with the people in the street directly before the hotel, when a movement showed that the procession was coming, and much nearer than I had any idea of. Paying for a stand on a bench, I jumped up. In a few minutes came a resplendent show of silken banners, red, white, and green, all carried by working-men, yet not one of cotton or stuff was there. The never-forgotten flag in crape, borne by Venetians, passed amid special tokens of emotion. As to dress, the men were a cross between a London and a Paris crowd; they had not the broadcloth coats or the black hats of the former, but they had not the blouse and cap of Paris. It was generally some sort of coarse woolen coat and felt hat. They were not so clean as a body of London working-men, nor so intelligent-looking, but more polite, and as orderly as any men in this world could be. Immediately after this array of the workmen came the royal carriage, with the Prince of Carignano—a fine-looking man, apparently about forty, in a splendid uniform. Bouquets poured down upon him from every window

in an overwhelming shower. Loud clapping greeted him every where; and now and then the crowd burst into a cheer, at one or two points almost rising to an English "huzza."

As soon as he had passed I made my way round by a back street to our party at the hotel. Here the view embraced the square, densely crowded with human heads, the narrow street before gleaming with banners to the highest story of every house, the stately procession of marching tri-colors, each with its silken sheen in the joyful light of Florence. What peals of enthusiasm as the prince turned into the square! How the bouquets competed for a touch of the carriage, and fell on each side and jostled one another; now and then one, happier than the rest, actually reaching his head. His bows had less of the man and more of the prince than one liked.

After he had passed, following the stream across the bridge, I soon became aware that they were making by a short cut for the "Pitti Palace," to greet him there. What a strange and grand old pile it is!—Quaker-brown stones clumped together in huge layers, with lower windows caged in by iron gratings to the very top, as if security had never passed within that princely threshold. The square before the palace was still but half filled. Seeing one of the doors open, I gradually worked my way to it. Gentlemen and ladies entered, and soon reappeared among the parties on the roof of the two wings. Talking a little with the sober old offi-

cial in charge of the door, I said, "I suppose there is no getting up to the roof." "Walk in, signor," he replied, without a single sign of the "give me a paul" look with which one is so familiar. So in I went, and up the stairs, and got lost here, and into a bedroom there, and into a sitting-room full of officers elsewhere, and at last on to the roof of one of the wings in good time. There was a sight!—the square, filled till heads were thick as paving-stones. From the central doors, sweeping down in a curve to the street, was an avenue about fifty yards wide, lined with National Guards, not a soldier to be seen. The packed and throbbing masses, the windows of the houses piled with faces and blazing with flags, the wings of the palace crowded, its stern front with all the windows closed, and below, every spot, even to the grating of the windows, with a human being fastened to it, and the living avenue of sky-blue and red, with its files of steel gleaming in such a sun as was then above us, did form a dazzling and inimitable whole.

The drums beat, and the Guards stand to arms; the bells ring, but they are poor bells compared with the eye-beauties of the place; and at last the word "*Ecco! Ecco!* See! See!" runs through the crowd. It is the first silk banner, and the next, and the next; and on, and on, the workmen come, bearing them, not into the avenue of Guards, but behind them, among the crowd, which by some magic or other does let them through. Up they work to the palace front, and line the inner edge of the military with such a glory of color and

sheen as these eyes never saw. "See! see! see him!"—it is the carriage slowly struggling along through the crowd, not a step at a time, but half a step; coming down that fearfully narrow street that lies between the Palace of the Medici and the quaint old bridge of Florence, on which one might meditate for days, thinking of all the old stories of bridges with houses upon them that one has read as to London and other cities.

The moment the carriage is disengaged from the dense crowd, it dashes forward, the arms of the National Guard rising to the salute, and flashing again. Every hand in that great crowd is clapped, every voice lifted up, and flags and pocket-handkerchiefs show joy in every form. He is gone in under the palace porch, to reappear after a while on the balcony and make his bow.

Before this was done the patience of the people began to be exhausted. They had to call for him again and again; and a neighbor of mine, first in Italian, then in very bad French, and then with a good Irish accent, expressed his great indignation at his not coming out to show himself. During the delay the National Guard filed off. Every thing like a weapon had disappeared. All around the palace was nothing but the great crowd of human beings. They raised one shout more—"The prince outside! The prince to the balcony! Let the prince show his countenance!"—when one of the shutters—for all the windows of the palace were closed—was drawn open, and out came the prince, without a

guard behind or a guard before, safe and strong in the midst of a multitude. Then the enthusiasm became incredible. Even the heavy flags waved like ribbons; and as for the pocket handkerchiefs, they fairly lost their senses. I had seen the *fête de la Fraternité* in Paris, and many others there; the great doings at Milan the other day, and, of course, many national festivities in London: things on a greater scale often; but for grace, beauty, and feeling, for the gratification of the senses, and for hope that good results were coming, I never saw the equal of this, before that grand but suspicious-looking old palace.

As one looked down in the intervals of action, how impressive was that mass of heads—human heads, each inclosing its own invisible world of passions, cares, and secrets; each having its account open with eternity; each its sins and coming judgment! Poor heads! tossing and waving, and burning with zeal for a great movement—may God send grace upon them! They seem possessed only with patriotic thoughts—thoughts so far right, even laudable. But He who is making that sun pour rays on every single head, can easily send beams of light to shine within, and open up new glories to the view and efforts of their souls. Oh for an effusion of God's own Spirit upon this multitude! Surely my prayer was not the only one to that effect which went up there.

In one of the first visits paid after this exciting scene,

I met a poor man who had been ill and suffering. He was one of the first Florentines who, through the reading of the Bible, had become convinced that the Church of Rome did not represent the religion there taught, and who consequently had drawn upon themselves first the suspicion, and then the severity of the government. Count Guicciardini had been one who shared with this poor man in the same studies at the fountain of Christianity, in the same resulting convictions, and finally in dangers and sufferings. One day, at a little meeting in a private house, the police came upon them; seven men were seized, thrown into prison, and sentenced to six months' confinement in the Maremma. This last word intimates a punishment which it is impossible to describe, being exposure to death without a sentence of execution. The Maremma means a malarious district, where every one, and especially those not inured to it, are exposed to fever; and a prison placed here is considered a convenient plan for getting rid of people whom it would not be becoming to hang. However, they were not left in the Maremma, but were finally exiled. These persecutions had been continued from time to time; the one case which attracted most attention in England, not being that of the count, but the humble Madiai. By degrees, however, Bibles found their way in the pocket of one and another, quietly and stealthily, as if crimes and dangers lurked under the cover of the Book; and in the same way that the Reformation took its rise in England, by

the reading of the Word of God in private first among individuals, then little knots of people, so it has been taking its rise in Florence, and some other parts of Tuscany. The converts resulting from it have been justly described as "children of the incorruptible seed." This is not the result of organization, but just the quiet influence of a few private Christians, united to study that Book, which to the careless man is mysterious and dull.

In one of my visits, at the top of a great number of stairs, I found a fine old woman, with a fair, happy, Christian countenance. In a Methodist circle in Yorkshire she would have been called a "mother in Israel." She had clear views of scriptural truth, and had an open eye to public movements. As Lord Normanby's statements in the House of Lords had made some noise in England, it occurred to me to learn what this old lady would say about them. She affirmed that all his statements about disorders and acts of violence were positively false. As to Giuseppe Dolfi, the baker, whom he set up to the Lords for abhorrence, she said he was the one most worthy man of the lower classes—a man who had spent a fortune for the public good. Presently in came a short country lad: "There is another brother," she said with a smile, and then pointing to me, "That is a Christian brother from England." I held out my hand cordially, but my new brother planted a kiss of peace upon my cheek. At present there are three Italian Protestant congregations worshipping in Florence. One

is connected with the Vaudois Church, where the Gospel is simply but efficiently preached to an assembly of intelligent and respectable-looking people; the other two both seem more numerous. In one of them I heard a converted priest, a simple, but good man, who affectionately urged Christian truths upon the attention of the people, and that with considerable moral power. The body to which he is attached assemble on the banks of the Arno, in a private room, for which they are far too numerous, and ought at once to have a large and regular place of worship. The other congregation meet in the Piazza Barbano; and their singing, unlike that in most Protestant congregations on the Continent, would give one an impression of something more than a pensive solemnity. They did sing, throwing heart and soul into it, and making the place ring. These different congregations are evidently going forward, and contain many persons of zeal, and of worthy Christian life. It is much to be regretted that they attach considerable importance to difference of views existing among themselves as to forms of Church government. Surely there can be no need for Italian Christians to settle all questions of that kind at once; and if diversities of view exist, what harm can be in that, provided only that they are not magnified into cause of alienation? Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Plymouth Brethren, Methodists, be they what they may, all preach the same Gospel, differing only in subordinate points; all enforce the same principles of

worship, differing only in forms. And surely the time has come when Christians may give up all claims to infallibility, and believe that divergence from their own views does not necessarily constitute even a divergence from the truth, much less an opposition to it.

It was expected at the late revolution that perfect religious liberty would be accorded, and much was gained; but the new government has shown itself nervous upon this subject. The priests have threatened, and the statesmen have either been afraid or professed to be so. When a gentleman arrived with a few boxes containing Bibles, the priest who still held office at the Custom-house as guardian of the purity of the country cried out in horror at the sight, "What is going to happen to Tuscany?" And Ricasoli, if he did not share the spiritual alarm of the worthy father, felt another kind of fear, and prohibited the Bibles, as if they really had been dangerous. Much allowance should be made for timidity in such circumstances, but, at the same time, we know that it is one of those points which the strong word of a strong man would have settled at once and forever. Had Ricasoli but said to that priest, as the public professions of himself and his colleagues had pledged him to do, "The conscience of man is free in Tuscany, and the Bible is a free book!" that would have become a law against which the priests could not stand up. There is a power in the assertion of sacred principles which strengthens even a weak government.

Not only did the interim Tuscan government permit the exclusion of the Bible, but it permitted several acts of coquetting with the liberty of the congregations in the town; and when Gavazzi arrived, expecting that, in a free country, he could stand up and preach, he was held under restraint; not thrown into prison or driven away, as he would have been at Naples or Rome, but as effectually debarred from lifting up his voice in public.*

Again, in different parts of the country, local officials were allowed to close meetings with violence and persecution; and, most of all, the authorities of the great city of Leghorn, pouncing, not upon an unknown evangelist, but upon services formally organized by the Vaudois Church, which is acknowledged by the government of the country, put a stop to them by force, and followed up the blow by formal decisions, which read as a severe, not to say incredible satire upon the professions of respect for liberty of religion, and liberty in general, made by the Tuscan government.

Such acts, being permitted at first, involve great danger for the time to come. It is, however, to be said on behalf of this government that it has secured to the struggling Protestants one or two necessities of existence. One who died at Pontedera, a town between Florence and Leghorn, and could not there obtain

* While this is passing through the press, I am thankful to learn that his mighty voice is lifted up at last. May God lead and prosper him!

burial, was allowed by the government to be brought to Florence, and there decently interred by his Christian brethren. Thus far tolerance to the dead. In another case, permission was given to parties married as Protestants to have their union formally entered upon the public register; and thus began in Tuscany tolerance to families. Again, permission has been obtained to establish a Protestant school, the first, it is supposed, which ever existed in Central Italy, in which the Bible forms part of the course of instruction. Great difficulties were thrown in the way. The woman who let the rooms for the school has received notice to remove from her landlady, the widow of one of the most celebrated Tuscan noblemen on the Liberal side. The magistrate of the district had all the parents of the children summoned before him; but when he learned from them that they perfectly knew what sort of a school it was, and were prepared to take all the responsibility of sending their children there, he gave it his unqualified sanction. It is therefore proceeding; and, though not numerously attended, is a beginning such as they who are specially connected with it may well rejoice in.

It seems very strange that at this day, and so near home, we should be struggling for little scraps of religious liberty in points on which it is enjoyed by Christians among the Kaffirs and Hindoos, and even the Fijians; but the hard hand of Rome has consolidated European intolerance.

One day, at the *table d'hôte* in Florence, I was seated beside a party of bearded Italians. Most Italians are grave; these seemed deeply so. I crept into talk with my next neighbor, a silent and depressed man. To every allusion to the state of things in Italy he replied with a sigh. Perhaps he was a friend of fallen or of falling interests? It came out that he was a Roman (the whole party were so), and his heart was sore. He could be got to say little of the state of things. Was not the Pope a worthy old man? He shut his mouth desperately hard; then he just let slide out of it, "Not so bad as some—a child; an old child; but still a child; not fit for any public post; full of vainglory." After a while he warmed a little, and said, "What is to become of us in Rome we don't know. Lately it has been seriously said that even France had consented that we should be ceded to Naples." How his black Roman eyes hooked into one as he uttered this! We then went fully into the question of the relation of the Pope and Popery to the religion of Christ. He knew little, but wanted to know. What a look he shot out of those black eyes when told that even the Decalogue had been changed! He still held by the distinction between temporal and spiritual power, but was not prepared with any reason for believing that the spiritual power could be acknowledged, as the Pope claimed it, without laying the foundation of all kinds of temporal despotism. "Certain it is," he says, "that the Popes have been Italy's plague, and its plague they must be

as long as they have an existence in it. Whatever becomes of the Pope, he shall not stay in Italy; that is certain. He may go to Jerusalem or to Antioch, where the Church took its rise. Those zealous Catholics who think it necessary that he should be a king may go with him; they may conquer a kingdom for him, and we shall all join to guarantee that kingdom so conquered."

From this conversation I went directly to a little evangelical meeting on the banks of the Arno. The room would hold more than a hundred, and it was full. They stood to pray, and they sat to sing, and did it heavily. What a difference between their singing and that of a knot of peasants yesterday in a *café*. They sang words one could not catch, except "Italy," "free," "one," "strong," "one from Mont Cenis to—," I could not tell. It was a song of deliverance, union, battle, and hope. They felt it; and the music, and the time, and the movement, all was in accordance with their feeling. One could have marched to battle while listening to them. Now is not the work of the Church a deliverance, a union, a battle? and are we to have no spirit-stirring song? But if the singing was dull, the place was thronged, and the preaching good. The passage of Scripture commented upon was the second chapter of Acts. A clear statement was given of the character of Christianity as therein displayed, and every now and then the contrast between it and what existed under the eyes of the people was given in lan-

guage free from bitterness, but keen and telling. For instance, the apostolic reply to those who asked, "What must we do?" as contrasting with the conduct of a man who would tell you to place yourself under his spiritual direction, and he would take the responsibility of your soul, was put so shrewdly as to provoke broad smiles.

In all the preaching I heard among the Italians one thing was very plain: they united the two great points, salvation by grace and the duty of holy living. There was no obscurity on either hand. The pure mercy of God as the only fountain, the obedient life as the only evidence, and the Lord Jesus as the meritorious medium of the one, the perfect example of the other, were ever kept in view; and where people will fully maintain these essentials, one need care comparatively little about minor though not unimportant opinions. In conversation with one of the evangelists, as they are called, I found that our views on Church matters converged and diverged oddly enough. Somehow we came upon the seventh chapter of Romans. He at once declared against this being the type of a normal Christian. Misunderstanding some objection I took to one of his phrases as being directed against his general opinion, he went off with great zeal to demonstrate that the grace of God did make us free, did enable us to overcome evil, to walk in newness of life, and to do the will of our heavenly Father with a sense of His favor and approval. When he found that I was quite as far as he

from believing that the seventh chapter of Romans describes the state of grace into which the Christian is called, and took him into the eighth as the happy sequel, and amplified his own proofs of his position, he wondered and was pleased.

When we next returned to Florence the whole town was on tiptoe, expecting an event such as had never occurred before in the long history of the city. Old as it is, and full of illustrious recollections, with names brilliant in every department of history, still it had never welcomed its own Italian king. With princes it had long been familiar, and has no record of the time when it was not head of the Tuscan state; but a king, an Italian king, was coming now. The pride of being a capital which had so long lived in Florence, and which the most thoughtful men supposed to be so deeply rooted among the people that no consideration would induce them to agree to incorporation in a kingdom of which Florence was not the queen, had now given way under that wonderful impulse to national union which seems to have gone through the very nature of the Italians. "God has made our country to be one, and marked His purpose by seas and mountains: human schemers have too long successfully labored to defeat the design of Providence; but the day of deliverance is come, and Italy shall be ONE." This is the ruling thought of every generous and ardent man in the country.

When the day arrived, it really seemed as if all Tus-

cany had emptied itself into the streets of the gay little town. Narrow, queer, winding old streets they are. You hardly know why, in going through Florence, you feel so pleased. Such a town in the moist and smoky air of England would be very dull, and soon very, very ugly. The quays along the Arno are beautiful. Every spot of the town is interesting; many are picturesque, and a few may be called pretty. The view from the Boboli Gardens, where you command the whole city and the surrounding valley, is one the grandeur and the beauty of which no human words will ever convey to any mind. What with flowers, and shrubs, and trees, and statues, and palaces, and towers, and domes—what with the gleaming river, and the vineyards, and oliveyards, and endless blossoms, and all beautiful things—what with the lower hills and swelling mountains, and the great snowy Apennines, it is something that no one will ever describe or paint. But, after all, it is the light and air which makes the pleasure of the place. Steep all this in a humid atmosphere, brown it with smoke, cover it with clouds, and you will dim every object, lower the spirits, and reduce the vivacity of the eye. The air has something in it so soft as to make you well pleased with every thing. In winter, as all over Italy, there is a breath of snow from the mountains, and far into spring more or less of this cooling influence is to be felt; but when the sun is strong enough to produce a genial warmth, the united effect of the two is something very peculiar. Although the favorite drive

of Florence, the Cascine, for extent, undulation of the ground, size of the timber, or any other natural advantage, is not to be named in comparison with Kensington Gardens, a witchery is exerted upon your eye and your spirits which makes you think that it is more beautiful than any thing in London.

Turn wherever one would in this city on the day of the king's arrival, it was crowds, crowds, crowds. Townspeople, country people, men and women in the quaint costumes of their villages, or in the conventional dress of Europe, but all polite, all orderly, as if they were in a drawing-room. The preparations were on a scale of elegance and grandeur united. At a few yards' distance the triumphal arches would look like buildings that had stood for years; all of them good in design, some of them rich and beautiful. Eyes that would pass the marble arch at Hyde Park Corner with little attention, would have been fixed by some of them. It was almost impossible to persuade one's self that all this was done by a few planks, hurriedly put together, and made to look like stone. One column, bearing a statue of the king, in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, erected by a private gentleman, a Jew, was said to have cost £4000. The decorations at the railway station, where the king was to arrive, were enchanting. The avenue of tri-color flags flying on high, the intervening festoons of bay-leaves scenting the air far around; the flowers, especially the camellia, red and white, mingling with the bay, and giving at once the national tri-color, a compli-

ment to the king as a victor, and to Cavour as the symbol of his own name, made a combination for the senses and the imagination not to be forgotten. In one of the streets—that leading direct from the Cathedral to the Old Palace—at every few yards was raised an artificial tree; not a little bush, but a stately tree, covered thick with camellias; the most extraordinary piece of street decoration I ever saw.

When the hour for the king's arrival drew nigh, the square in front of the New York Hotel was dense with heads. It was known that upon his arrival at the railway station cannon would be fired. Just about the anticipated time a thud went through the crowd. Every hand clapped, every voice was lifted up, and, to any one who knows the gravity of those Italians, it was strange to see great men, dark and tall, springing up in the air as you might expect French urchins to do.

The feeling on the day when her majesty first visited the city of London was warm and lively, combining veneration for an ancient monarchy with interest in a youthful queen; but here the emotion was altogether different. The man who was coming, whom they had not seen, and could not see for some considerable time, was their "own king," their "Italian king." They never had had one; princes in plenty, but within their memory these had only been instruments of the enemies of their country; but now was coming one who was their own king, the representative of a line as ancient as any, but chosen by their hearts and hands because he and

his father had fought for the independence of Italy, and he was prepared to fight again for the independence of Italy. As to attempting to describe the sights, the sounds, the storms of music and of shouts, the waving of banners, the flinging of flowers and bouquets, it is totally out of the question. On came the king, on his charger, his brilliant staff around him, on in the midst of a hurricane of cheers, and a shower of bays and bouquets.

And when Cavour made his appearance, the storm that for a moment had lulled after the king's passing woke up again, and ten thousand voices and ten thousand hands thundered out their joy at the sight of the man.

Illuminations and fire-works are generally much the same all the world over; but there was an amount of genius displayed in the lighting of the houses, of the palace towers, the dome of the Cathedral, and especially in the fire-works along the Arno, when on both sides of the river, with the bridge just before our hotel for the centre-piece, brilliant scenes were blazed off, that forbade comparison with any thing one had witnessed in this line. As to extent, of course it would all have been included in one quarter of London during the late rejoicings for peace; but as to the combination of effects, no one point could have been selected on that occasion to approach it.

Having now seen so many public demonstrations in Italy, it is but due to the people to state that in every

instance they showed the deepest regard for order. In point of good manners they exceeded any crowds I had ever met with. I did not witness one case of drunkenness, of misconduct, or of angry words, except one sharp passage between an old soldier and a recruit in Milan. The excitements always appeared to be those of pure enjoyment. No hatred or animosity was ever vented, but in each place, when the crape-covered banner of Venetia appeared, there were signs of intense feeling, and especially at Florence on the day of the king's arrival, when it was not carried alone, but accompanied by two others, one borne by Romans, another by Neapolitans. Considering what passionate material Italian mobs are made up of, it was almost incredible that regard for order and moderation should have so deeply penetrated the masses; and one could not help looking upon it as a silent token that Providence was preparing to lift up this long-oppressed nation, and to open before it a great career.

The *Civiltà Cattolica*, in describing the entrance of the king, says that a concourse of curious people was not wanting; but the truth is, that out of London I have never seen such a multitude. The greatest throngs in Paris during the revolutionary time of 1848 were not equal to it. The same authority states that when the king looked about the city, and enjoyed the beauties of the Pitti Palace, he said, "A beautiful city! What a pity one can only see it once!" How far this may be true I am not prepared to say, nor to speculate

upon the probabilities of the Italian kingdom. Every day that passes, the principles and tendency of union take a greater hold. A mistake was made at first in retaining what they call the Tuscan autonomy, or separate government; but this can not last long, if the different parts of the new kingdom hold together.

To us, one advantage of the abolition of these little states will be, that we shall no longer maintain an ambassador at a petty and corrupt court, surrounded by swarms of gay persons, whose reputations in the different capitals of Europe have been worn down. Such schools of manners abroad are unfriendly to all English ideas, national and social; nothing is more unlike a true Englishman or Englishwoman than the sort of creature that has long hung about one of those courts, and become enamored of the society abounding there. Their very language is denationalized.

For all our purposes, one embassy at Turin is quite enough, and, for the present, England is ably represented by Sir James Hudson, who enjoys the double advantage of being considered by the Italians a staunch friend of their cause and a model of the social qualities, while in the eyes of his own countrymen he stands as a thorough Englishman. If it be true, as generally stated, that the appearance of the Sardinian army in the Crimea was due to him, then his action upon the history of Italy has had momentous results; for that movement both fixed the eyes of every state in Italy upon that army, and gave the diplomatists of Sardinia a right to

lift up their voice in the great council of Europe. Sir James is blessed with two things of great advantage to a diplomatist, a good presence and winning manners. On a noble pair of English shoulders he carries as fine a head as king or gentleman need wish for.

As to the religious prospects of Central Italy, all we need desire is to see Christians, individuals, or bodies unite their prayers and exertions to spread that light which is silently but steadily advancing, and, at the same time, to see statesmen carrying out the principles of the Constitution, and giving *practical* religious liberty. It is one thing to make proclamation of a theory, and another to recognize what it implies in the conflicts of every day.

It indicates the catholicity of Christian denominations in England that we find them supporting the Italian Protestant churches without any plans for their denominational advancement. Members of the Church of England, through what is called the Foreign Aid Society, freely render assistance to churches that have no ecclesiastical affinity with their own. Members of the Dissenting bodies, through their Continental Society, in the same way render assistance without any denominational agency. The Free Church of Scotland has long had Dr. Stewart at Leghorn, and first Mr. Hanna, and now Mr. M'Dougal, at Florence, who only preach and act directly in English, but who have, in every possible way, and with the greatest utility, encouraged and helped the Italian Christians, especially the Vaudois.

Most of those who have been the means of instructing the converts of Central Italy were Plymouth Brethren, whose opinions upon questions of Church order are such that they can not help impressing them strongly on all who come under their influence; and perhaps there is in the Italian mind something favorable to teaching which leads them to an abhorrence of every sort of Church government, confounding all forms of ministry with the dreaded Romish priesthood. But as their views mature, and their knowledge of the Christian world and of the Christian Scriptures increases, extremes will correct themselves; and, in the mean time, it is enough for other Christians to know that those Italians who are imbued most strongly with fears of every constituted church are earnest lovers of their Bible, zealous preachers of Christ, and steady, courageous witnesses for all the essentials of Divine truth. A clergyman of the English Church, well known in Florence, justly said, "However much one may wish that their views with regard to Church government were not so extreme, and however certain one may be that no great Christian movement will take place without a change in that point, still they have done and are doing much good, and deserve all the encouragement that any of us can give them."

The last thing that English Protestants ought to think of doing would be to impose their own ideas upon Reformed Italians. Let us only encourage, invite, and help them forward, and in minor matters the

good hand of Providence will guide them rightly. We do not know what new development the reform movement in Italy may lead to. A gentleman, apparently conversant with public questions, and accustomed to revolve them, speaking of the effect of the excommunication after it had been issued, said, "This, you will see, will lead to the union of all Christendom. The Church in Italy will be reformed; the Protestant churches will draw nearer to us; and though great difficulties will come in the way, and much time will pass, still the issue will be the union of all Christendom." I asked him if by union he meant uniformity in all points of observance and belief; but he replied, No, he did not see why minor differences might not very well exist without in the least degree hindering general union. How far the minds of thinkers and public men are turned to the probability of a national reform I can not profess to say. Some parties, who ought to know the priests well, are confident that among them large numbers are eager for it. As to politicians, my own impression was that, in general, they had not yet dared to face the question; that their policy with the Church was the very natural one of meeting each difficulty as it arose, and trying to stave off all others; moving steadily toward the attainment of political liberties, and avoiding as far as possible raising Church questions.

Persons reading many of the expressions contained in the conversations reported here will be ready to think that these people would at once become Protestants

under a free government; and, in fact, one of the first things I heard in England, on landing, was a statement from a gentleman who had just returned from Florence, to a lady in the railway carriage, that all Northern Italy was ripe for Protestantism. This is a rash saying. Northern Italy is nothing of the kind. The people are weary of the priests, alienated from the Church, resolved to be free, and panting after the union and glory of their country. Many of them are convinced that in religion they have been imposed upon, and that the Church edifice they see around them is not the solid building on the rock reared by Christ and His apostles, but "a frail and whited clump of stones." It can hardly be doubted that large numbers—perhaps the majority of the people, and probably a considerable portion of the priesthood—would be not only ready, but glad to join any national reform which would break off their yoke, and render religion more "rational," as they call it; for in the benefits of this they might partake without exposing themselves individually to persecution. If any great statesman or leading ecclesiastic were bold enough to initiate such a movement, it is hard to say to what extent it might be carried. Did Cavour and the king avow their independence of Rome, and solemnly reject the pretensions of the Pope to universal dominion, no doubt they would divide the kingdom into two parties; but there can be little question that the army and the intelligent portion of the country would be with them; and future generations of Italians would

look upon the movement as do the present generations in countries where it has occurred, namely, as the turning-point of national life and vigor.

Public events appear to tend to a position that will force the state to choose between spiritual independence and temporal degradation, and it is by this dilemma that Providence has again and again wrought out the rescue of nations. In Italy it may or it may not be so; my business is not to foretell.

For the moment the absorption of men's minds in political questions is unfriendly to the quiet process of awakening and conversion, and spiritually-minded men, looking up to the storm roaring over their heads, are ready to distrust it, as if it could produce no other than earthly and disturbing results, only leaving men's minds more and more distracted from the eternal things where-with they ought to be engaged. But they forget that in every national deliverance God has been at the same time working by two distinct currents—the silent operations of the Spirit upon the minds of individuals, and political movements, by which unconscious crowds have been led to impulses, and unwilling politicians to measures, that have issued in making the way of the Gospel free. Let not, then, the spiritually-minded Italians complain of the public turmoil that is going on around them.

I heard the dew-drops complaining of the clouds, and saying, "When you keep away, the stars shine sweetly upon the earth, the dew is formed, and the re-

freshment of creation goes on in quietness worthy of its Author; but when you come, the heavens are darkened, every thing on earth cast under a shade, the formation of dew hindered, and storms often arise." Ay, but both the one and the other are sent on the same mission by the same hand!

Chapter xii.

THE SUNRISE SHORE.



IF you lay your left hand open upon your knee, the space between the thumb and forefinger represents the Gulf of Genoa; the coast stretching away toward Nice—the thumb—is called Riviera di Ponente, the “Sunset Shore,” and the coast stretching toward Tuscany—the finger—the Riviera di Levante, the “Sunrise Shore.”

April was smiling, and breathing, and singing its best along the Vale of Arno. The tumble-down houses scattered there, as if man's libel on the beauties of the Creator, were so spread around with garden-crops and hidden by blossoms that they lost half their ugliness. The old city of Pisa had the huge front of its houses and public buildings covered with preparations for a grand illumination to receive the king. The Leaning Tower hung just as it had done when I saw it before, or as it has been seen for any time these many centuries, and the post-horses swept merrily past it on the road to the Sunrise Shore.

Between the mountains and the sea lies a slip of low land, here perfectly flat, and as full of vegetable wealth and beauty as land can ever be. The air is soft and

warm ; not an air which, like that of the desert, inspires you with a courage to do, but that makes it a pleasure to be—that gives one, in the bare fact of existing, a soft and contented sensation. The farther one goes, the richer and fairer the field becomes ; or, perhaps, the eye wakes up more and more to a sense of all with which one is surrounded. Vineyards and olive-yards, but such olive-yards as even in Palestine are not to be seen—the trees not so large and fine as there, but forests of olive, extending far and far, and the flax just beginning to flower, and the almond in blossom, and the cherries and the peaches covered with masses of their own fair bloom, and the orange and lemon, the fruit of the latter glistening in its bower of green, and aloes in the hedges, and occasionally a palm—altogether the scene was one succession of delights for the senses. Wealth, wealth, wealth ! Oh what wealth ! And the glorious mountains about Lucca looking down, and the clear sky so bright and blue ! But, after all that we say of an Italian sky, it is not equal to that of Egypt, nor to that of many parts of America. The most ravishing dome of blue sky my eyes ever looked upon was from Mount Auburn, near Boston ; and the most exquisite sunrise was over the waters of Lake Erie, between Buffalo and Niagara.

Amid the endless riches and delicate beauties of the region over which we were coursing, there was one drawback. Where were the happy human homes ? where the bright cottages, where the smiling villages,

the tidy farm-yards, the well-kept cattle, and the clean children? Men and women there were, finely formed as need be, and children in plenty too; but the dwellings! They did not deserve to be called homes. Sometimes miserable straw cabins, sometimes square houses with little poking windows, as if every one was afraid both of robbers and the sun; and around the houses such dirt and disorder, things so out of repair and shapeless, cattle few and ill-tended, women bare-footed, and altogether no sign of wealth, and very little of comfort, as the result of all the generations of civilized labor spent on this most ancient shore of Europe. To judge by the invaluable "Murray," one would suppose that every town one was coming to was a place of some importance, for each had its own curious point of history, or its building or pictures well worth seeing, which the writer did no more than note in moderate and just language; but the imagination beforehand would invest the place with a certain beauty and importance; and when you saw that it was a miserable little town, you felt as if somebody had deceived you. How often this occurs; and one blames an author for exaggerated description, when perhaps, if you afterward take the pains of carefully reading over the book, you will find that not a word is said but what came from a mind thoroughly determined to represent exactly what it felt; but somehow your imagination has run ahead of the language, and invested objects with an atmosphere of your own! This we are in the habit of doing

with most things that we have not seen. Take, for instance, the little town of Massa, a place which contains the palace of a duke and that of a bishop, which is overshadowed by perhaps the most beautiful bare mountains in Europe. The beauty of bare mountains is a something that is very hard to be accounted for, and the internal coloring of the stone is seen here better than in any place I know out of Arabia. Vegetation yields a variety of tints that exercises a powerful charm upon the eye. With these warm gray, blue, copper-colored, and sometimes purple mountains of marble on one hand, with glimpses of the Mediterranean to be caught from the surrounding hills, with nature sporting all her greens immediately around it—the gray green of the olive, the yellow green of the young fig-leaf, the dark green of the pine, and the delicate emerald of the flax, with every imaginable blossom, with lemons hanging golden over the walls, and the scents of flowers filling the air, one would think that Massa must be the most delightful place in the world. Yet, as, in some of the most beautiful valleys of England—say Airedale, for instance—by manufacturing skill we manage to make as ugly villages as ever defaced nature, so, by dint of bad government, and inaction, and want of liberty, this Massa is about as stupid a little town as post-horses were ever changed at. One would scarcely engage to live in it for the palace of both the duke and the bishop put together, and all the lemons, and oranges, and figs, and silk that the neighborhood could yield.

For those that strike off into the mountain to Carrara a good post-road is formed, but those who go on straight to Sarzana have the advantage of seeing a piece of such road as is intended for the natives, and wonderfully bad it is. Yet the poorest villages—and poor they are—have around them such wonderful affluence of nature as makes one feel that under different management this might be the loveliest tract upon earth. When one thinks of the lanes and cottages about our Westmoreland lakes, where nature is comparatively sparing, but where almost every step bears witness to the effects of generations of industry, one can not help wondering what this country would be if it had been handled in just the same way. Now and then, upon the rising ground, the glimpses of the sea come in to add to the universal witchery, and away there to the left lies the site of the old Luna, the queen of these Etruscan shores, from which came that terrible Lord of Luna that Macaulay has sung in his “Lays of Ancient Rome.” The mountains gradually press nearer to the sea until you reach Sarzana, which is a considerable town, and noted as being the cradle of the Bonaparte family; one of whom, a notary here, having emigrated to Corsica, became the founder of that branch whence sprang the present imperial house of France.

A short way beyond this the highlands fairly cut off the path, running down alongside the River Magra as if to oppose a double barrier, of water and of hill, against farther progress. That Magra is a wayward stream,

covering an immense space with its bed, but at present only a small one with its waters. You see traces of its periodical rage in boulders and in wastes. It is but recently that a bridge has been opened across it, and a fine monument to the Sardinian government that work is. One felt inclined to thank them for the privilege of rolling over on nimble wheels, instead of going through all the dangers of shipping and unshipping horses, carriage, and passengers, and through the extortion of a parcel of ferrymen, who would perhaps slip a linch-pin, or something of the kind, to detain you, and get more out of you. The frequency with which the country is swept by torrents, that bring down ruin at certain periods of the year upon a considerable tract, constantly suggests the idea of how much might be done (particularly when one remembers that this is the case almost all over Italy) by a government that would undertake the formation of tanks and other works of irrigation. Under such a sun as that of Italy, those waste waters contained endless wealth, if properly turned to account. The Hindoos, by their system of tanks, have shown us how much may be done to bless hot countries with the advantages of perennial irrigation; and if England only applies to India the resources of its own science and capital in economizing Indian waters, instead of letting them run to waste, they will turn into every form of wealth both for the subject and the governing country, because every tropical stream is far more than a river of corn, and wine, and oil.

Immediately to the north of the Magra the highlands stand up in conical hills, wooded to the top, and on one or two of them towns are pitched exactly as in Syria, and with very much the same impression. In the distance one would think they were beautiful places; and, probably, when you entered them, they would be as dirty and as uncomfortable as need be.

From this point the road continues among the mountains, first up and then down, until at last the Gulf of Spezzia comes out before the eye, and presently you are at the level of the sea again, at the door of the picturesque, clean, comfortable hotel of that promising town.

The Bay, or, as it is called, the Gulf of Spezzia, is capable of accommodating all the fleets of Europe, and is henceforth to become the great naval arsenal of the new kingdom. The town, standing just at the head of this deep inlet, reminds one, in point of situation, of Belfast; but instead of having behind it the great valley of the Bann, it is closely hemmed in by mountains—a background which figures better upon canvas, but not so well in ledgers. Approaching the place at night, one would fear that its prospects of commerce must be very limited; but in the morning, as you begin to ascend those hills under the rays of the early sun, you find what mountains they are! All the riches of the plain flourish on their sides, and, like an audience in an amphitheatre, are only the more impressive for the elevation. As the road winds up scientifically, down come peasant girls in their blue petticoat and red bodice, and now and then a

strapping mountaineer, with a living lamb slung over his back, striding straight down hill by short paths to the town.

When one has reached the elevation of a few hundred feet, the scene excites repeated bursts of admiration. The opposite ridges, with their upland woods and villages, the valley at your feet, with its flowering trees and glistening town, the glorious bay, stretching away to seaward, with its wild coast, and close around you the union of garden beauties and mountain grandeur, altogether form a spectacle almost worth going to Spezia to see.

Bays! How beautiful are bays! Those that have made the deepest impression upon one's memory, recalled by this, come up for comparison: Table Bay and False Bay, the western and eastern portals of the Cape; New York brilliantly, and Dublin grandly beautiful; Aboukir, where the eye finds nothing and the memory much; St. Jean d'Acre, with Carmel on the right, Lebanon on the left, the mountains of Nazareth behind, and Tabor only hidden. Two only remain to be compared. Is it the effect of boyish prepossession, or is it not true, that could we spread a Neapolitan sky over Clew Bay, the bay of my boyhood, over its broad sheet of twenty miles of unbroken water, having for its south wall the Spread Eagle mountain of St. Patrick, for its north the hills of Ballycrov; away out against the Atlantic, Clare Island, nature's gigantic breakwater; and up toward its head that incomparable labyrinth of more than three

hundred islands—some mere rocks, some sheep-walks, some with a single hut, some with villages—is it early prejudice that makes one think that under Italian light this would bear comparison with the Bay of Naples, excepting always that one sublime and incomparable object, the burning mountain?

The road is excellent, the horses good, the postillions civil; every new winding brings into view a new sublimity or a new beauty. Flowers by your feet, blossoms overhead, bare summits up aloft, a combination of sunshine and of snow, of spring bloom and winter sternness, all raise the spirits to the highest point.

As we were slowly winding up one of the steepest ascents, just before us having a lonely chapel on the shoulder of a mountain, and behind one of those little towns perched on the very point of a summit, evidently the old nest whence some vulture used to watch, in other days, for his prey, the hills rang with the crack of a musket. It was soon repeated. Every thing was so cheerful that one immediately interpreted it for a wedding gun; and there they came, bride and bridegroom, in the bright colors of the mountaineers, and then their troop of friends, all smiling, and after a while two priests, who had been performing the ceremony away at the lone chapel; and the guns still rang in the hills as the little group went slowly up toward the eagle-nest village. May they have a happy home!

Who can tell the wildness and beauty of a valley

into which the descent is as rapid as that on one side of Grassmere, with its little town, and river at the bottom; its rich crops far up on the hills, and then the dark summits of serpentine, barren and rugged, frowning against the sky? After a while we leave behind all the vines and olives, all the pleasant blossoms, all the garden scenery: we are in the region of the serpentine, and among the ever-chilling winds. Here the eye travels away over summits of snow; yonder over the glorious Mediterranean, in which direction the horizon stretches out and out, until the eye itself seems following infinity. A few lone flocks remain; here and there a miserable hut, built for men to keep the way in repair; and above the very highest points of the pass, where the summits seemed bare, a woman or two were tending cattle. The top of the pass of Velva reached, how gloriously the Mediterranean and the valleys open out upon the other side! And down we go from our elevation of more than 2000 feet, now with a vision of bays and promontories, and a little sea-side town, Moneglia, now with the mountain seeming as if it would push us over the precipice. In a little while we are again down upon the sea-shore, where the pretty town of Sestri stands, with its back against a wooded headland, and before it the wide Bay of Chiavari, terminated on the other side by Cape Fino.

For miles and miles along the bay the road is level as a floor; sometimes cliffs that look now like marble and now like slate edging it almost into the water, and

at other times the plain opening out between the sea and the mountains, where wells for irrigation, not unlike those in India, and aloe hedges, and soft air, make one almost believe that one is in the tropics again. The signs of plenty, if not of comfort, are abundant; and were the homesteads but orderly and clean, the eye could have little to desire.

Chiavari is a pretty town, where one gets as good a dinner as traveler need wish for in a remarkably short time, and then for the mountains once more! We are soon again high up, with the sea under the cliffs close by, and all the beauties of upland vegetation apparently richer and more glorious than ever. After alternating between peeps at the sea, shut up views of the hills, outstretching prospects of the Mediterranean, and the darkness of tunnels through the rock, you reach the hills just above Recco; and the sun is in the west, and the Mediterranean all in a glow, and the mountains before you push themselves out bluff into the sea in one long succession of promontories; and far away, gleaming over a wide extent in the sunset, is Genoa the Proud.

A poor working-man, who had been toiling toward his native city in the hope of finding employment there, which he had failed to do in other places, and had got leave for the greater part of the day to sit behind on our carriage, with a beaming look pointed and said, "Look at Genoa! Look at Genoa!" And even for one who had not been born there it was a sight to look

at, so far away, and yet seeming so queenly by the sea and in the sun. I had often thought that there was no coast road to be compared with that between Belfast and the Giant's Causeway, but even it must yield the palm.

Without seeing either Naples or the Sunrise Shore, no one can judge of what Italy is. Here you learn the secret of much praise and poetry, which, while you are in other parts of the country, appears forced. Garden of Europe, after all! But "in the garden there was a sepulchre;" and in it, until the other day, Religion lay buried under the gorgeous Oriental mausoleum, with Liberty, her eldest son, on the one hand, and on the other Virtue, her peerless daughter. Art studied and toiled in vain to make up for the loss of them all. But a breath from on high is passing over the land; there is a stirring among the tombs, the uprising of a host. May He who giveth life guide all this movement to happy and holy ends!

As one looks back, and dwells again and again on such scenery as that of the Sunrise Shore, how strongly comes home the impression that this world is furnished for us by a Father, not a mere master! In furnishing a house for a servant, you would think of his health and comfort; but for whom would you put in flowers, and paintings, and singing-birds, and other tokens of regard for tastes and feelings? Only for a child, or for one whom you loved.

Chapter xiii.

CIVITA VECCHIA AND THE CAMPAGNA.



A BRIGHT sun rose on a Sunday morning as we entered the harbor of Civita Vecchia. The place looks rather ragged. A large white flag was flying from a small craft, bearing St. Peter full length in yellow, St. Paul in red, and above them the keys of the kingdom of heaven, surmounted by the triple crown of priestly, kingly, and imperial dominion on earth. No boats, no stir, no landing, no sign of it! "What are we waiting for?" asks an Irish voice. "Waiting till the police has satisfied itself that we are worthy to set foot on the sacred soil of Civita Vecchia!" A young lady who talked French so well that she must have been educated in France, probably in a convent, told me very authoritatively that I was mistaken; we were not waiting for the police to examine our credentials, but for the medical authorities to see if we had a clean bill of health: a priest had told her so. Of course, I held my tongue and smiled. After a half hour or so an official came on board and called out a name. A gentleman came forward and received a "permit" to land. Several freshmen ran to the gangway to share his boat, and came back to inquire what was the matter. Soon

a second official, and then started another party, which had accompanied a bishop on board the day before; after them went the bishop himself. The Frenchmen began to grow testy; they were "only Frenchmen," and had to wait while these priests, and friends of priests, had permits sent off for them. As the bishop left, one of the Frenchmen said, "Ah! the *gaillard*, he is fond of women; he was surrounded by them all night." There certainly had been nothing to call for this remark, and no Englishman would have thought of making it. The bishop and the ladies of his party had been perfectly decorous; but the system makes men suspicious.

As one permit after another came, the young lady of the bill of health looked very queer. At last, about two hours after the anchor dropped, one portentous man stands on the deck. His hands are full of permits; he begins calling out name after name; each man takes his own in silent thankfulness, scrambles for a boat, and soon touches the well-guarded soil of the sacred kingdom.

The Custom-house people were slow, but very civil, and did not beg, or seem to look for bribes—no small thing for a place so near Rome. We were glad to get into the hotel and begin the rest of the Lord's day; but, I think, all the other passengers went off direct to Rome. After a while I went out for a quiet walk. The street in which the hotel stands is broad, fringed with high buildings, looking like barracks, which some

are. At the head of it is a kind of old rampart, now undergoing repair and extension, the works on which, to the credit of the papal government, were suspended for the Sunday.

Just as I reached the head of this main street, a man turned the corner in a condition not writable. He had been making the most private use possible of a public place, and had not staid, before facing the chief street, to make himself fit to be seen. He could hardly hobble, and was putting matters right at leisure. In Rome I had seen such things, but never in any other city, and there only in out-of-the-way places near the Tiber, and in the region of the Mounts. The French are indecent enough, but leagues away from this.

We heard a friar preach. He had a little platform of about ten feet square erected under the pulpit, evidently to be better heard. On it stood a large crucifix, the knee of the figure reaching to the head of the friar, who was tall and thin, and also a gilt chair, with crimson and yellow damask. He began by chanting a prayer at the feet of the image. Then he sat down, and began to talk his exordium. The subject was Penitence or Confession. As he warmed he stood up, and walked about at long range on the platform.

He sometimes addressed them as *Signori*, "Gentlemen;" at others as *Cari*, "Beloved;" at others as *Fratelli*, "Brethren." It was the first time I had heard the last from an Italian priest. "My dear brother," he said, "you confess, and think it is all right. But how

do you conduct yourself? Ah! my brother, you are belching blasphemies all the day long; and when you enter your house, it is like a savage, to abuse your wife, and curse the children." He informed this dear brother that confession with such fruits was not good. His great point was to get them to confess. They thought it hard and comfortless, and it *was* hard to make a good confession; but if they only forced themselves to it for a little while they would take a real liking to it. He complimented the beauty of their city, and twice referred to the happiness of living in such a delightful place. He wound up by an earnest exhortation to come to confession; and, sitting down in his gilded chair, told a story of a young lady who had committed a shameful sin, which she could not bring herself to confess to her own priest, but, finding a Jesuit father of celebrity, whom he named, preaching, as he then was, she confessed to him; but either she withheld the fact, or some other flaw (what, I did not exactly hear) was in her confession. It came to the knowledge of the father. She was struck with death, and he had a vision, and saw her soul in hell.

Talking of their fasting, he made a hit at them which caused a universal smile; but I did not catch the point of the joke.

Although our baggage had been searched on landing, we had to get all we took to the hotel searched again before leaving on the Monday. Then every separate package was sealed with lead. Our passports were

taken from us at the railway, to be delivered to us again in Rome. English was a good deal spoken in the train; Irish and Belgians seemed to be strong.

The natural features of the country between Civita Vecchia and Rome are fine. Swelling hills alternate with wide plains, and a rich flat runs along the sea-shore, the desolation of which surpassed my ideas. It forcibly reminded me of the country between Beer-sheba and the Hills of Judah. It was the same cross between a country and a desert, soil and grass, flocks and brush, and an occasional patch of poor cultivation; but no villages, no towns, only some of those horrid haystack huts, with here and there a house; in one place a broken bridge, and one or two big buildings, like government establishments. "Haystack hut" seems an odd term, but it is a right one; they are not beehive like Kaffir huts, nor mud like an Irish or Egyptian hovel; they are things exactly like an oblong haystack: a mass of thatch on a frame of wood, with high roof, rather after the Fiji model, and neither plank, nor beam, nor wall to be seen—just thatch, all thatch. The first time I saw them was in the Campagna, between Rome and Albano, and it was a good while before the truth dawned upon me that they were habitations for the heirs of the Romans. At first I took them to be sheds for my old Indian friends, the buffaloes.

The vegetation on some jungle-tracts proved that the soil is rich. Here and there the buffalo showed his dingy and stupid form—meet emblem of the soil, an

Asiatic beast of burden. At one point of the route I counted eleven minutes of railway running between one cultivated spot and another; at a second, no less than seventeen. And is this the continuation of the Sunrise Shore? The same land, with a finer sweep of plains, with gentler hills, with more equally distributed waters, but with a few scattered groups of peasants instead of multitudes—with desolation instead of bloom.

As we sped along amid this natural wealth and artificial penury, a flying column of smoke to the right caught my eye. Off the coast of Egypt, and again far up the Nile, I had hailed that flying flag of grimy hue as an English institution. There it is again, the old skyward column of industrious, work-doing, bread-bringing, ugly, useful smoke. "It is the Tiber," I cried; and as we all looked, a sail or two confirmed the token, and in a few minutes more we were gazing on the yellow tide of the old Roman river.

After a while the heights of the Aventine come in view, and there is the great new church of St. Paul's, glowing with internal embellishments, and haunted by fever, till, in summer, it is forsaken even by monks. And yonder is the pyramid tomb of Caius Cestus, close by the old walls, and helping the eye to fix upon the English burial-ground, where so many of our nation rest.

The first time I had seen the Campagna of Rome was from the north. After leaving Viterbo I had walked on alone to the top of Monte Cimino, and there enjoyed

that wonderful view from a height of nearly three thousand feet, in which the eye takes in an immense range of the Apennines, with the valley of the Tiber, including objects that remind you of Fabius and Pio Nono, Virgil and Antonelli; and, although a day's journey distant, through that bright air one sees an object which first fixes the eye, and then raises the question, "Can that be St. Peter's?" and then, judging from the natural objects within view and from the apparent distance, comes the conviction that it must be so.

But oh, where were the glorious cities and the multitudes that used to throng these plains? From that height one went down, passing through some tolerable villages, and one or two ruinous cities, until the Campagna was fairly reached; and to take for instance the little town of Monterosi as a sample, what a scene of filth, and ruin, and wretchedness it is! Look at the thing called a butcher's shop; look at the place that is said to be a coffee-house; at the condition of the streets; at the heads of the children; at the clothes of the women; at the skin of the men; and then go and look into the little neglected building, with the few miserable daubs, and more miserable statues and tawdry ornaments, that calls itself a church. There is about every thing a feeling of hopelessness that goes very deep into one's soul. You hardly know which is worse, this, or the desolation through which you pass afterward nearer the Eternal City, over the ancient dwelling-places of the Romans. Bare lands, poor-looking men now and

then passing, with carts that in England might be fairly exhibited as agricultural curiosities; and the only object looking really comfortable and happy being the asses, which are of a very fine breed, much larger than the Egyptian ones, though not so sprightly: this is the scene, till all the day you go wondering how bad government can thus lay waste a country. The night had fallen before we entered the gate of Rome. There was in the diligence a Roman and his wife, who had been away for some time, perhaps some years: "There it is," she said, with great feeling, "the capital of the world!" and, after all that one had been passing through, the words of the poor lady did strike strangely upon the ear; and as she gazed out upon the Piazza del Popolo, the really beautiful entrance to the city, she clapped her hands with positive delight, and cried, "Look! look! don't you see the gas? Don't you see the gas?" And it was quite true: there it was. The government had at last made up its mind to confer upon the city this wonderful advantage of being lighted by gas; but even then it was judiciously restrained to a few of the principal streets.

At two other points I crossed the Campagna. From Rome to Albano the desolation appears to be almost perfect, but you have not, as between Civita Vecchia and the city, the same advantage of undulating ground and hills close at hand to relieve the dullness of the scene. Traveling slowly over a flat, looking at nothing but bare lands, where there is some cultivation, but no

towns or villages, with a few of those intolerably miserable cabins already described, with buffaloes here and there, and with the memory of thousands and tens of thousands who once rejoiced in manly life upon these plains, the spirits fairly give way. On reaching the far side of that plain, I remember saying to my wife, "After what one has felt this morning, I doubt whether ever before I had what ought to be called a feeling of melancholy. To see the ruin of a house, if it is not so old that all idea of a family is gone out of memory, is touching; to see that of a village under the same circumstances, still more so; and that of a town, distressing; but never before did I see the ruin of a country, and of such a country, and all this wrought in the name of the Church of Christ." There is room for all the Pope's Irish brigade to have broad and fertile lands on the Campagna; but fever has rejoiced over desolation so long, that woe to the first generation of those who settle here.

Another line across the Campagna is to Frascati, to which there is now a railway; and matters are so judiciously arranged that if, before leaving your own door in Rome for the railway-office, you put your wife into a private carriage, you may by possibility reach Frascati by rail in time to bid her welcome; but it is not certain, as she may have the start of you. The things are very nicely balanced: you have so long to wait at the office, so far to go to the station, and so long to wait there, and to take it so quietly on the road, and make

stops where there are neither towns nor villages to stop for, that if the government has been compelled to yield to the unseemly innovation of a railway, it does at least avoid any thing that could encourage undue intercourse; and it is perfectly right. It has its own instincts, which tell it that the steam-horse is an English charger that carries English ideas.

The way to Frascati lies through unbroken solitude; the land is for the most part cultivated, but where do the people come from? No town, no village; the number of houses the whole way, about twelve miles, might easily be counted. The old arches of the Roman aqueducts hold up their giant bones in protest that those valleys were a place for men, but the solitude around proclaims that for men they are now no place. The moment you touch the hills the scene changes; you are in the midst of rich vegetation, vineyards, olives, every thing that ought to confer wealth upon a people, every thing that does make interest for a traveler; and the memories of immortal Romans meet you at every step; and some of the greatest names in the history of mind are familiar recollections upon those hills. It was just here that Cicero and his friends used to have those discussions which will refresh and interest human intellects to the latest day.

One day in Frascati, being weary and waiting for the train, I went into a coffee-house: it was during Holy Week, and Italy was boiling with great events. Great events were just occurring at the court of Rome. There

was no paper on the table, no magazines, nothing for any human being to read. It was a nice coffee-house: would that we could have such in towns of the size in England—a place to invite people to go and sit, and spend an hour, looking on beautifully-painted walls and ceiling, and enjoying an open and lofty chamber, without spending money to any ruinous extent, or incurring temptations! What a civilizing institution the coffee-house is! It evidently has had its effect upon Italy. Goldoni, in his *Bottega del Caffè*, makes one of his characters say, “Formerly brandy used to be in vogue, but now coffee.” In England the one great institution is the public house, the most popular, the most powerful, the most costly of all British institutions, and the most abominable one in Europe; and Mr. Gladstone deserves everlasting gratitude for his statesmanlike endeavors to undermine it. Well, but about this coffee-house! After I had remained lolling on the comfortable bench for a while alone, in came an old gentleman, and sat down without ordering any thing, or seeming to have any idea of ordering.

“How do you do, Signor Joseph?” said the waiter.

“Oh what a windy day!”

“Yes, very windy; any news?”

“Oh no, there is no news.”

“Have you seen the *Giornale di Roma*?”

“Oh no,” said the old man, “I have not seen it;” as much as to say, “What’s the use?” “I have seen the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and there is nothing in it; just the old things.”

Presently in came a young man, and, addressing himself also to Signor Joseph, he said, "Is there any news?"

"No, none at all;" and he began to tell that he had heard something or other from Central Italy, repeating some of the facts of several weeks old in a garbled and incorrect form. A middle-aged man now joined the party.

"Is there any thing about General Lamoricière?"

"No," said one; "No," said another. Had they seen the "Journal of Rome?" "No," they all said in the same tone; "what's the use?" and old Signor Joseph repeated once more, "I have seen the *Civiltà Cattolica*, but it is just the *solite cose*—just the old things."

"But," said the waiter, "you ought to read the 'Gazette of Genoa.' That really does contain some news. I used sometimes to see that." Now this "Gazette of Genoa" is the one paper in the Italian language which this paternal government allows to cross its frontier; the only one that does not contain so much poison that it would be dangerous to the political health of the Roman people; and even it is not quite safe, but still it is allowed. Poor fellows! after all, they had a general impression that there was such a place as the world, and that they somehow or other had a sort of connection with it, and they would like to have some idea of what it was doing. They seemed very uncomfortable, and funbling about in the dark, and knowing nothing of what was taking place outside their little gate. While I was just thinking of

the art by which human minds could be shut up in this way, and accounting to myself better than I had done before for the glee of the students in the coffee-house at Milan, with the room full of publications, and their own tongues perfectly free, the door opened, and in walked a priest in his surplice, with something in his hand. The men touched their hats to him respectfully enough. He passed on to an inner room.

"What are they about?" said one. "He is not going in to visit any one, is he?"

Presently the waiter returned, and said he had wanted some little thing; and then he gave a grumble, and said, "Ah, he does not leave us his blessing." The middle-aged man, who seemed the sharpest of the set, said, "No, he has no blessing for any body but the women."

"Is Antonio married?" said Signor Joseph.

"No, he is not married," was the reply.

"How is that?"

"Well, there is some talk about the girl going into a convent;" and then began a discussion upon nunneries, which I certainly shall not repeat; but the conclusion of it was that the middle-aged man said, "They ought to adopt a law that no nun shall be admitted under the age of thirty-five. I think that might be tolerably safe." Every now and then these poor fellows would give a furtive glance at the stranger, as if trying to know whether he understood them or not, or whether he was one before whom they might speak their minds.



Chapter xiv.

ROME IN HOLY WEEK.



WE enter by the Trastevere (the "over the water" part of Rome), which looks dingy, yet less so, that is, less filthy, than a few years ago. Two Irishmen are with me on the omnibus, one evidently a Romanist, the other doubtful. Depending on me for interpreting, they feel some respect, but seem to peer hard into my views of the Eternal City, not feeling as yet quite sure of their own. Mine are decidedly behind a veil. Those of my Catholic friend become rather depressed, as bad smells, dirty sights, and despicable-looking friars encounter us.

"Is that a basilica?" asked the friend of doubtful color, pointing to a large and ugly church. "I dare say. My impression is, that 'PLENARY AND PERPETUAL INDULGENCE,' which is promised by the inscription, indicates a basilica; but I am not quite clear as to what that promise means." They did not feel disposed to enlighten me. "Is it a basilica?" I asked a Roman. "Yes, St. Mary of the Trastevere." "And what is meant by 'Plenary and Perpetual Indulgence?'" "Oh, all the basilicas have that privilege over the other churches. We have seven of them; they are the great

original Christian churches, and have special privileges, of which that is one." "But what is it?" "Oh, you know, if you visit the basilica, and pray with due devotion, you have indulgence." "Yes, but what is it?" "It abates the pains of Purgatory." "But if plenary and perpetual, why go to Purgatory at all?" "Oh, that is an affair for the priests."

Through an old lumbering arch into a sort of Wapping Street, and I, in my office of interpreter, say to the Catholic, "We are now entering the Street of the Holy Ghost." He attempted a remark, but it stuck in his throat; and as I pointed to the words, "*Borgo Santo Spirito*," he evidently felt shocked. The crowds of French soldiers did not escape the notice of his comrade. "What a thing for one government to be held up at home by another in that way!" Poor fellow! it was a depressing process. Grand ideas of beauty, glory, and holiness were crushed with every roll of the omnibus wheels.

"There's St. Peter's," I cried, glad to relieve him; but it showed through a vista of dingy houses, adorned, as usual in Rome, with "washing" hanging out of the windows. Still it was St. Peter's; and with one's old admiration of the dome, I felt its grandeur. But he only saw just the dome, with that unbeautiful foreground; and all he said was, "Why, it's very like St. Paul's." On to the Bridge of St. Angelo: as I was pointing out the features of Hadrian's tomb, he caught the sign of the Pope's dependency waving in front of

it, and it seemed to produce on him a feeling which reminded me of my own when I saw the crescent banner of the Turk floating upon Mount Sion. He interrupted my remarks with, "The French flag!" in a tone so affecting as to silence one for a time. Ay, the French flag, there at the Pass of the Tiber, between the Vatican and the bulk of Rome! The French flag, not the Pope's, protecting the way to the chair of St. Peter, protecting the site of the Holy Inquisition, protecting the cardinals and the monks, and all the powers of the Church. That flag threw a shadow on the waters of the Tiber which robbed them of half their glory in the eye of my neighbor.

Poor old river! as full, and fresh, and strong as need to be; but it bears only fishermen on its bosom, and laves but the palaces of priests, or the abodes of discontented citizens. The one decent vessel that floats on its waters is no child of its banks, but the "English Fire Ship," to borrow a name from the Bedouin Mousa on the shores of the Red Sea. Instead of men who impose respect upon the world, looking over the bridge with proud and loving eyes, it has on the battlements the stone forms of fantastic angels!

How often I exclaimed, while musing upon the banks of the Nile, "What constitutes the identity of a river?" This feeling came back strongly here, at this new sight of the bereaved Tiber. Is it the same river which coursed under Horatius? Where are the waters that flowed then? Where the earth they touched? Where

the buildings they passed by? Where the men and beasts that drank then? All gone, never to be gathered again. Not a drop of the stream, or a grain of the sand, or a yard of the bank the same. Yet it is the Tiber—the old, old Tiber of the kings, the consuls, the emperors, the popes, preserving its place, its complexion, its name, and holding fast its relations to the sky from which it is fed, and the earth out of which it springs, and the sea into which it poured of old its freights of glory, and now pours its forsaken stream. At that point of the Castle St. Angelo the emblems of its condition meet—the grand old tomb of Hadrian, the statue-angels of the Bridge, the lively flag of Gaul: its captains are dead, its religion is Art, its guardian power the lord of the trans-Alpine tri-color.

Across the river, our Catholic friend seemed little relieved by the aspect of the city—better, but yet poor. Soon we were working up the narrow street leading to the Piazza di Spagna: things looked cleaner. But still, for one who had fancied this city to be the joy of the whole earth, it is a sober progress. Dublin would beat it ten times over, and any watering-place in England would be ashamed of the comparison. I pointed out the fact that gas-lights had been allowed. He did not seem to think that any wonderful superiority. “We are now coming to the great street of Rome, the Regent Street, Strand, Oxford Street, and Westbourne Terrace all in one—the Corso.” He communicated this great fact to his friend, and both looked out for the

grand street. After a while he said, "The Corso is the great street?" I replied, "Yes, the only one that is permitted the dignity of a side pavement." But scarcely had I used the words when I had to cry, "Well, I declare! the foot-pavement is extended beyond the Corso; here is some here." But in a moment we were crossing a street like a hundred that might be picked out of other cities, and I said, "That is the Corso." The good Catholic took a long look at the high houses and narrow way, at the passable shops and shoals of shovel hats, and he replied, "That's the Corso." Sackville Street was in his eye.

The Via Condotti! full of English men and women, and lined with shops for trinkets, silks, and works of art. Pretty things! What a trade in them might be done with England, if matters were well managed!

In the Piazza di Spagna my comrade asks, "What is that?" pointing to a pillar. "That is the great achievement of the present Pope; the column of the Immaculate Conception: he has added a pillar to Rome and an article to the faith."

We set off for the Capitol. The coachman was a shrewd fellow, and I rode on the box for the sake of talk. We passed that fine old column of Antoninus, which now, as the inscription tells, is purged from all heathenism, and converted into a good Christian pillar, with the statue of an apostle replacing that of an emperor. Then came the Forum of Trajan, and its grand old column too, like the other, covered with rich sculp-

ture; and at its foot that picturesque group of broken pillars, serving only to tell that once this spot was thronged with life, and shadowed with magnificence. Round about, houses, with "washing" hanging out of the windows, churches, beggars, French soldiers, Papal *gens d'armes*, and foreigners in carriages. A little way up is the Quirinal, the Pope's second palace, a beautiful abode in fine taste, with noble gardens. The first day I saw it "washing" was hanging out of eleven windows, and the second day out of seven.

As to the *gens d'armes*, they never appeared alone; always a patrol of five or six together. The papal soldiers, too, with the blue coat and red pantaloons of the French, were so much like them that it was hard to distinguish. On the hat, instead of the outspread eagle, you had the keys of the kingdom of peace and the tiara of Christ's vicar. Squads of *gens d'armes* and squads of priests seemed the only thing noticeable; the former a sign of terror in the government, the latter a sign of Holy Week.

Last night a tradesman had surprised me by replying to some simple question about the state of things in Rome in a tone of loud complaint. We had given no sign of our opinions; yet, unlike the caution I had found at a previous visit, off he went. "Every thing is in a miserable condition: no work for the poor, no trade for the shopkeepers, no hope for any one but the priests." I said something to the effect that they must find a friend in "the Holy Father." "*Santo Padre!*"

he said, as an Orangeman might say it; "*Santo Padre!* the poor people now cry in his ears, 'Holy Father and dear bread! Holy Father and dear bread!'"

"You don't mean that?"

"Mean it! that I do—ah!"

In keeping with this were the remarks of the coachman, as the priests passed in troops with that wonderful variety of the species which Rome alone can show—black, brown, white, and gray; now with hoods, now with cords, now with red and blue crosses, now with the step of a potentate, now with the box of a beggar; one lean with penance, another rosy with rural health, another gross with sloth and feeding; now in the prelate's purple, now in the dirt of a pauper; some appearing learned, pure, and grave; many commonplace and content, not a few polished men of upper life, and a great multitude coarse and low, with no more light of intellect or grace upon their countenances than on those of their brothers who hold the plow or infest the highway. With a few fine exceptions of men with open, benign human faces, they all look like dark and lonely men, isolated tools of Rome, watchmen who walk in the dark and spy out all men's ways.

As I asked questions about this order and that, the coachman gradually got angry. "The people can bear it no longer; this government of priests is horrid. They have brought us all to starvation, and they swarm like flies, and eat and drink." For any thing that had passed, I might have been a zealous Catholic; and this

outburst, corresponding with what I had heard last night, and contrasting with the reserve of former years, took me by surprise.

So, in talking of the late affair between the people and the *gens d'armes*, all was outspoken rancor. Two men, curriers, had been arrested just because they were known to be Liberals. The people hissed. French police moved; and, encouraged by this support, the papal *gens d'armes*, with drawn swords, rushed on and slashed away with the flat of the sword, say they; but forty or fifty people were wounded, and some have died. I put down the number that seems to have most votes; for many talked of it, and the estimate varied greatly.

Amid such talk we wound through the poor streets lying between the Forum of Trajan and the grand old spot, the Forum Romanum. The coachman now and then stopped before a ruin. Now to the top of the tower of the Capitol. There are the grand old Sabine Hills, with Tivoli's white houses glistening on their sides. Then your eye, crossing the valley, rests on the Alban chain. Frascati is plain enough, with its perpetual memento of Cicero, eloquence, and philosophic discourse; and Castel Gondolfo is plain, and the knoll under which lies Albano. Right and left spreads the Campagna—on the right merging its vast flat in a horizon that looks like sea-shore, without showing water; on the left running up to the blue hills; on both sides waste, no smoke of towns, no sign of villages, no stir of men; the gaunt old forms of Roman aqueducts stalk-

ing over the Frascati side of the plain, and at other points a stern fragment, as if the rusting armor of the dead giants. Near lie the typical heaps of Rome's memorials, the Baths of Caracalla, the Palace of the Cæsars, the swelling bulk of the Colosseum. Nearer, the Arch of Constantine, that of Titus, the Via Sacra, and, just below, the Roman Forum, with its fragments of ancient temples, and its one entire arch. Three columns here, two there, half a dozen yonder, a few bases in one place, a pavement in another, and a name for each, are all that remains to tell how grand was this spot some lifetimes ago. But few of the stones are left, and none of the men.

One looks down from that height along that famous way where these spectre temples and mouldering bones of palaces call up the memory of life by the sight of death's handiwork. And how one looks and looks, and goes on looking, the eye wandering from the hill of the Palaces to the Titanic heap of the Baths, and then to the Colosseum, still sending up a cry of heathen mirth and Christian agony, and then to the Arch of Titus, under which Jerusalem sits and weeps, while old Rome triumphs!

How strange that among all the historic ruins of pagan times the idea now represented by living men is always a Bible one! Among the Pyramids, Moses—in Nineveh, the Hebrew Kings—at Athens, the preaching Paul—here in Rome, the golden candlestick of the Temple, the unrecorded martyrs of the Colosseum. What

they believed in lives, and yearly grows younger and stronger; but the beliefs against which they stood up have passed away.

After the great ruins, immediately under one, the eye seeks out the seven hills. There is the old Aventine close by the Tiber, with its crowning convent, a real mount; and there, nearer, the Palatine, cradle of Rome and cinder-heap of her imperial halls, with the odd intruder under its flank, a round, tall chimney, of unmistakable Manchester family, the English gas-works. These two are plain enough; so is the Capitoline on which we stand; so, yonder, far on the left, is the Quirinal, crowned with that long, straight range of buildings, the Pope's palace; and between it and the Palatine, the other three, Viminal, Esquiline, Cælian, though not traceable as mounts, are distinguishable as regions, and may be marked by the Lateran Basilica with its grenadier statues, by the two domes of Santa Maria Maggiore, and by the line thence to the Quirinal.

The modern city comes next. Across the Tiber the high Janiculan, and, beyond, the dome-topped Vatican, closing Rome tightly in with high land; then the mass of St. Angelo, and the lofty heights of the Pincian, and, between, the little wilderness of tiles, towers, and domes, almost hiding the grand outline of the Pantheon, and traversed by the rapid lonely Tiber. No gay boat sporting on his bosom, he travels on, like a strong old grandfather on whose knees there are no children to play.

What an enchanting light, making common forms lovely! What a mass of historic recollections! What grandeur of natural outline! What wealth of ancient remains! and yet what absence of artificial beauty! The one grand dome on the Vatican Hill is the only fair form of art on which the eye *rests*. That of the Pantheon is smothered; the ruins are not beauty, but poetry in another form. Where are the spires of England, the porticoes of Paris, the minarets of Cairo, the Campanili of Italy! These church towers are shapeless and graceless; poor, viewed from the ground; wretched, from above. The minor domes are not large enough to produce an effect. Few cities, with such a site and such a heaven, would look so ragged and so destitute of sky-going beauty. Still the light, that spring of all loveliness, makes even the modern city pleasant to the eye. How long one could look! How much one would like to be here a whole day alone! While indulging this thought the first time, the silence was broken by an American voice, saying, "How crooked the Tiber is!"

In the evening I began to say something to Maria, the servant, a sensible woman, about the people complaining. "Oh," she cried, "it is nothing but sorrow and outcry. The people are all in wretchedness. They say it is the priests who do it all. They say they must have a new religion, and that every thing is to be changed. But for the moment things are quiet. I don't know—we are all suffering; and we are all igno-

rant and wicked. Your people pray; but in Rome very few of us ever pray." (I suppose she had seen our family prayer.) "We are all growing brutish. I'm a poor woman that can neither read nor write; I come from the Sabine Hills. I lost my father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters—but one sister—and I had to come to Rome to find service. I have been in this house ever since—twelve years. I got married because they told me he was a hard-working young man, who would get me a morsel of bread. But he can't support me. I'm obliged to be in service all the same. I have been forced to pawn even the rings out of my ears. But my husband has got work now. He is a cook. This has been a sad year for cooks—so few foreigners; but he is now employed by the friars of — Church."

"By the friars! Do they need a cook?"

"Ah! it's they that do—don't they eat!"

"They eat only plain, penitential dishes?"

"Oh, fancy! something else than that. They eat the best that can be cooked—sweets of all sorts."

At the Lateran, leaving the Basilica for the moment, we turned to the neighboring building which covers the Holy Stair. It is a very considerable structure. There are three parallel staircases, the ones on the right and left being the humble attendants of the sacred one in the middle, by which the vulgar may go up, or the pilgrim, after his reverential ascent, come down. In appearance the Holy Stair does not differ from the others.

But see! one, two, three; men and women, gentlemen and ladies, townsfolk, peasants, and at least two soldiers—French soldiers they appear, but the Pope's wear the same uniform—from the lower steps up to the top, all on their knees, all more or less uttering prayers, all pressing upward, the greater part patiently and honestly, some dodging and making the feet save the knees, some urging forward in hot haste, some stopping on each step to repeat a prayer, some looking up intently to the "Holy of Holies" at the top. Thirty human beings going through this process! and they part only of a great stream running the whole week. Luther was once there. Don't despise them; they may be as sincerely seeking God as he was. Don't despair of them; they may be as near receiving a better light.

It was on that stair, up there somewhere near the top, perhaps where that lady is toiling, that the voice from above sounded in the ear of the sturdy yet penitent monk,

"THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH."

It was there that the ever memorable illapse of heaven's light fell upon that soul, and that, as he himself tells, the gates of Paradise seemed to open. Moment never forgotten in the heart of Luther! Moment ever to be remembered in the history of Rome and of the universal Church! May the same Spirit raise up many similar instruments in our days and in this place!

The stairs, though, at first sight, like the others, are soon seen to be covered with a case of wood, leaving

the inner and holy stair to appear in open spaces, some of which are stained *with the blood of the Redeemer*. The stair is that which he descended from Pilate's judgment seat!

Hence we pass to the top, where is a little dark chapel, closed up, "The Holy of Holies:" you can see through a grating, and read a Latin inscription to the effect that there is not upon earth a spot more holy. No woman may enter! It contains a picture *by St. Luke*—an *exact* likeness of the Savior when twelve years old.

While looking at the door which leads into the spot where the table is kept on which the Last Supper was eaten, we found a sacristan willing to open and show it. Just after we had seen, up came a party. It was the Prince of C——, with some ladies; a canon prelate, in purple and ermine, was soon in attendance, and, in addition to the *Santissima* table, showed a splendid glass box, set in gold, which contained a morsel of the napkin used by our Lord at the Supper. After he had finished with his party, he most politely asked us to walk in, and told the man to show us. It was hard to see; for the cell was dark, and the glass sparkled in the candlelight. Still, a morsel of whitish something was visible inside the casket, and the custode reverently averred that it was a true piece of the very napkin used by our Lord.

Hence we went to the Church of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem, where is a true and undoubted piece of the cross. There was more than the usual crowd of beggars, more than the usual display of flowers—and very

beautiful they were—and brilliant lights, and the floors strewn with leaves and blossoms, and poor old folk half praying, half staring, and now and then chatting and begging in the usual way; but the true piece of the true cross was not then to be seen.

Next, to St. Mary the Greater, less holy as a church, grander as an edifice. How fine its nave, with the long colonnade! and those two side chapels are exquisite. The altar of jasper is in itself a work to wonder at for a long time.

It is the hour of vespers. Canons in purple and ermine; minor canons in purple and squirrel hoods, priests in all colors, and singers in splendor, crowd the choir. Friars brown, black, and white, spot the church here and there. Counting all these, you have the bulk of the audience. How can this be? In London, the announcement of such a musical entertainment would secure multitudes at large prices; here, beggars excepted, there are not sixty laity of Rome present. The singing is very fine; but when the *Miserere* begins, it is something indescribably beautiful. The rise and cadence of that artistic wail through those domes and colonnades is almost supernatural; and all the human voice! and all male voices; for, in the prudery of Rome, women may not sing in church choirs.

What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that

as a thank-offering from ours! It is God's gift, and is too lofty for any thing but His praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upward to be used for inclining hearts to earth. Oh that the Churches knew how to sing, making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine song of larks, as well as a midnight song of nightingales!

The long-talked-of excommunication is issued. It has been posted up in the public places of Rome, and it is to be bought for a few baiocchi. All say it has produced no more effect than so many shovelfuls of peas thrown among the people. Romans are so much accustomed to find misery and crime flourish on soils bedewed with papal benedictions, and to hear of peace, virtue, and liberty in countries scorched, not to say burnt up, with its curses, that they have reached a state of mind wherein the one and the other go for the value of the shows wherewith their utterance is accompanied. In this case it was thunder and thunderbolt, hurled indeed by the Jove of the Vatican with his own red right hand, amid the flames of cardinal scarlet and the roar of ecclesiastical storms, but, unlike the potent Joves of other times, who marked their man, and hit his helmet if they did not crush his body, the present poor old thunderer, fearful that the after-clap might fall upon the Vatican, closed his eyes as he lanced the bolt, and, without aiming at any one in particular, favored a whole nation or two in general with a curse.

What! no one named? Not a man. A curse without a head designated for it to rest upon? Even so. A few millions of infected caps, each carrying eternal death to the wearer, cast among a nation for every one who thinks one will fit to put it on? Exactly. Not one marked for the sacrilegious head of Victor Emanuel? No. Nor for the fiend of all malice, Cavour? Not even for him. Ugly words about the "government" of Sardinia; but a government is not a soul, and no soul is marked out by name as heir special of Rome's last curse. The bomb is fired, the piece has recoiled, the shell has burst in high air, and curious people are examining the fragments. *Ecco!*

What an approach is that to St. Peter's! First a grand "circus," larger than those in Regent Street, formed by two crescent colonnades of stately height; then a square flanked by colonnades; and then the long, easy steps; and finally the front of the Basilica. But this disappoints one. It has none of the grace of pure Grecian, or of the soaring splendors of Gothic, and lacks even the prettiness of good Italian. The stone looks rough, the design ill composed, with small windows; and the huge bulk of the Vatican, overtopping it like a Manchester warehouse, dwarfs it as to height, and destroys all idea of harmony.

Inside, first a grand vestibule; then bursts on the eye the resplendent temple, full of light, and glowing with every color that marble ever displayed. Under your feet marble—right, left, marble—white, red, green, vari-

egrated; in statues, in walls, in columns, niches, and piles: mosaics and marble, marble and mosaics, gilding and carving, curious work, and Titanic proportions; vastness, and beauty, and pomp! "What do you think of it?" You have had no time to think of it; you are only feeling a rush of sensations, as yet not reflected on. You reach the great altar, which does make a distinct impression—of the grotesque. But the dome! the dome! You are fairly overwhelmed. You first gaze, then rest, then gaze again; then lie down on your back, and look up and up, and wonder at the power of thought to conceive and embody such an idea; and then wonder more that you should feel so much under this small dome, because it is man's handiwork, and often so little under the great one just above it, because it is the work of your own Maker.

Presently you turn and look back; the nave is no length—so it seems; and it ends meanly in a wall, with a few pilasters and small windows. It is a bold word to say "meanly," but one must report one's own impressions. Some, speaking of this apparent shortness of the nave, call it "perfection, the result of the faultless proportions." To make great look little, perfection! Apply this to the dome; are its proportions bad? Yet it makes the full impression of its majestic bulk. If it looked small, being as large as it is, would it not be a fault? It is not that the whole of the building looks so much less than is natural, as seems generally assumed; for the dome has full effect. It is the other

parts, chiefly the nave. Murray accounts for the mini-fied appearance partly by the gigantic statuary, which takes off from the size of the building. This might affect the height, but hardly the length. And if you so stand that the statues are covered in their niches, it is just the same. What is it, then? Laughed at or not, here is what one's own eye says: It is a fault in proportion.

Stand at the great altar facing the entrance. What are you looking into? A tunnel of stone; colored, polished, sculptured, glowing, uplifted stone; but still a tunnel, with petty windows at the end. Only four arches in all the length of that nave, and of those but one shows an opening to your eye. Through it you see—but not light—only stone! As to the other three, you can tell where they are; but the eye strikes against the pier beyond them without any opening. One space to take off the eye from the direct line, one breaking in of air and light upon the nave—all the rest stone, stone—a tunnel. This results from the proportion between the pier and the arch. One arch is separated from another by a pier of thirteen to fifteen paces long! The pillar is not seen in the place as a support; it is totally dismissed. Columns are used to ornament piers and walls, but an upholding pillar is not there; the pier has entirely superseded it. The gigantic size of these piers drowns the arches, shuts out the air and light, prevents the eye from seeing marks of distance, and foreshortens the whole. This is the simple account of a non-artistic

eye; and if any one choose to go from St. Peter's to three other basilicas—Santa Maria Maggiore, and St. Paul's, where the use of the pillar, in a long colonnade, produces a lengthening effect, and then St. John's Lateran, where the pier of St. Peter's is imitated, he will, perhaps, be inclined to think that the proportion between wall and open space has something to do in the matter.

It was hard to believe my wife, that much of the brilliant surface of the interior was painted plaster. The impression of its being one various mass of marbles has so much to do with the effect, that at first you feel incredulous, then half angry. But so it is. The deception is perfect; pillars, angles, bases, and projecting parts are real; flat surfaces sometimes so, but often plaster. This statement was resented by some gentlemen at the *table d'hôte*, as if it had been something said against their mothers; and a lady, to whom the secret was disclosed in the Cathedral, rushing to the extreme of disappointment, cried, "Shabby place!" Even some Romans were unaware of the fact. Still, the interior remains a wonder of riches and beauty; for a military pomp, such as that of Easter Sunday, an incomparable theatre; and, as a repository of art, sufficient for months of study, though it suffers in value from the fly-away style of the statuary.

On Holy Thursday we made for the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican: on the colonnaded and vaulted staircase of marble which leads up to it stand Swiss guards in their harlequin red, yellow, and blue stripes, while

red cardinals, purple prelates, velvet and silk courtiers, gay gentlemen, and richly-dressed ladies, crowd the steps in an upward stream. Helmets and halberds at the chapel door. Men standing; women seated on a side platform (by ticket); a vacant platform on the other side for the diplomatic circle, and another for "reigning families;" priests in frocks and robes of hues and materials numberless. Such is the sight in the Pope's own holy place of prayer! The crowd steadily thickens. Ladies of note are ushered in by robed officials. Every now and then, a steel box or coat of armor, with the shoulders of a Swiss giant inside to work it, crunches its way through the crowd, forcing space for a cardinal or a dame. I never before saw the use of those steel boxes, but they are excellent instruments, when worked by good shoulders, for compelling progress through a reluctant mass of human beings. This exercise was varied with chat in all European tongues, none of it reverent, all about the music, dresses, and shows of the week.

Now come the great planets of diplomacy with their belts and satellites, wondrous to behold. Around them is a host of asteroids, each having its own orbit to shine in. What a galaxy of stars when all are put together! Dear me! in the dimmer sky of our northern realm it would take centuries to witness such conjunctions, transits, parallaxes, nutations, risings, settings, occultations, eclipses, and revolutions. What a mighty influence all these stars must exercise upon the destiny of

us poor mortals, who live down here, eighteen inches lower than the plane on which these are revolving. There is truth in astrology after all! Some of my neighbors are trying to read their fortune in the beams of certain stars. One youth thinks that the grand constellation *Goyon*, in comparison with which "Orion's studded belt was dim," had shot a ray of encouragement. He makes desperate efforts to reach the high sky; but, just at the last moment, is pushed back among us terrestrials with a surly protest, "I know General Goyon." Perhaps so; but the constellation shone on serenely in spite of his rebuff.

The higher post for reigning families remained vacant till nearly the last, when a Russian archduchess and her brilliant suite appeared.

By this time the pressure was terrible, the scuffles frequent and rough—worse than in a London crowd, and the principal talk was, "Well, I hope we are to have good music after all this." Now and then you did see a woman on her knees praying, looking round, and adjusting her veil or scarf all at the same time. One elderly lady, at the very front of the women's benches, seemed for some minutes in earnest and heart-broken prayer.

Steel clattering in the cuirasses, steel shining in the helmets, steel held up aloft in the halberds, with soldiers' plumes waving, and the deep buzz, ruzz, duzz of the crowd, were not sights and sounds of a very devotional kind. Now another squeeze of the steel boxes,

and forward come a few of the *Noble Guard*, with helmet on, plume waving, and *sword drawn*.

La! sol! fa! the mass has begun: out it strikes in different forms of song; now low, now shrill, now rolling on in waves of music. The bass was a low hum in the crowd, and the soprano a wonderful man's voice, concerning which a thing was said in whispers not very fit to hear in church, and not at all fit to write here.

"Not equal to last night," says one. "There is only that voice worth much," says another; and so on go the remarks; the incense rises, the halberds flash, the crowd buzzes, and the gale of music hurries, slackens, rises, and dies away.

I want to see the washing of the apostles' feet, and so Miss —— and I go down to St. Peter's, while the rest stay to witness the procession here.

The scene is very curious; soldiers in the porch, soldiers in the nave, people walking, chatting, pointing, reading, buzz, buzz, buzz. Here and there a priest or friar on his knees. A large inclosure for ladies is guarded by gentlemen of the chamber. Here I place Miss ——, and then choose my position. It is in the right transept, near the end. Just before me is the Pope's throne, high and lifted up. The triple crown rests on the crossed keys, and lions hold on high the "banners of the Church," which are but flags of a prince. Upon a globe Providence is seated, with Justice on one side and Charity on the other.

Gradually prelates in purple arrive through a side

door, and spread themselves over the seats and steps in the neighborhood of the throne.

Thirteen priests of different nations are chosen to represent the apostles. Why are they thirteen? This is a deep question, and is settled by the help of a certain angel, who once appeared when St. Gregory was feeding twelve poor men. How it is proved that the angel's feet needed to be washed, I do not know.

They come at last, marshaled by dignitaries in purple, themselves in white caps, like those of dervishes, or, for non-traveled readers, like linen covers for Stilton cheeses; white capes, white frocks, white trowsers, and shining white boots: a clean and quaint, but not graceful costume.

As the men in rich robes arrange these white apostles on their bench, the people around me have their say. "That is an Oriental!" "That is an Armenian!" "Look at the third: what a villain he appears!" "Ay, but look at the fourth; did you ever see such a perfect type of the hypocrite?" "That's a fine old fellow with the gray beard;" this referred to one whom I could almost have declared I knew, he looked so like some of the priests one meets in the Levant. "But oh, the fat one! See—see the fat apostle! In the middle, too! What a choice! He's a Frenchman that; not a very laborious apostle!"

These things were said in Italian, French, and English; few in the latter tongue, and they the least severe. While thus the observers were remarking, the

apostles themselves were occupied with their petticoats, putting them right as anxiously as a barn-door beauty in the drawing-room of a countess. While all but smiling at their innocent dressing, a fine old Belgian priest, whom I had two or three times spoken to, a handsome, honest-looking man, turned round to me, and, with a beam of delight on his face, said, "Oh, is it not an interesting sight?" To him it was grand.

The fat apostle put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a snuff-box. It was bran new, perhaps bought for the great occasion, perhaps presented by some of his flock. First he regaled his eyes with a long look at the bright new box. Then he regaled his nose. Then the eyes had their turn; and betwixt nose and eyes no contest arose; both were treated; and the whole person looked supremely content. The faithful, too, such as they were, were entertained.

Some of the apostles seemed to try sincerely to settle their thoughts to a prayer; but I doubt whether the best of them got on much better than William of Deloraine would have done. It was too exciting for ordinary minds to set themselves steady.

Presently, in a gallery directly opposite to the apostles, appeared ambassadors of another type; gentlemen whose hands, perhaps, might sometimes need to be washed, but who now shone in faultless decorations. "That is our ambassador with the red ribbon!" cries one. "Which is the Duke de Grammont?" asks another; and so a fire of inquiries and recognitions is kept up till the cardinals begin to arrive.

Each has his three or four attendants, who proudly follow him, some in purple, all in rich robes, he himself wearing scarlet and ermine. "Which is that? and that? and that? and where is Antonelli?" was often asked. At last, "There he is!" I caught sight of a tall back disappearing between a stout mass of scarlet and a pillar.

Finally, in came a rush of priests, with the Pope, closing him round, bearing his train, and following him up the steps till he took his seat upon the throne. It was the first time I had seen Pio Nono. He is a fine, a very fine old man—tall, portly, indeed fat, with a quick step and open visage, like an English country gentleman. The face beams with apparently true benignity, but the eye is not easy, and the smile of the lips is not unmixed with a disquiet something at the corners of the mouth. Still, he is a noble old man; and, looking at him, one is much more inclined to follow the common idea in England that he is a very kind and sincere one, than the representation often (by no means always) given in Rome, namely, that he is faithless, unforgiving, and full of vainglory. Yet even they who say that give him credit for sincerity in matters of religion, and for disinterestedness and purity of manners.

He sits upon his throne. They offer him a censer, into which he puts incense; they take off his mitre and put it on; they chant, and cross, and bow; read, and with reverence hold him up a book to kiss; and take the censer, and wave the incense to this enthroned

priest, in his royal robe of rose-color and gold. To him all eyes turn; to him knees bow; to him the incense rises. He sits upon his throne, with superhuman reverence given to him; and look at his countenance! Surely this is not a human being, fresh from putting ten millions of his fellow-men, ay, of his own neighbors and countrymen, outside of the kingdom of God! Where are the tears and traces of horror lying upon his soul in connection with this deed? He smiles, and smiles, and smiles.

Again, with knees bowed, the attendant dignitaries take off the rich rose-colored robe, and disclose a beautiful white dress. With fresh bowing of the knees, a white apron is girded round the white robe. Then the Pope, preceded and followed by dignitaries, hastens over to the apostles. Before him goes a cardinal, with a large golden ewer in his hand. Behind, an ecclesiastic with a tray, containing napkins; another with a tray of violets, and a third with a little set of papers. As his Holiness approaches, the apostles are agitated; their faces change color; their petticoats shake. The little white boot is slipped off the right foot, well washed as ever it was in its lifetime. The cardinal, from the golden ewer, pours upon the instep such a wee drop of water; and then his Holiness, taking a napkin, gives the foot just a touch; and that napkin falls to the apostle as a perpetual memory of the day of his honor. Then the head of the Pope bows down to the foot, and his lips touch the instep.

Here came in the only piece of real feeling I saw in the whole matter. Just as the Pope stooped to kiss the foot, several of the countenances, and notably that of the fat apostle, became suffused with emotion. Its meaning was plain enough: "What am I or my father's house, that my feet should be kissed by the Vicar of God!"

The Romans often say that the Pope does not kiss the foot, but a bunch of violets which he lays upon it. This was not the case. Pio Nono really did the work; he kissed the foot. This done, he turned round, took a bouquet of violets and handed it to the apostle, who, receiving it, bowed, and with wonderful satisfaction kissed the back of the superhuman hand. Then his Holiness took up a little paper and handed it to the apostle, who again, with increasing veneration, kisses the hand. This little paper contains two medals, one gold and one silver.

When I had seen the greater part of the apostles washed, I thought it would be well to go forward, and try to get a good place at the supper, which was to follow. Moving to the entrance of the ladies' platform, where I had left Miss ——, I waited for her. The gentleman in velvet and gold would let only one lady out at a time. They grew impatient. Down at the corner we waiting gentlemen saw a commotion gradually rise among the ladies. It grows hotter. Presently, Do we see rightly? Is that a lady on the top of the rail which shuts them in? Is that the light form of a fair girl

which comes down upon the church floor with such a souse? And another, and another? jumper following jumper—is it possible? Did not all England ring with amusement when something was said in the papers about ladies leaping over the barriers at one of the queen's drawing-rooms? But that was a secular place and occasion: here we are in presence of the Pope, twelve apostles—and one over—how many cardinals I don't know, and priests enough to man a ship of war! We are directly under the dome at which all the world wonders, and within a yard or two of the high altar of the high church of the so-called Catholic world. Never mind, on they go, jump, jump, jump! A stout Frenchman, after a long look of astonishment, cried, "*C'est une scandale.*" And so it was a scandal.

Going down the nave with a confused notion of these odd scenes, and of the alternating groups and costumes, I was suddenly arrested by a line of soldiers drawn diagonally across the church. "What! is the Pope not gone yet?" The reply was that he was changing robes in a side chapel. There stood the soldiers in double file, leaving a wide avenue bayonet-hedged. In a moment passed the word of command, as on parade, "Ground arms!" Down went the butts of the muskets, clanging on the Cathedral floor. Then in another moment, "Present arms!" Up rose every piece. Then came a word I had never heard before, at which every soldier knelt. Now appears the poor old man, arrayed in other rich robes, blessing as he went with his two

fingers, smiling that constant smile, and seeming to feel neither shame nor sorrow that he was walking in the house of God amid rows of prostrate men and upheld bayonets. Behind the soldiers no one knelt. What a contrast to Florence, where the Prince of Carignano, before coming out to show himself to the people, waited till every bayonet was gone!

Now the rush was up a staircase—one of those winding ones which they have in Italy, on which you ascend by a rapid inclined plane without steps. Up we wound, and up, and across some rooms, till at last out of the grand Sala Regia, on which abut the Sistine and Pauline chapels, we floated in a current of crinoline into a long and lofty hall. Priests and soldiers, soldiers and priests; ladies and prelates, prelates and ladies; buzz in Italian, buzz in French, buzz in English, buzz in Spanish; and crush and push, question and joke, laugh and elbow-thrust: such is the scene. Here, on the right, are raised seats for ladies; in the middle, the floor for gentlemen; and on the left, an elevated table, at which are seated the thirteen apostles, all on one side.

It is a resplendent table. Before each apostle is a statuette of gilded bronze, representing an apostle whom he too represents; and surely between them they ought to give the faithful some idea of the original. But, so far as I know, just at that moment the faithful, represented by the company present, are thinking of the originals as much as they would do at a Crystal Palace flower-show, a lord-mayor's feast, a royal ball, or a re-

view. But these pretty statuettes are not common images. They once adorned the holy house of Loretto; that is, the identical dwelling of Mary, the maid of Nazareth, which, having stood till the days of the Mohammedans, was about to be defiled by them, when the angels took it up, and, just as the Hindoo god Hanuman did with the Himalayas, carried it bodily through the air and planted it in Dalmatia. Here it was again in peril, and its celestial keepers, lifting it once more just over the Adriatic, lodged it safely in a grove of laurels. Enormous wealth was massed up in this shrine. But when the legions of Bonaparte reached the angel-fenced abode, they found that Pius VI. had thought it best to leave nothing to the charge of celestial guards, but the old wood image of the Virgin; probably supposing that they were not accustomed to defend, as scrupulously as would be done at Rome, jewels, gold, silver, pearls, and costly robes. Even the holy image, however, proved too earthly a treasure for them to guard. It was carried off by the *sans-culottes* soldiers, and for some years was a museum curiosity in Paris among other images.

The table is covered with gilded vessels and beautiful flowers. Before it stands the Pope, surrounded by his retinue. A bishop is reading, and might as well be whistling for any thing that can be heard; but they are used to that. Then come thirteen bishops robed, each bearing a bowl of soup. The first, approaching the Pope, kneels down, and his soup is blessed by the pon-

tifical hand. It is then placed before *St. Peter*. The second bishop kneels likewise—gets his soup blessed—and he places it before *St. Andrew*. So on till the thirteen are served. Then come thirteen prelates succeeding to the bishops; they bear dishes—they kneel before the source of blessings—get the benediction on each separate dish, and lay them before the apostles. Then come the bishops again, then the prelates, till each has borne six dishes, making twelve in all, for each apostle; and every dish has its separate benediction! The Pope pours out wine and water for the apostles, and finally takes his leave. The apostles eat very well, drink their wine in comfort; but presently you see going on a process of gathering the “leavings” into baskets or bags under the table. The wine, however, is all carried away in living bottles; and, for a closing scene, the apostles take to pocketing the dessert. Where do the pockets lie? I could not make out. But it is not a magnificent conclusion for so wonderful a festival.

Then, the rush for the flowers! One gets a bunch, another a sprig, another a leaf; and the ladies press for them, and the prelates are polite, almost gallant; and every body is merry, and altogether it is as unlike a serious affair of any sort as you can imagine. But I saw nothing to justify some accounts, that when the flowers come to be scrambled for, matters between the ladies and the prelates reach a point of extreme familiarity.

That afternoon I went into a shop, and got into chat

with the stout old woman who ruled over it. "Have you been to St. Peter's this morning?" she asked.

"Yes; have you?"

"Oh no, we Romans do not think of going to those ceremonies; they are for foreigners. You like them. Were you not greatly pleased?"

"Well, as an exhibition—a show—it was very dazzling."

She looked puzzled, and said, "It is, I suppose, to teach us humility, that the Pope washes the apostles' feet."

"How does it teach humility?"

"Well, they say it is to teach it."

"They say so; but how can it teach humility for one man to come and set himself on a throne in the house of God, and make other men kneel down to him, and wave censers to him; and then, preceded by men in purple, followed by men in purple, himself in the richest robes, to have water poured by a splendid dignitary out of a golden vessel, in mockery, on a clean foot, which he touches with a napkin, and with his lips, while thousands look on? Is there a priest in the wide world so proud that he would not rejoice to enact the Pope's part in this exhibition? Is there a true Christian upon earth who would make such a display in doing a good deed?"

The old lady looked as if this half pleased, half perplexed her: "But did not our Savior do so?"

"Our Savior do so! He did wash His disciples'

feet, but how differently! They were twelve poor men, with weary, dusty feet, and in a secret, obscure chamber; and He, their Lord and Master, in good earnest washed their dirty feet, without a crowd to look on, or a court to attend Him. That taught us secret service to the real needs of our inferiors. What I saw to-day teaches pompous display of fictitious goodness."

"Agostina! Agostina!" cried out the old woman to her daughter, who was in the back shop, "Agostina! come here, and listen to this signor! He says that what our Lord did was not the same at all as what the Pope does, but as different as can be. Listen!"

Agostina looked with the most intent look that black Roman eyes can shoot, and kept it up while I repeated, and enlarged, and explained, and told of the real ways of Christ and His apostles, and of the Gospel, in which it is all written, and should be read. She did nothing but look; but the old woman put in a word and a question now and then, and helped me on.

How different was that silent, searching Roman Agostina from the shop-women of Turin, whose thoughts were spoken as freely as those of English boys or girls would be in a friendly party! Was it wholly the difference made by liberty and repression, or partly that and partly nature?

We took a drive to the Protestant burial-ground, and had a very shrewd coachman, beside whom I sat for the sake of talk. He was astonished at my knowledge of the remains of old Rome, and my seeming ignorance of

every thing connected with its living men and things. He heard me talk of the ceremonies, and at first took me for an English Catholic. I could not get a word out of him, in praise of Pope or priest, beyond this, that the Pope himself was a worthy man. He gladly passed from all such topics to talk of the different objects we passed.

There it was at last, that quiet spot inside the old lonely wall, far outside the modern Rome, beyond all the remains even of the seven hills. Close by it is a landmark, by which any English eye may find it from the Capitol, or from the railway, as you enter Rome. There is a little pyramid, considerable enough to be marked far away. It is the tomb of some ancient nobody, called Caius Cestus, who bequeathed a pyramid to posterity, having, perhaps, nothing else to bequeath. Beside it lie the remains of many a young English man and woman, who, amid the pleasures of Rome, have suddenly fallen by fever; of many whose lengthened age has slowly worn away in this balmy air. Oh, how balmy it is to-day! As the gate opens, the western sun pours a flood of orange light among the dark cypresses, and on the flower-knots which bloom over many a form forever faded. A more peaceful spot in which to sit by the grave of a friend it would be hard to find. Yet much of this impression is due to that afternoon sun and this pure overhanging sky. When I first visited it some years before, it was a dull, I think a rainy day, and my impressions were not so cheerful.

. We find out one grave, and from it pick a few flowers. There rests a young English lady, whose widowed mother left her here in sorrow and in hope. The names she bore are of note among us. As the widow laid her child down, to leave her far from her own probable resting-place, she felt as if she would fain write on the tomb a few Bible words of hope: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." But the poor girl had died a Protestant, though in Rome, and in that day toleration had not reached so far as to allow such an expression of hope to be put up, even in a foreign language, and in an out-of-the-way spot, over a heretic! So all the widow could obtain permission for was, "This stone is erected by her sorrowing yet rejoicing mother." This was in 1852.

Either the government has since grown more indulgent, or Americans are favored above the English; for on one or two American graves of more recent date words from the Bible are to be read, plainly declaring the hope of survivors that the spirit of the departed is at rest.

After a refreshing visit to this scene of peace, among tombs and flowers, tokens of human decay, and pledges of Divine indulgence—after a moment over the graves of Shelley, and Keats, and Bell, the naturalist, and thoughts of the poverty of man without something more than goods or talents, and the blessedness of man when earth is but what the sea is to the sailor, a restless but sublime path to an unseen haven—after linger-

ing and lingering again, at last we were on our way back, and I was beside my friend the coachman.

He was much more open. He had found us out; we were Protestant English, and he talked away. I began, as usual, seeking information about the different churches, friars, and nuns we happened to see.

“What is the difference between these Capuchins and the Camaldolesi?”

He laughed: “Yes, and the Gregorians, and the Dominicans, and the—” running on with a string of names.

“Well, what is the difference between the one and the other?”

“Oh, each has his own religion. They are all of different religions.* Each order follows its religion in its own way, according to the life of its founder, and the statutes left by him.”

“What do they do?”

His eye flashed; but he checked himself. “Oh, they have their different observances to attend to—all sorts of ceremonies, and so on; and they have to forget their friends, and lose their natural affections, and keep on in the ways of the convent. Ay, we have some who have not seen a relation for forty years, and never inquire after them or care for them; and they call that religion! We have some who are called ‘Buried Alive:’ they are shut up from every human sight or engagement. *Ecco*, that’s the kind of thing they like.”

* The expression about “different religions” I heard frequently from the common people in describing the orders.

"Among the different orders are there some married and some not?"

"Married! No; not one priest in Rome. No, no; but they do not need to be married—"

"Who is holiest, priest or friar?"

"Oh, for that, holiest! well, I suppose the friar; he is most shut off from the world. He lives for the convent and in it. But, holy as they are, they get every thing into their hands—every thing, signor!" he cried, giving the horse a cut, and pitching his voice higher; "they grasp at all we have. Here families have no chance against them. If a man has any property, he must look out and die unexpectedly, or he will have to leave half to the Jesuits. Look at that palace," pointing to a great block of houses on the right: "that belongs to such an order. Look at that one," pointing to another: "that belongs to such an order. Oh, enough! they swarm by thousands, and they have all employments in their hands or gift, and all good things are gulped up by them."

"By thousands?" I said, quite innocently.

"Yes, I believe, tens of thousands."

"And what do they all do?"

"Do! do! what do they do? Signor, they eat and drink, and that on the shoulders of the poor."

Then came a dark look, that Italian dagger-look which makes one shrink; and, striking the footboard with the butt end of his whip, he said, in a tone I shall not easily forget,

"Signor, this is a state where they that idle eat, and they that labor starve."

Poor fellow! ready made to the hand of an incendiary for any cutthroat work! I tried to tell him how they must not charge all this on religion; how holy and beautiful was the Church as Christ instituted it, and as His apostles left it; how well it was described in the *Vangelo*, the Gospel-book; and how equal rights and civil order flourished in countries where that book was in the homes of the poor, and inspired the laws of the ruler. I tried to cool his wrath by saying that among the priests were many good ones, which he admitted at once; and, above all, told him how they and we alike, each with his own faults on his head, might find mercy at the throne of grace. He seemed to think me rather milk and water for not hating the priests more.

That evening I had the opportunity of talking over matters with men of a very different stamp. Referring to one of the coachman's points, I said, "It can not be true that the priests generally will take advantage of a dying man to divert their property from his rightful heirs."

"True!" exclaimed one; "of course it is true."

"One finds it hard to believe that men would so desecrate a death-bed, and pervert their own official influence. In individual cases, of course, we know it is done—but generally?"

"Those doubts are fine! they are thoroughly English! *You* find it hard to believe in such villainy; *we*

find it hard to believe in honest men, especially if they have any garb of religion. No, signor, no! families have no chance here. Old, princely families, allied to the court, whom it suits it to keep up, yes; but ordinary families, no. If a man has made any money, the Jesuits, by some means, will secure the half. Suppose he has made it in business, they get at him perhaps thus: 'You can not have gained all this without wronging many, knowingly or unknowingly. If you die without making restitution, your soul will be lost. To find out all the individuals from whom you have unjustly gained would be impossible; therefore your only way of making restitution is by leaving it to the Church!' If that fails, they will find out another plan."

The question as to acts of violence coming under discussion, I found that the chief difference between the reports of cultivated men and those of the rough and poor lay in the tone in which they were made. Some of the statements in M. About's book as to the indulgence shown to assassins are so revolting to our minds as to produce scarcely any other effect than disgust with the writer. But at Piacenza first, among the rough but intelligent men of business in the dining-room, tales respecting papal rule, gushing hot from living lips, and received without a hint of improbability by a large circle of Italians, made me feel that the dreadful fact of an administration which played lightly with human life was familiar to those before me. In Bologna this was made more and more manifest. The scraps of talk one had

in crossing the Apennines all ran in the same direction. In Tuscany, where papal rule had not existed, the change in this respect was obvious: "assassination" was a word seldom heard. At Rome, again, the talk of blood seemed as natural as in the Romagna, or nearly so. The difference reminded me of that between Americans from the free and those from the slave states: in the one case you hear of topics common to civilized countries; in the other, a string of animated stories will certainly cause mention of weapons, wounds, and deaths.

Asking an Englishman who knows Rome as we know our own corners of London whether such an idea as About gave was not exaggerated, he said, "I wish I could say it was; but when one has been here so long as I, there is something horrible in the familiarity we acquire with such news as that a few men have come by their death. Before the failure of the wine-crop, it was an ordinary thing on a Sunday night, or that of a great holy day, to hear of ten or eleven men being stabbed in and about the Piazza Barberini alone. Since the wine failed there is less fighting, and consequently fewer assassinations." Still, this was the statement of a foreigner, though of one any thing but disposed to exaggerate. In a beautiful hill district, amid rich vineyards and quaint villages, inquiring from a medical gentleman as to the amount of disease in that apparently healthy spot, he said that there was comparatively little for doctors to do, and much less now since the wine had become scarce; for before that, on every

holy day, they counted on having a few cases of stabbing.

One of the most terrible symptoms is that nothing is said about it. In England our papers teem with accounts respecting a single murder, and it is repeated for months: first, when it occurs; next, when the inquest sits; then, when the Assizes come; and, finally, when the execution takes place, the attention of thirty millions of people is directed to the tragedy. But in the Roman States it is no tragedy; it is an accident. Nothing is said about it. The violent death of half a dozen would cause a sensation only in the neighborhood where it occurred. In a set of prints, bought in any shop in Rome, representing the manners and customs of the people, one of women tearing off each other's hair, and another of men fighting with daggers and muskets, come in as naturally as a shillelah scuffle would in pictures of Ireland.

The connection between the failure of the vine and the decrease of violence is a fact worth noting. The wines of South Italy are fiery, as is the case wherever the grape grows on volcanic soil. When one says fiery, of course it means as compared with wine, not with the strong drinks used in England under the names of "Port" and "Sherry." It would seem that the exciting wines of Rome have the double tendency which may be marked every where in contrast with that of mild wines. The latter do not produce a diseased appetite, and do not urge to acts of violence. In propor-

tion as the strength of drinks increases, so does their tendency to raise a morbid craving; but, so far as I have seen the civilized world, we are the only nation into the social usages of which drinking apart from eating, and as a thing for its own sake, is fairly established at the family table. True, the after-dinner hour is now a very different institution from what it once was; but it continues an hour for Englishmen to devote to wine, after having taken enough with dinner, which when other people do, they are satisfied. One cause is the different strength of the potations: a light wine taken with food excites no thirst for more; a strong drink likes to be taken, for its own sake.

On Good Friday I expected to find all Rome delivered up to a holy and solemn day; but shops were open, flower-stalls in bloom—and what flower-stalls!—offices busy, studios occupied, wagons rolling, markets full of picturesque groups, chaffing with a will, and the pork-butchers in great activity, preparing for the coming tide of custom when the embargo of Lent comes off. At breakfast a beefsteak appeared on the table quite naturally, as if it was offering no defiance to such great powers as Pope or cardinal, and at the *table d'hôte* no man could have told it was Good Friday any where, especially in Rome. Meats of all kinds were served comfortably, and either all present were Protestants, or acted as if they were.

The only ceremony of the day to which one need re-

fer is that of *Tenebræ*, or "the Shades," as celebrated on Good Friday evening at St. Peter's. It is not in the great church, but in a side chapel, closed up to the time of beginning.

We expected a multitude. A few dozen people were about, some closing round the gate of the chapel, and others sauntering in the church. Before the service began they had increased to a few dozen more. There was a great rush for a small number, and then it proved that the seats were few.

Before the altar was a kind of candelabrum, with a triangular form, set round with candles the color of palm oil, fifteen in number, and one standing on the apex. There were a couple of score of canons, minor and major, with at least one cardinal. A priest (I do not like to call him master of the ceremonies, but I find that term used by Monsignor Baggs, in his book on Holy Week) waited by the lectern. Now the Chapter sang in chorus; now the choir came in; and of all music I have heard, nothing ever left such an impression of a vocal prodigy on my mind as the soprano of one man among the singers. It was a quality of voice which filled one with amazement, and every additional note but increased the eagerness to listen. Now and then the canons came to the lectern with great pomp of approach and return. As it came to the turn of each, the master of the ceremonies approached the side on which the next reader sat, and made a profound bow. The canon left his seat, walked to the lectern, followed by

the waiting-man, who lent him his hand to help him to bow his knee, and altogether waited on him as if he were a lady or an invalid. The short Psalm was intoned, and sometimes one could catch a word, but very rarely. The great man and little man bowed to one another; then the great man walked to his seat, and the little followed to the edge of the canons' benches, where he waited till the great man had reached his place, when he bowed, and was bowed to again. If I had counted the bows, and the times this was repeated, my readers would hardly believe me. Some of the canons, while before the book, and fresh from bowing to the altar, spat upon the marble floor as comfortably as a member of the "House" would do in Washington. Some of them would draw out a thick cotton pocket-handkerchief, of strong colors, and, rolling it up into the shape of a mower's whetstone, would draw it from end to end across the upper lip, and then draw it back again.

After each Psalm a candle was extinguished, and thus the original fifteen grew less and less. When only the topmost remained, it was carried behind the altar, and hidden there for a while, and then brought out burning. To uninitiated people, one disadvantage of teaching by pantomime is that they see things which do not explain themselves, much less any thing else, whereas teaching by language at least aims at doing both.

What is all this bowing, marching, and quenching of brownish-yellow candles about? Here is the answer furnished by Monsignor Baggs:

“Lamps and candelabra were presented to the sanctuary by the faithful during the first ages of persecution; and in more tranquil times to the basilicas by Constantine and others who erected or dedicated them. They were lighted, as St. Jerome observes, in the daytime, ‘not to drive away darkness, but as a sign of joy;’ and therefore the custom of gradually extinguishing them at the office of *Tenebræ* we may justly consider with Amalarius as a sign of mourning, or of the sympathy of the Church with her divine and suffering Spouse. The precise number of lights is determined by that of the psalms, which is the same as at ordinary matins of three nocturns.

“The custom of concealing behind the altar during the last part of the office the last and most elevated candle, and of bringing it forward burning at the end of the service, is a manifest allusion to the death and resurrection of Christ, whose light, as Micrologus observes, is represented by our burning tapers. ‘I am the light of the world.’ (John viii., 12.) In the same manner, the other candles extinguished one after another may represent the prophets successively put to death before their divine Lord; and if we consider that the Psalms of the *Old Testament* are recited at the time, this explanation may appear more satisfactory than others, which would refer them to the blessed Virgin, the apostles, and disciples of Christ. In the triangular form of the candlestick is contained an evident allusion to the B. Trinity. This candlestick is mentioned in a

MS. Ordo of the seventh century, published by Mabillon.”*

Another writer, with a name English people are fond of, Mr. C. J. Hemans, gives the following :

“After the extinction of the lights, when the strains of the Penitential Psalm commence, the effect of the architecture of such a temple, only the more salient details being discernible in the shadowy obscurity of the hour, greatly contributes to prepare the mind for solemn and religious impressions. The effect of stupendous vastness is strengthened rather than weakened in this wonderful architecture by the twilight gloom. The deep toll of the bell, which breaks upon the silence after the chanted service has ceased, announcing the exposition from the balcony under the cupola of the three relics (the cross, the lance, and *Volto Santo*), dimly distinguished by the taper light reflected on the gold and crystal they are shrined in, has a startling echo through those majestic aisles ; and the exposition itself forms a remarkably picturesque accessory to the mystic solemnity of the scene.

“At the close of the office of Tenebræ a harsh abrupt noise is made by the assistants, which is said to allude to the convulsion of Nature at the hour the Redeemer expired.”†

A boom of the great bell announces some coming

* “The Ceremonies of the Holy Week at Rome. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Baggs, Bishop of Pella,” p. 43, 44.

† “Lent and the Holy Week in Rome. By C. J. Hemans,” p. 125.

event, and a stir of the people follows. All now turn into the nave. There a procession of dignitaries makes its appearance. The usual hedge of bayonets is planted to keep the way of the Holy Father. He comes, and down fall the poor guards; while the old man's two fingers move, blessing the bent heads and the erect bayonets, and still that smile beams on. I can not believe that it is, as so many of the people say, assumed, and now set in the muscles; for, apart from it, kindness and good-will appear to dwell in the face.

Hush! he to whom they kneel down in God's house has himself found something to kneel to. What is this? At the ceremony yesterday he sat on a throne, had knees bent to him, and incense offered to him; but, from all the eye could see, there was no being in that house so high as he. Doubtless, had any one been able to hear and understand the words said and sung, they would have found allusions to Another and a Higher. But we heard voices, not words; music, not wisdom. The ear was for pleasure, the eye only for lessons; and it reported that the enthroned, incensed one to whom they knelt knew of no Lord and King.

But now he bows down on the church floor, and lo, up start at that sight all the soldiers from their knees! What does this mean? I do not know what Rome intends to teach by it. It is, however, a great lesson to the eye; and it only says, Men kneel to thee; but when thou dost kneel to any higher power, it is for men to look on at the spectacle.

And what is it before which he kneels? A little balcony high up, some thirty yards or so, on the left of the great altar, is marked, in the general gloom now prevailing, by lights, and the robed forms of a few canons. They hold up something in their hands three times in succession. In each case it seems to shine, as if jewels, or glass, or gold reflected the taper light. Are they pictures, caskets, amulets, or framed documents? They may be any or all of these; your eye has no good account to give.

“What are those things the priests are holding up, as if they meant us to look at them?”

“Those, signor, are the most holy relics.”

“And what is the Pope doing?”

“The Holy Father is adoring the most holy relics.”

“And, pray, what may the relics be?”

“There is the most holy cross, the sacred spear, and the most holy visage.”

These are word for word the answers given by my next neighbor.

While the canons were holding up these three objects, the Pope remained kneeling, as also the cardinals and dignitaries behind him; the soldiers stood, and the spectators, except a few here and there.

As to the genuineness of these relics I will say nothing. Any reader may find all Rome can say to support the tradition. The cross and spear (all know the tale) were found by Helen in Jerusalem; and the true cross was distinguished from those of the thieves by its wood

curing a dying woman according to some authorities, a dead man according to others.

The spear was given to Pope Innocent VIII. by Bajazet the Sultan.

As for the visage, it is an imprint of the countenance of Christ, made in the hours of His agony upon a handkerchief wherewith he was then wiped by St. Veronica, whose statue is just under the balcony from which this "most holy" relic is displayed. What Monsignor Baggs says as to the "evidence in favor of the relic" is this:

"As for the *Volto Santo*, or image of our Savior, it was placed in an oratory of the Vatican Basilica by John VII. as long ago as 707, as may be seen in Martinetti, *Dei pregi della Basilica Vat.* Who St. Veronica or Berenice was, who is said to have wiped our Savior's face with the handkerchief, is another question, as Benedict XIV. observes, to whom and to Martinetti I shall content myself with referring. It appears that this ancient likeness of our Savior was afterward kept at St. Spirito; six Roman noblemen had the care of it; and to each of them was confided one of the six keys with which it was locked up. They enjoyed various privileges; and, among others, says an ancient MS. Chronicle quoted by Cancellieri, '*havevano questi sei ogni anno, da Santo Spirito, due vacche in die S. Spiritus le quali se magnavano li con gran festa.*' In 1410 the *Volto Santo* was carried back to St. Peter's, where it has ever since remained."*

* Baggs, p. 88.

And on this evidence we are to fall down upon our knees before a cloth! On such grounds the whole pomp of Rome is brought out to teach the world to worship relics! Things in India are sometimes obscene and coarse, and in those respects not to be compared with any thing that even Rome ventures to graft on Christianity; but as an elaborate attempt, on the part of the great, to teach superstition to the low, this ceremony of "adoring the major relics" seemed to surpass all I had ever seen.

Four men, who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote His life, but left no hint of his height, complexion, features, or any one point that could help the mind to a personal image. Others wrote long Epistles, of which he was the Alpha and Omega; but His form is as much kept out of view as the body of Moses, hidden by the Almighty in an undiscovered grave. The Christian tombs and relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the Divine rested upon the early Church to permit of any attempt to paint the human, as it appeared in Him.

That evening the long-talked-of excommunication was put into my hands. It had been posted up in the public places at Rome, notably on the doors of the Lateran Basilica, famous for many such an act. It was now printed in a pamphlet form for the benefit of the public. It read much more like a political manifesto than an act

of a high-priest ; and the mixture of Divine and political subjects, of earthly designs and heavenly claims, is, to minds trained as ours, almost incomprehensible. It not only pronounces the sentence of the greater excommunication, which is an entire cutting off from the communion of Christ's body, and, in the view of Rome, spiritually the same thing as a sentence of outlawry is civilly, with this one exception, that the person may repent ; but, in addition to this, it lays the excommunicated persons under *all the penalties* of the canon law ; and no wonder that the "*Opinione*" of Turin should ask, "What would you say of a judge who, after having condemned eleven millions of Italians at a stroke to the loss of all civil and political rights, that is, to civil death, should then declare them subject to all the other penalties of the criminal code ? There would be nothing for it but to hang him offhand. It is evident, then, that beyond the excommunication, which, in the opinion of Rome, brings spiritual death, nothing remains but the penalty of the stake—a penalty, in fact, sanctioned in the canons of the Inquisition against those who, within a year after the date of the excommunication, shall not give sign of perfect repentance. To this capital execution, in the technology of the holy Inquisition, the name of *auto da fé* is given ; and while the rebels are burning and roasting, the Dominican fathers should be devoutly present, reciting the most holy rosary."* And yet some amiable members of our House of Commons had the

* *L' Opinione*, April 19th, 1860.

hardihood to say, in the presence of the British public, that the excommunication is not a curse! The laying on of all the penalties ever devised by Rome against the souls and bodies of men, no curse! Seeing me examining this document, a Roman gentleman asked,

“What, have you got that?”

“Yes; have you not seen it?”

“No.”

“How is that?”

“I did not know that it was separately printed, and I have only seen it posted at the public places. Of course I would not venture to read it there, because I know very well it would not be possible to do so without having the eyes of two or three spies upon me; and, while reading it, I might lift my brows, or pout my lips, or say ‘Pshaw!’ or I might even forget myself so far as to exclaim, ‘That is a lie!’ and then, poor me!” I happened, at that moment, to be reading the part of the document in which complaint was made against the Sardinian government for taking away the Romagna by bribery and intimidation, representing the majority of the people as happy subjects of a beloved sovereign. “Oh, what lies!” said the Roman, “what lies!”

“You don’t venture to say so?”

“Say so? of course I do. Those things are not written for us; they are written for people far away.”

A day or two after, in a railway carriage coming from Frascati, a young priest had this document in his hand. A layman saw it, and begged for one look. He handed

it back in silence. Another layman beside the priest put some questions, and he began to declaim against those who had robbed the Church. After a while I ventured to say, "May a foreigner ask you what is meant by 'the greater excommunication?'"

"Oh," he said, "that means that no one in the world has authority to take it off but the Pope himself, or to restore the excommunicate persons to the Church; and also, under the minor excommunication, a person is not forbidden intercourse with other Christians, whereas under the major he is."

"Then he is entirely outside the kingdom of grace?"

"Just so."

"And if he die in that state?"

"Ah!"

"Against how many people is this directed?"

"Against all who have had any hand, act, or part in robbing the Church or encouraging the robbery."

"All those are to be excluded from every office of the Church?"

"Certainly."

"Then, of course, the churches all over the Romagna and Piedmont will be closed?"

"Well, you see no individual is named."

"Oh, they are all meant, but nobody named; and how then will it be applied?"

"Every one whose conscience tells him that he has had a part in the matter will apply it to himself. It is more a matter of conscience."

By this time he was getting rather weary, and I said, "You will pardon me for asking; but you know that we are not much accustomed to public cursing." The laymen had been listening with intense curiosity, and now one of them struck in.

"You are from England?"

"Yes."

"A Catholic?"

"Yes."

At this he looked disappointed. I said, "I am a Catholic, but not a Roman;" and then gave him my views of the difference between the two.

"But," said the priest, "it is impossible to be a Catholic without being a Roman. St. Peter founded the Roman Church, and his successors are Peter, and apart from Peter there can be no union with the Church. 'Strengthen thy brethren,' were our Lord's words to him. He was the prince of the apostles and the head of the Church in his life; his successors continued to be so, and there is but the one holy Roman Catholic apostolic Church."

"St. Peter founded the Church of Rome? Where have we the account of that?"

"In the New Testament."

"In what book?"

"The Acts of the Apostles."

"I do not remember that. I do remember that St. Paul is mentioned as having come to Rome."

"Oh yes, St. Paul too—they were joint founders of the Church in Rome."

"But are you sure that the account of St. Peter having come to Rome and founded the Church here is in the Acts of the Apostles?"

"Certainly."

"I rather think not."

"Of course it is," getting rather warm.

"Have you a New Testament about you?"

"No," he said.

"Well, permit me to say that in the New Testament there is not one single word on the subject of St. Peter ever having been at Rome; that in the Acts of the Apostles no hint is given of any thing of the kind."

"Oh, perhaps not," he said, evidently feeling that my tones were those of one who knew what he said; "but the Almighty has not thought it necessary to put every thing into the Scriptures."

The look given by the laymen at this passage made me begin to fear for the forbearance of my friend; but he at once put on a high tone, and gave me a real lecture on the value and glory of belonging to the true Church. There was such a decided air of authority, that all I ventured to say at the close was, "Well, I believe in the Christian faith—in the old faith of the early Church. The New Testament gives you my faith; and, so far as human words can express it, it is very well set forth in the Apostles' Creed."

Here he kindled anew. "But," he said, "God does not allow every one to draw his faith out of the Scriptures for himself. He has provided otherwise than

that. He has given the authority to Peter, when he said to him, 'Strengthen thy brethren;' and Peter, upon whom has devolved this authority, must execute it to all time. 'Strengthen thy brethren.'" And he went on to argue, as if this comforting word to poor Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren," was a charter for him to take, for all time, the body, soul, and spirit of every Christian, and rule them at his will.

"Yes," he said; "I, as an individual, am not to follow my own views, but I am to go to Peter. Peter will tell me what is the mind of the Lord; Peter will guide me aright; and if I have done this, then I have acquitted my own responsibility, and I can not be lost; for I can say to the Almighty, 'I have used the means appointed by Thyself for my salvation.'" The man talked as if he thought his words ought to make some impression.

I simply replied to all this, "That is not my faith. There is not a word of it in the Christian Scriptures, nor in the early ages of Christianity. Those claims absolutely to rule the souls of men, as the representatives of God upon earth, were never known or made in the early ages of the Church, nor for centuries after the days of the apostles. Peter never avowed himself ready to answer for the soul of another; he pointed all to his Lord and Master. Nor did Paul or any apostle ever act otherwise."

At this he fired a good deal, went off into a long dis-

course upon the Church's purity and goodness, and said that to him the very hatred and opposition now shown to her, especially by Catholics themselves, was one of the strongest proofs; and that the persecutions which were now raised against her, and the robberies committed upon her, were all manifestations of her Divine origin; that the Church had suffered much from fire and blood, but had always triumphed in the midst of it, and she would again.

To hear a Roman priest on the soil of Rome talk of the Church in connection with fire and blood, especially in the tone of this young man, made one feel cold. He evidently meant me to understand that I was not to go much farther; and I said very quietly, "Well, my faith is fairly represented in your own remains from the catacombs of Rome. So far as they belong to the three earliest centuries, those old tombs and monuments of the first Christians express in the main my faith." Here he got positively angry, and it was plain that I must not proceed; but there was something in the expression with which our two neighbors followed the conversation that was puzzling to an English eye. Whenever the face of the priest was turned away, they looked at me with the most lively encouragement, as much as to say, "Go on, go on;" whenever his eye came back toward them, the countenances were as still as if they had neither a thought nor a feeling inside of them.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, on entering St.

Peter's, we found a considerable number of persons already assembled. Near the great altar is one curious black statue, said by some to be an old Roman image of Jupiter; but, whatever its origin, now representing St. Peter. You see a peasant, in blue jacket and red waistcoat, going reverently up, and kissing the black stone toe; then his wife, in her red petticoat, tight bodice, and picturesque head-dress, bowing down and kissing the toe; and then a decent townswoman bringing up her little boy, and making him kiss the toe of the image; and then a respectable-looking foreigner, apparently a Belgian, with his wife, going up as if he meant to perform this act of devotion, but, when he reached the statue, stopping and looking on. Then you see two old ladies in elegant black dresses, without any bonnet, as the ladies are required to come on those great occasions, and they kiss the toe; but it is very rare to see persons of this condition do so.

In India you will see viler images and more abject prostration, but not more direct and open image-worship. There is not even a shade of distinction between the idolatry of the one people and the other. A Hindoo, according to his own theories, no more worships wood and stone than a Romanist. On one theory every thing is the supreme God, and therefore he may select what object he will for adoration; on another, by virtue of consecration, the divinity dwells in the image, and it is that which he worships, and not the material. There seems to be no trace any where of nations who did not

set up this distinction, to save them from the disgrace of worshipping their own handiwork; but no distinctions alter the fact that they make the image, bow down before it, go to it for help, treat it as if it were a being and a God. This is the true idolatry, against which the Old Testament is one continual controversy, and the New a glorious counter-institution.

Within a few yards of this scene is a temporary platform, erected and closed in for the ladies. It is already full. We find a little reserved box, but are refused admission. A nice old Frenchman whispers to me, "Just slip the man something, and he'll let the ladies in." They had no sooner taken their seats than an Italian lady came up, and said very indignantly, "That's the way; you let those in that will pay."

With perfect ease and politeness, "Oh, signora," he said, "those ladies have come in by the order of an archbishop;" and the old Frenchman, giving a cunning look, said, "Oh, that's the way at all these festivals."

Selecting a place close by the high altar, I wait. The crowd gradually increases, or rather the church gradually fills up, for even at the last it is not crowded. Close about me nearly all are foreigners. Two English clergymen are holding an earnest discussion upon the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Among the others, Antonelli is rather a favorite topic of discourse; but several friars coming in interfere with the freedom which had been used. Just above the altar, what is called the tribune, or the choir, is partitioned off by a

living rail of soldiers and halberds. Into this holiest place now and then some privileged person in ribbon and stars passes. Up comes a young lieutenant in Highland plume and kilt, who makes for the inclosure, expecting that his uniform will carry him in, but, to the amusement of his compatriots, he is sent back. After a while the whole of the nave is lined with Guards: first the Swiss Guards, in their harlequin dress, red, and yellow, and blue hanging in artistic stripes about them, every man as tall as a Horse Guard; then what are called the Palatine Guards, a body formed from among the citizens, of which one gets two accounts—that of the *Civiltà Cattolica* being that they have been recruited by a wonderful impulse of loyalty on the part of the respectable citizens; the other, which one may hear among the people, that most respectable men have been turned out, and that they have been filled up by persons whom the police have especially selected. At all events, they are beautifully dressed, and make a fine show. Then the Noble Guards appear—that rare corps of eighty men, every one with a title, dressed nearly like our Horse Guards, and in physical appearance worthy to be compared with them. At last the procession comes in, purple and scarlet, and muslin, and embroidered silk, gilded garments, robes of changing red and yellow, golden robes, robes of pure white, of violet, of lemon; white mitres, colored mitres, gilded mitres; stars, ribbons, and plumes; ecclesiastical, courtly, military adornments, flashing steel, clattering mus-

kets; whole files of men down, down upon their knees; then, borne aloft, two great fans of ostrich feathers, with a peacock-feather eye upon the top of each; and then, in the air, the towering tiara, with its three circlets, one for the kingly office, another for the priestly, the third for the union of the priestly, kingly, and imperial. It moves, above helmets, halberds, and plumes, aloft toward the vault of the nave, gliding slowly along; over it a moving canopy of silk, borne on golden staves; under it, that fine old face, smiling the never-ceasing smile, and the old hand holding itself out, and blessing with the two fingers, as if there was some mystic power in the motion, and a moment must not be lost in conferring the benefits of it upon all around. "The portative throne" is a magnificent chair, set upon a litter, such as a high-priest in India may sometimes be seen borne upon by his disciples when he is marching for great religious purposes; and then at last you see, under this moving pageant, eight men, clothed in deep crimson, bearers of the vice-God.

The gliding canopy, the flashing crown, the smiling face, the thrice gorgeous robes, the rich chair, the moving litter, the crimson men, the golden poles, the prostrate helmets and plumes, the flash, flash, flash of steel; the curious, or scrutinizing, or shocked, or half-adoring glance of so many eyes—altogether, it is a wonderful scene. What is meant by the ceremony? "The procession represents the apostles and disciples passing into Galilee to meet the Savior; but with still higher

meaning, the King of Glory proceeding with the assembly of ransomed spirits from Hades into the realms of bliss; and from this procession all others of the different Sundays of the year have their origin.”*

With this key the meaning of the whole scene is opened. They are acting “the King of Glory entering Paradise.” At that moment you see crowns carried immediately before the throne, besides the one upon the head, and then recollect that the books tell you that the crown now worn was presented by the present Queen of Spain. King of glory! Queen of Spain! House of God! Men on their knees! Antonelli! Day of Christ’s resurrection! Roman sbirri! Lamoricière’s first general order issued this holy morning! What ideas! The mind is put beyond the stage of revolting, and carried into that of simple bewilderment.

The Swiss had hard work to push us back sufficiently to make way for the procession between us and the altar; and, when it had passed into the sacred inclosure, there were two thrones, as if one was not enough for the King of Glory; and all we can see now are the fans held high up, telling us that the old man is set upon the ground. As to these fans, Mr. Hemans gives us the following useful information:

“The mystic import attached to them is, that as the eyes of peacock’s feathers are set in the ostrich plumes composing these graceful implements, vigilance as of many eyes is required from the pontiff, that he may

* “Lent and the Holy Week in Rome. By C. J. Hemans,” p. 163.

ever watch for the good of the Catholic commonwealth, and be thus reminded also of how many eyes are fixed upon him, whose actions are scanned by the whole world." How much the Catholic commonwealth is indebted to the peacocks would be a deep point for discussion.

As to the import of the throne, the same gentleman informs us that "in this elevation of the person of the pontiff is implied that the vicar of Christ is the centre to which the eyes of the faithful should turn, as to a beacon-light on high, for their guidance and consolation." King of Glory! Vicar of Christ! Centre for the eyes of the faithful! Light on high for guidance and consolation! And it is an Englishman who writes!

Just before us is the altar—the altar of God; and we see laid upon it the diadems of the sovereign—his crown on the altar, his person on the throne. Now begins the ceremony; and here the marvelous art of government by shows has its sublimest triumph. From one throne to the other throne, changing mitres, changing robes, changing voices, changing postures; now the steps of the throne lined by what looks, in the distance, like ranks of spirits in white, reminding one of that picture of Martin's called the Plains of Heaven. Now you see ranks in red—now they move, and wave, and circle in mystic changes; every possible combination of color, of posture, and grouping, to give at the distance a bewildering and dazzling effect. Now, directly before the throne, stands one as it were an angel

clothed in silver, holding up a book, and the person and the book together serve as a silver veil, so that above you see nothing but the brow and the crown of the "King of Glory." All the skill below the sky could not more perfectly have devised the means of conveying to the looker-on the idea of God upon earth. Those who are used to it chat freely, discussing the music and the men.

The friars have their word about who this one is, and who that one, and so on. But presently the Pope comes to the altar, and there officiates. M. About says that he performs his part in the great ceremonies of the Church ill. He has a hasty walk, but, with that exception, he seemed to be the most impressive man they had to show at Rome. He went through his part of the performance at the altar as if he meant every motion of his hand, every word of his lips. One did believe that the soul of the old man was in it. What was wonderful, you could actually distinguish the words; for nothing is rarer than to be able to catch those of a priest, even when as near him as we now were; and at one point, just about the moment of consecration, when, according to his own belief, he was (as the Friar of Bologna said), by a few divine words, changing the elements of bread and wine into the body, blood, soul, and Divinity of Christ, there was in the fine face of the old man a beam that looked more like happy devotion than any thing I had seen in Rome. The dejected devotion fitting conventual ideas you see upon many

countenances, but this was the only one, except perhaps those of some nuns, where I had marked such an expression as this. At the moment that the Host was elevated, trumpets pealed out somewhere—where one could not tell. Every one gave a different account of the quarter from which the sound came, according to the position they had been in at the time; and this was the only part of the ceremony that did any thing more than make one wonder at the art of priests and the simplicity of crowds. It was pure, soft, silvery music, streaming out from you could not tell where, but filling that vast temple, as if two angels had been whispering in different parts, and others singing behind them. Of course the soldiers knelt at the elevation of the Host, while “the King of Glory” *stood* at the altar. Down they went; the friars beside and behind me went upon their knees too.

Up to this moment I had been in the front rank next to the Guards, but could not bear the idea of standing before a kneeling man, and therefore stepped back behind a friar; for no one else seemed to think of kneeling but the soldiers and the friars; thereby I lost my good position. The Pope goes back from the altar to the throne, seven candelabra being borne before him (this is the language of Mr. Hemans), “mystically bearing reference to the candlesticks amid which appeared the vision of the Son of God to the Evangelist, also to the seven gifts of the Spirit.” Here, again, is an attempt to represent the seven lamps before the throne of “the King of Glory.”

I ought to have mentioned that when the Pope came to the altar, the sacristan had, in his presence, to eat two out of the three wafers that had been prepared, and to drink part of the wine, as a precaution against poison. It was not until after being thus assured that the vicar of Christ proceeded to turn the remaining wafer "into the body, blood, soul, and Divinity of Christ." Mr. Hemans says that this, "though a mere" form, is of immemorial usage at the papal high mass. Then two cardinal deacons took their station at the altar, as we are told by the same authority, to represent the two angels who stood at the sepulchre. After the Pope has gone back to his throne, the Host and the chalice are solemnly carried down from the altar along the floor, then up the steps of the throne. Here is he seated in the temple of God, and up to him is carried all that is called God—he above, it below; his crown at this moment upon the altar, his enthroned person higher than the sacrament. While others kneel and prostrate themselves to receive it, it is handed to him seated upon his throne. Seated, he takes the Host; seated, the chalice from men upon their knees; but he does not disturb his robe to take the cup in his hands. A golden tube is in it, and through this he sucks a little of the wine. Consecrated particles are presented to him by kneeling men, and he distributes them from that throne to the angels in white, and red, and gold, and purple, and embroidery, and they again to those who are kneeling around him. After this

pontiff again puts on the triple crown, again seats himself on the portative throne, and the chief priest of St. Peter's presents him with a purse of white velvet, containing the fee for saying mass.

When the deacon cardinals were at the altar, one stood for a considerable time on our side—a tall, smooth, well-looking man. The whisper went round every where, “Antonelli, Antonelli!” He performed his part of the ceremony with more grace and propriety than many of the priests, but without any of the apparent interest the old Pope seemed to take in it. He had in his appearance none of the qualities which his reputation would lead one to expect; neither ferocity nor grossness, nor the marks upon his countenance of those struggles with conscience through which men go in a long course of heavy misdoing. There he stood, looking down from the altar, apparently pleased with it, the soldiers, himself, the ladies, and all the world. He might not have any body suspecting, or hating, or dreading him; he rather gave you the impression of one of those smooth, clear-headed, strong, narrow men, just made to ruin governments by force of the ability they have to push on their own narrow way until they knock against a wall. In fact, from the peculiar kind of complacency that seemed hardly to smile on his countenance, but rather to underlie it, one could imagine that he took pleasure, as some of those narrow men do, in the idea of being unpopular, taking it as a tribute to their greatness; whereas personal unpopularity is gen-

erally the effect of personal faults, though unpopularity for measures may be simply the result of being ahead of your day. It was hard to look on that countenance, and think he was so bad a man as the public voice represents him. One has strong faith in conscience; and how any one occupying such a place as he does could commit all the immoralities, peculations, tyrannies, and betrayals of faith which are laid to his door, without his countenance bearing marks of internal struggles, was very hard to imagine. Naming this to a gentleman occupying a place under the government, I made him laugh. "Conscience!" he said; "what conscience could you expect Antonelli to have to struggle with? Do you not know who he was?"

"Oh! it can not be true that he is the nephew of Gasparoni?" the Dick Turpin of Italy.

"No, I do not say he was a nephew of his, but he was a relative. You know very well he belonged to a brigand family at Sonnino; and what trouble you are to expect a man brought up as a brigand, and then trained as a priest, to have with conscience, I do not know."

"But it can not be true that he has played false with the public money in the way the people say."

"Where did the money come from?" he replies. "All the world knows what the Antonelli family were. They were brigands. What are they now? There are four brothers: the first is the man we are talking of, in whose hands are all the resources of the state; the sec-

ond is governor of the bank; the third fattens upon monopolies and taxes; and what is the fourth? The Stock Exchange agent for the other three. He is to be found in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and so on; and in all these places the investments of the Antonelli family are something fabulous. We know that all that is our money."

Presently the great procession is formed again. Down it comes from the choir, sweeping past the altar—soldiers, priests, bishops, mitred abbots, cardinals, senators, ambassadors, officials of all sorts, going forward, with crowns, and candles, and crosses, and the uplifted throne, and the moving canopy—until at last, in the middle of the nave, it suddenly stands. The old man is let down, and goes upon his knees, and immediately the kneeling ranks stand up with a clatter of arms. His face is directed upward as if in adoration; and yet he appears to be looking at some object. Following the line of his eye, you see a few canons in white up on the little balcony, where the relics are kept, reminding one of Brahmins in white robes up on the top of a car in India; and they are holding up the same undiscernible something we described before—the relics. And the ambassadors of all the Catholic powers, and some Protestant ones, and all this multitude, and this mighty array of armed men, are gathered here to see this poor old man set the world the example of adoring relics. While in this act he had laid off the tiara, which is again put on, bringing with it the recollection of the Queen of

Spain and Antonelli: these not holy ideas every now and then cross the mind; and as the name of one prelate after another is whispered, stories that you have heard—such stories as might be gathered up in Windsor about the court of George the Fourth, put together with some from Cairo about the doings of the pashas—come and go, in spite of one's efforts to keep them out. For let it be said, once for all, that when Romans begin to tell stories about the private life of the Vatican, you had better shut your ears. Accounts of cruelty may be repeated in England without doing any harm, but impurity leaves a soil every where.

Again the throne is up and the procession formed, and, according to usage, the Pope ought to have gone up to the balcony in front of the Cathedral, from it to deliver his benediction. To fulfill the ideal of this ceremony, the great space, with its colonnades and fountains, the Vatican on one side and the Basilica in front, ought to be crowded with people; the sun shining, the Pope upon the balcony resplendent in all the glories of his court; and then that wonderful voice of his, sounding out to the extreme length of the place in sweet and solemn tones, should pronounce the words of the Benediction. But on this occasion it was not so. The weather had set in gloomy in the morning, and now the rain was pouring down, as it does in Rome, with half-tropical hurry. There could be no out-of-door Benediction that day; so we were surprised all at once, when the procession appeared to be on the point of going

away, to find it stop just before where the ladies had got into the private box, and where we then all happened to be. Seated aloft, with the book held up to him, the old man, with the finest grace, with commanding and pleasing notes, intoned so that every child in the Church might have heard him, lifting up his hands: "May the holy apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord. Amen! Through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary ever Virgin, and the blessed Michael the Archangel, and the blessed John the Baptist, and the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and all saints, may the omnipotent God have mercy upon you! May all your sins be remitted. May Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life. Amen! Indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins, space for true and fruitful repentance, hearts ever contrite, and amendment of life, may the omnipotent and merciful God afford you. Amen! And may the blessing of the omnipotent God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you, and remain with you ever. Amen!" It was only the last sentence that was pronounced standing; all the rest came from the potentate seated upon the throne. But as he was pronouncing the word "blessing," he rose, made the sign of the cross upon the front, then on the one side, then on the other, over the people; at the word "descend" stretching out his arms to heaven; and then folding them over his breast with feeling, grace, and powerful impression. Each motion is regularly prescribed, and to be found in the books.

The ceremony was over, and that which the Romans looked to as the best part of it was not to come. The rain had stopped the illumination; there was to be no glory on St. Peter's that night, none of the usual splendid display of fire-works in the beautiful gardens of the Pincian Hill—as fine a promenade as any one need wish for, with full views of existing, and endless recollections of ancient Rome. The programme of the day had included Lamoricière's General Order, the ceremonies of the Church, the out-door Benediction, and the fire-works: the two last items failed.

On my return to Florence I happened again to sit at table next to a Roman alluded to in the chapter on that city, who appeared to have entirely recovered his spirits, and to be full of hope, taking great heart from the doings of that Easter Sunday. General Lamoricière, appointed in the Pope's name to train foreigners to kill Italians, had called the patriots "Mussulmen." Thus, as he thought, the Pope had committed a final blunder; the general had made a "buffoon" of himself; and the conscience of every honest man in the country was engaged against them both. Then, he said, "The weather turned revolutionist, and drowned the blessing from the balcony and the illuminations altogether."

As we left in the midst of a pouring rain, taking a last look on that Basilica, the feelings were as solemn as the weather was dull. And this is the great temple of the Romish Church, and we have been witnessing to-day her highest model of Christian worship! Except the

words of the Benediction, there has not been one syllable for eye to read or ear to hear conveying sense to a human mind; and even they were in a dead language. It is a Christian temple, yet it is full of images; men are bowing down to them, and saying prayers before them, and kissing them. It is a Christian temple, and yet no word either of the law of God or of the Gospel of Christ can be read among its innumerable inscriptions in the language of the people. A Christian temple, and yet never does human voice within it read, so as to reach the understanding, one word that Christ said or an apostle wrote. It is a Christian temple, and yet in it one shows himself for the kneeling worship of his fellow-man, receiving honors that earthly kings do not claim, receiving them in God's house, and before what is called God's altar: when he kneels, men stand up; when he rises, men kneel down. Words ring in one's ear, foretelling that falling away, and the coming of that strange power, "the man of sin," one of whose characteristics was this, that he should "exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." The very words of this passage seemed burned into the heart by the proceedings of that morning. He does not *say* that he is God, but as God sits in the temple; and, without saying that he is God, "shows himself that he is." Image-worship is bad, and its effects upon the human mind are always debasing, as the history of every heathen and every relapsed Chris-

tian nation proves ; but there is something in this man-worship more directly degrading and demoralizing. Some sophism by which you adore an invisible being through an image may keep a mind tolerably free from a sense of direct degradation ; but falling down upon the knees in multitudes before a man in the house of God is such an outrage at once upon all the feelings of humanity, and all the theory, not to say the practice, of the religion of the Bible, that religion and manliness go down together, and the whole nature falls into the position of a servile instrument of whatever may come from the lips of the vice-God ; and this is done under the profession of being vicar of Christ, and representing the King of Glory.

When He who was indeed the Lord of Glory dwelt here among us in a human frame, men did behold His glory, but it was another than this ; it was the glory full of grace and truth ; and so careful was he not to connect any manifestations of Divine majesty with the human form, that on the only occasion when he did permit a supernatural manifestation to transfigure the marred and humble face that is never described to us, He placed Himself in careful seclusion, with only three chosen witnesses to look upon Him. And when for one single hour he did accept kingly human honors, He took care that a humble steed and a meek bearing should be His protest beforehand against all pomp in His name, and against all man-worship, under any and every circumstance. After witnessing a scene like that,

one can no longer be angry at popery or rail at Rome. The departure from even the very theories of the Bible is too complete. The assumption to represent and even to personate the Godhead is too unblushing; the superstition too low; the claim to entire command of men's principles and souls, of their moral selves and being, is too dreadful to permit of irritation. The feeling is awe—deep awe and horror. You feel face to face with a destroying power. Those courts and chambers around you whisper of stories that would make you shudder even in Benares or Constantinople. The tracts which encircle the city mourn under the sorrows of desolation and oppression joined together, and seem written over with the woes denounced by the old prophets against apostate lands.

Chapter xv.

PAPAL GOVERNMENT IN ROME DURING THE
TEN YEARS OF RESTORATION AS
SHOWN BY THE OFFICIAL
DOCUMENTS.



THE first act of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as a man was to appear in arms, a rebel against the government of the Pope; his first as a ruler was to turn the arms of France against those who had succeeded in overthrowing it.

When General Oudinot entered Rome at the head of his victorious troops, the people, beaten, but not cowed, surrounded him, crying, "Italy forever! Liberty forever! Down with the temporal power!" Touched with a soldier's generosity, he displayed his interest particularly in the officers of the Roman army, who crowded to demand their passports, that they might become voluntary exiles while yet there was time. He begged them to stay, saying that the army would be maintained; and especially urged this on General Bartolucci, who had held the chief command of the cavalry during the siege, saying, "Why should you refuse to serve a government which, even if it be that of the Pope, will still be both Italian and Constitutional?" "General," replied Bartolucci, "I have had too sorrowful proofs in prisons of what the clerical government is to venture on another. The day will come, perhaps,

when you will call to mind these words, and it is not far off. I beg you to give me my passport."

Five days after he had entered Rome, General Oudinot, in the faith of an honest man, representing a great, and, at that moment, triumphant nation, published an important decree, signed with his own name. Its first article dissolved the existing National Guard, to please the restored government; the second article re-established the National Guard upon its ancient principles, thus giving back to the citizens a material guarantee of their liberties. The general found that the first article was immediately executed; as to the second, obstacles were interposed which even he was unable to overcome. Thus Rome had the double satisfaction of breaking its own faith, and forcing a great nation, to which it owed its restoration, to appear as its accomplice in the act.

The spirit in which the clerical authorities peeped from behind their hedge of French bayonets was first indicated in this act, and it is fully expressed in the following circular, to be found in the second volume of the "Documents," p. 649, 650. The Criminal and Civil Court of Fuligno, on April 27th, 1849, delivered a judgment, in which it records how commissioners visited a convent, found the brother Philip Rossi, Abbot, and Vicar of the Inquisition, who told them that he had known that they were coming for three days, and had taken care to destroy the documents belonging to the Holy Office, and others besides. The tone in which he

did this roused suspicion; he was searched, and, among other documents, the following was found upon him:

“CIRCULAR N. 167. R. P. ALPHA +.

“BELOVED BRETHREN,—The God of mercies, before giving His faithful people the glory of Paradise, loves that they should gain the palm of martyrdom. Calamitous vicissitudes, which press upon humanity and religion, demand that you, beloved brethren, should use all the means which are in your power to reconquer all our violated rights, and to destroy the machinations of our enemies. The Liberals, the Jacobites, the Carbonari, the Republicans, are only synonymous terms. They wish to destroy religion and all its ministers; we, on the other hand, must destroy—even to the very ashes of their race. Go on in your zeal, training the friars in your neighborhood, and the country people, as you have always done in time past; tell them that, at the sound of the church bells, they must not be wanting at the holy muster, where every one of us must without pity plunge his weapons into the bosoms of the profaners of our most holy religion. Think upon the vows which arise from us to the Almighty: they are to destroy, to the last man, our enemies, not excepting infants, to prevent the vengeance which these would one day exercise upon our disciples. Then, in fine, see to it, that when we shall send out the cry for reaction, every one of you shall fearlessly imitate us.

“ALPHA + P. C. R., Gaeta, February 15th.”

This document indicates the spirit infused into the working clergy. So soon as the French government became aware how dark were the prospects for the country on which they had forced His Holiness, the President of the Republic interposed in that famous letter to Edgar Ney, which served as a public protest, that France could only be the minister of civilized and rational government. The manner in which this was met will sufficiently appear from the following letter of Cardinal Antonelli to the governors of the provinces, in which he coolly sets aside every intimation conveyed in the president's document, and even says that the French authorities in Rome themselves regard it with disfavor.

“MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND REVEREND SIR,

“A LETTER which assumes to be written by the President of the French Republic to Lieutenant Colonel Ney in Rome has given increased audacity to the band of libertines, the sworn enemies of the pontifical government; and rumors are every where spread about that it is intended to impose burdensome conditions on the Holy See. The anarchical party, in consequence of these expectations, displays an insulting attitude, as it believes and hopes to recover itself from the discomfiture it has undergone. But this letter HAS NOT ANY OFFICIAL CHARACTER, being merely the product of a private correspondence. I will add, also, that even by the French authorities in Rome it is viewed with displeasure.

“The Holy Father is seriously occupying himself about giving to his subjects such reforms as he believes useful to their true and solid good; nor has any power imposed laws upon him in reference to this, he aiming to attain so important an end without betraying the duties of his own conscience.

“Profit by this intimation to contradict the falsehood promulgated to the prejudice of public order, and satisfy every one that it is the interest of all the powers to sustain the liberty and independence of the supreme pontiff for the peace of Europe.

“With sentiments of distinguished esteem, I subscribe myself, most reverend and illustrious sir, your most affectionate servant,

“G. CARDINAL ANTONELLI.*

“Portici, September 8th, 1849.”

Now came the great question for the Romans—whether or not the Constitution which the Pope had granted them in 1848 would be abolished. Suspicions that it would were generally entertained; but up to the day of the battle of Novara, the documents issued by the exiled prince uniformly appealed to the Constitution itself as an existing pact between him and the people. In that solemn instrument, the Pope had described the new representative institutions as the re-establishment of an old right of the Roman people. “In ancient times, our boroughs (*comuni*) had the priv-

* “Documents,” vol. i., p. liv.

ilege of self-government, under laws selected by themselves, with the sanction of the sovereign. The character of modern civilization would not permit that the same form of government should be renewed, because, through the diversity of laws and usages, different municipalities were completely estranged one from another; but we are now about to confide this prerogative to two councils of trusty and patriotic citizens, one of which shall be nominated by us, the other returned from every part of the state by a fitting form of election."

Notwithstanding this appeal to the antiquity of the rights embodied in the new Constitution, it might be said that the Pope conceded it under pressure of fear. None, however, will deny that, during the time he staid in the Neapolitan States, he was a perfectly free agent, and every public document he issued a spontaneous act. On the 7th of December (1848) he put forth a proclamation formally dissolving the two chambers. In this he appeals to the Constitution, calling it "the fundamental statute;" citing the fourteenth article as the law of the realm, in virtue of which he issues the decree. He then prorogues the two chambers, saying that he reserves to himself the right to determine "the day when they shall be convoked anew." On the 13th of December of the same year, Cardinal Antonelli issued a circular to the ambassadors at the papal court, in which he informs them that, at the date above mentioned, the Holy Father had thought it well to issue a decree pro-

roguing the houses, according to the terms of "the fundamental statute."

On the 18th of February, 1849, Cardinal Antonelli addresses to foreign courts a note, in which he refers to the gracious acts whereby the pontiff had entitled himself to the love and gratitude of his people. "The Holiness of our Lord in the first days of his pontificate had no other aim than to show beneficence to his subjects, providing, in every respect, for their highest good, according to the exigencies of the times." In fact, after having pronounced the words of pardon to those who, for political crimes, were then exiled or lay in prisons, after having instituted the Council of State and the Council of Ministers, and accorded, from the imperious force of circumstances, the institution of the Civic Guard, a new law for a decent liberty of the press, and, in fine, "the fundamental statute for the States of the Church, he had surely a right to that gratitude which subjects owe to a prince who regards them as his children, and was promising them a reign of love!

His Holiness had appointed a commission during his absence, who posted upon the walls of the palace at Castel Gondolfo a formal protest against the things that had been done and were doing in Rome; and among their causes of complaint they allege "the arbitrary dissolution of the representative houses." Finally, the Pope himself, in a secret Consistory held in Gaeta on the 20th of April, when the French were just about laying siege to Rome, delivered an "allocution," in

which he appeals to those "largesses which were by us voluntarily and spontaneously conceded in the first days of our pontificate," complaining that they had produced no fruit of loyalty in his people ; and he used this language : "Every one of you well knows how a constitutional form of government was introduced into Italy, and how, on the 14th day of March, in the last year, came into light the statute conceded by us to our subjects. But as the implacable enemies of order and public repose aim on all occasions but to use their efforts against the pontifical government, and incessantly to agitate the people with uneasiness and suspicions, by means of the press, of clubs, of committees, and of other artifices, they never wearied of factiously calumniating the government, although it was using all solicitude and zeal that the statute so much desired should be published with the greatest possible dispatch."*

There remained, therefore, no question, first, that the Pope avowed the Constitution to have been his own voluntary act ; and, secondly, that so long as his power to force himself back upon his people remained in doubt, he constantly appealed to it as the fundamental pact existing between him and them.

Up to that time the people had faith in his probity ; and, however much they suspected those around him, thought Pio Nono incapable of deliberately perjuring himself to his subjects. Still the impression began to gain ground that the Constitution would be annulled.

* See "Documents," vol. i., p. 1, *et seq.*

• To the credit of the Marquesses Bevilacqua and Ricci, two of the Pope's high officers, they had delivered their solemn protest against his long stay away from his own states, saying that his enemies used it to draw inferences—though unjustly—of different political principles from those he publicly professed. They pointed out how useful it would be that the word of the sovereign should assure the doubtful against “the malignant insinuations that there may be a tendency in the councils of the prince to take away the liberties of the Constitution, and to deviate from the system of benignity which was and is the glory of the reigning pontiff,” as also the great importance that government should, in its institutions, “and in every act, observe not only the essence, but the forms of constitutional government.”

All this proved futile; other counsels prevailed; and at last, on the 12th of September, 1849, appeared that celebrated *motu proprio*, by which the Constitution was brushed aside as if it had been the dust deposited by the wind of revolution, and the court of Rome re-established itself on the double basis of foreign bayonets and broken faith. The documents from which these facts are drawn will be found in vol. i., p. 1-47.

Then sounded out a word which has often been one of healing to a fevered country, but which, since the day that it fell from the lips of Pio Nono, has ever been the bitterest word his subjects could pronounce; and among them one may hear human tones pass through every variation of contempt, anguish, despair, shame, and rage, as they utter the sweet word “Amnesty.”

Under pretense of pardon a document was issued, in which whole classes were publicly excluded from the mercy naturally expected from a prince returning to renew interrupted relations with his people: every member of the provisional government, every member of the Constituent Assembly, every member of the *Triumvirate* and the Republican government, all the chiefs of the military corps, all who had ever come under any existing penal law; and, besides, every person who had any government employment, metropolitan, provincial, or municipal, in the army, or in the police, was warned that his appointment would not hold good. Frightful as was the wholesale slaughter of liberties and interests thus decreed upon paper, it was yet more horrible in its mode of execution; for the clerical authority, as has appeared in the chapter upon the Romagna, stretched its wide terms so as to include all who could be troublesome in the fell swoop of condemnation.

Now began a struggle between governors and people which has never relaxed for a single day. Among the modes of popular resistance, one was a refusal to smoke tobacco, because it yielded a revenue to the government; and in the "Official Journal" of the 13th of June, 1851, the following article of police intelligence may be found: "Mary Biaggi, of the city of Castello, having been convicted, upon the testimony of sworn witnesses, of having insulted peaceful smokers, has been condemned to receive twenty strokes of the lash. According to the existing laws against the disturbers of

public order, she has suffered the penalty at Perugia, on the 9th instant.”* This penalty of the “lash,” and that of the “cudgel,” had been freely used for many years, when Cardinal Antonelli thought it well to inscribe it in the laws; and, accordingly, a decree will be found signed by him, and dated on the 30th of July, 1855, in which the punishment of the “cudgel” is formally prescribed.

The ease with which severe punishments can be applied may be seen from the following, of an earlier period, signed by Cardinal Bernetti. “As the charge of insulting a policeman, for which L. Seignano was arrested, has not been proved; and considering the other circumstances, and the not short imprisonment which he suffered; the Holiness of our Lord, to whom I have submitted the report of the trial transmitted by your excellency in the dispatch of the 4th instant, has graciously deigned to condescend to accord to him release from prison. At the same time, he is to be laid under solemn injunction to conduct himself well, and he is to be bound by such other conditions as your excellency shall judge necessary, under penalty of penal servitude for five years, to be incurred simply by the fact of transgression, independently of whatever penalties are assigned by the laws, in case of any other offenses.”† Thus a man against whom nothing is proved, who has already suffered a long imprisonment, is to have hanging over his head, besides all penalties written in the laws, should

* “Documents,” vol. i., p. xcvi.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 595.

he incur them, another dictated by the simple will of the minister, to be inflicted without the trouble of a trial, and that no less than five years' penal servitude!

On the 9th of February, 1851, a Roman of the name of Dreosti, and a Frenchwoman of the name of Clarisse, on the Pincian Hill, burned Bengal lights in the Italian tri-color—green, white, and red, and they were condemned to twenty years of the galleys; but the woman being a French subject, and the authorities of that nation interposing, the penalty was commuted into that of exile. On the 17th of February, 1852, four men were condemned by the same court for the same offense, of burning Bengal lights of the tri-color—one to two years, and the other to the galleys for life, and the others, one to five years, and the other to twenty years of the galleys. Of these poor fellows, two had the good fortune to be in the Romagna on the 12th of June last, when the government of the priests fell; but the others are still in hold.*

On the 6th of September, 1850, sixteen executions took place in the city of Bologna. According to the laws of the Roman States, no one can be capitally punished under age; and among the sixteen were two minors. This was the case that has given M. About the bitter sarcasm, that Pio Nono had conferred two years of age upon youths that they might have the privilege of being hanged. One Joseph Marchetti was shot for stealing seventy-seven halfpence.

* "Documents," vol. i., p. xcix.

A new invention was adopted at Rome, well calculated to uproot the last foundation of civil morality, and to drive from the hearts of men any remaining idea that they had a home or a country. This consisted of a secret court, established in every province, composed of the governor or delegate, of a councilor, a priest, and a private citizen; but, to the immortal praise of Italians, be it told, that the archives of the Romagna do not show a single case in which any private citizen did not refuse the disreputable office tendered to him by the government; and, therefore, those courts were actually composed only of persons in the public pay. At the head of them all was placed—not an Italian, but a foreigner—an implacable Spanish prelate of the name of Avella, who, more thoroughly legitimist than the Pope himself, would never acknowledge Isabella, but, to the day of his death, called Don Carlos King of Spain. Under the authority of this worthy and his subordinate councils were placed all persons who held any public or semi-public employment—in the army, the Church, the National Guard, government or municipal offices, or factories holding a government monopoly, such as tobacco. Their duties were to keep them in *surveillance*, and deal with them as they pleased. The accused person never had any idea of charge, accuser, judges, or proceedings. All he knew was that, at a certain moment, a man walked into his house with a sentence in his hand, by which he was dismissed, or suspended, or removed to some distant place.

One day in the streets of Rome *one hundred* mothers of families lately in comfortable circumstances knelt down upon the stones with veiled faces, and hands silently held out for charity. The people rushed in numbers to give them money; and French officers, pale with rage, might be seen giving them their purses entire, and walking away to curse their fate as abettors of abominations. In one house *nine* children were awaiting the return of the mother with the fruits of her day's begging; but it proved that she was in prison for what was naturally looked upon as a public demonstration against the government. All the documents of these Councils of Censure had been carefully destroyed throughout the Romagna, so that none of their proceedings were found in the archives, and all that the present collection of documents contains is the judgments sent from Rome in confirmation of the provincial recommendations. From these we shall just give a few specimens. Men are sentenced: "FOR LEVITY"—"For not feeling rightly in matters of politics"—"For showing himself rather excited"—"For having the appearance of one rather inclined to novelties"—"For being imprudently talkative"—"Because, when he was sent to Bologna to the office of the high commissioner, he gave a very bad outline of Monsignor Bedini"—"Because he read the papers with a high voice, making digressions or changing his tone when he read any thing blackening the pontifical government and the priests; and he ridiculed Catholic sovereigns, and espe-

cially King Bomba—that is, the King of Naples;” and the last we shall quote is, “Because he will never be good stuff to cut an *employé* out of.”*

As one example of the kind of punishment sometimes administered, we may quote the words of Cardinal Bernetti: “For M. and R. I will send you the orders of removal to remote and unhealthy places, giving at the same time the names of those who shall replace them at Rimini; and I shall not forget the name of the well-deserving P. G. on the same occasion.”†

When we know what some of the unhealthy places in the Roman States are, a measure of this kind is nothing more than a quiet way of condemning men to die in their beds.

In the matter of municipal government, provision was made for giving the right of election to the citizens. Municipal bodies were forbidden to meet or discuss without permission of the governor of the province. All votes were null until approved, and all appointments to office. No correspondence was allowed between one corporation and another. No address to the government. To the corporations, however, was committed the care of public education, with the simple condition that they should be entirely governed by the bishop. As to public charities, the corporations had every thing connected with them in charge except the

* “Documents,” vol. ii., p. 597–600.

† *Id. ib.*, p. 592.

endowments. Still there was a theory of election; and lists of persons eligible, and of the electors, were compiled in 1851; only it was ordered that they should contain the names of none but persons whose conduct, both political and religious, was irreprehensible. From these lists the Pope chose; and after three years had passed, they were to be drawn up anew; but just before the time, a circular arrived from the Minister of the Interior, who thought it better that the electors should not be convoked, but that the new corporations should be returned by those now existing. At the end of the next three years, when the time for re-election approached, another circular to the same effect was issued; and thus, says the editor of the "Official Documents," "the law remains an insult, a printed paper to make sport of the Pope's subjects, but useful to say in diplomatic circles, 'We have a municipal law based upon election.'"

From the same hand we shall quote a few remarks on the question of finance. When Galli became Minister of Finance, he thought of new appliances for enriching the treasury. He had three millions of crowns coined in bronze, the nominal value of which was out of all proportion to the real. He did not alter the Almanac, but simply required that in the course of a year, instead of *twelve* monthly payments of taxes there should be *fourteen*. Cardinal Antonelli issued a law to punish the landowners of the state for the visitation by which the vine was blighted, by simply ordering

them to pay 350,000 crowns to remunerate the government for the loss of its tax, just as if in Ireland the government had made the people pay in extra taxes the value of all that was lost to it by the potato famine. Here are the words of the decree: "By reason of adverse vicissitudes experienced by our vine crops, it is difficult to derive from them a satisfactory produce; and therefore the collection of the regular taxes is deferred, and for it is substituted an impost charged upon the townships of the state, amounting to the annual sum of 350,000 crowns, to begin on the 1st of January, 1855, and to be distributed among the respective townships."

This, however, was only for the secular subjects of the Pope, and for secular property. The sacred classes fared better. In the same year, 1855, Cardinal Barberini declares "that all grapes, corn, and other produce, given to parish priests and canons as tithes, shall be exempt from taxes, to preserve the rights and privileges of the Church."*

All this time the Church property went on increasing, so that from nothing in 1814, in 1835 it had reached a sum of between six and seven millions of money, and now is above thirty. Here we shall insert the tale of

AN AGREEABLE EXECUTORSHIP.

WE gave, in a former chapter, one story of a Bonac-

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 377.

cioli of Ferrara, and here we give another. Professor Thomas Bonaccioli, on the death of his insane brother, Francis, the advocate, expected to succeed to his immense fortune of a million scudi, which, in the popular notion of Italians, is much the same as a million sterling with us: in actual value, it is not more than £220,000. But, to the horror of the old man, a will was produced, dated June 12th, 1854, constituting the Archbishop of Ferrara sole executor; but who was the favored heir? The Church? No. The poor? No. The friars? The Pope? The Propaganda? nuns? convents? or confraternities? Not any of these. The entire fortune of Francis Bonaccioli was bequeathed *to his own soul*; and to guard the interests of this legatee, as has been said, the sole executor was the Archbishop of Ferrara!

Few men in the States of the Church durst enter the lists against an archbishop, or expose in court the arts that turn a death in a family into a robbery as well as a bereavement. But Professor Bonaccioli was old, the prize was immense, and his courage was uncommon. Into court he went, to contest the will on five grounds: 1. The total incapacity of the deceased to devise; 2. Undue influence; 3. Violation of the essential forms of a will, even to want of legal execution; 4. Falsification; 5. Want of a specific and tangible person or object as legatee.

The proofs of fraud adduced were so overwhelming that public opinion cried aloud, and even the court of

the *Rota Romana* twice gave it in favor of the plaintiff. It would have done so a third time, but this was prevented by changing the judges.

It became known that the plaintiff had new and crushing evidence to produce against the archbishop; and then the government itself resolved to stop the course of a man who, "with a courage not so properly called rare, as positively unique, dared, in a time when no one else would, to unmask before the astonished world the infamous practices adopted in the name of the Church; the atrocious persecutions, the abuse of excommunication, the solemn perjuries, the bribery of witnesses and penmen, and the falsifications in hundreds of documents." This had already gone too far, and it must cease; but attention was so thoroughly awake, that it could not be terminated by violent means. Professor Bonaccioli was therefore pressed to come to Rome, with flattering promises that the Pope himself would become arbitrator, and settle the matter by an equitable compromise. He yielded; and received the Pope's personal assurance that he would arrange the matter, if it was left in his hands. The subject committed his fortune to the honor of the sovereign.

For seven months he was kept in Rome, while "the first persons in the state" exhausted all their efforts to cajole, menace, and deceive him. On pretext of his holding some of the property, legal proceedings were instituted against him. "A chain of snares, a multitude of stratagems fit to turn the head of any one," resulted

in a papal rescript, dated September 4th, 1858, by which the sovereign who had made himself voluntary arbitrator between the archbishop and the lawful heir, awarded to the latter a few thousand scudi, scarcely enough to refund the expenses of his four years' litigation.

The subject at once presented himself before the sovereign, delivered in his protest and appeal, and received a promise of farther compensation after a time. This promise was not kept; and on June 3d, 1859, the professor once more presented his complaint.

A few days after Ferrara was free. The new government appointed a board for the administration of charities. The Bonaccioli estate was placed in its hands; and it proved that the archbishop had, naturally enough, held himself to be "plenipotentiary representative of the soul, and free disposer of the estate, without being bound to account to any one." To this board the plaintiff in the long-pending suit applied; and it is from the legal document, the "bill" put into court, that this narrative is taken. Let us hope that, ere now, the property has returned to honest hands.*

One of the great arguments for the support of the temporal power of the Pope is, that he may preserve his independence. In what did this consist during the ten years of restoration? These volumes run over with proof that, from the day the Austrians entered his territory until the day they left, he had no subjects, if that

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 488.

word means persons whose obedience a prince commands, either from loyalty or fear. The people were entirely under the power of foreign authorities, their native government having scarcely any office but that of collector of taxes, prisoner, and executioner.

In the volumes before us, the *index* of documents showing the subjection of the pontifical government to the Austrians takes up four very large pages, and the contents are exceedingly curious, demonstrating an abdication of the chief functions of government in favor of a foreign power. For instance, a single troop of pontifical soldiers having been placed in Forli, without express sanction from the Austrians, the General Nobili severely reproves Monsignor Bedini, whose patience hardly bears it; and he replies, that probably the Minister of War (Antonelli) will be surprised, as it was done in simple fulfillment of his orders; at the same time he shows his servility by thanking the general for the courtesy of his note. Cardinal Antonelli replies to Bedini that "the facts represented to him are much to be lamented," and feels keenly how far all this discredits the Pope's authority, and gives advantage to his enemies. But, he says, "In the present circumstances there is no other means of carrying on affairs; for, although the sovereign is in the country, the military force is a foreign one," and therefore he can only instruct Bedini "to do every thing in concert with the Austrian military authorities," which means that he do nothing without their leave.*

* "Documents," vol. i., p. lxxii.

It soon proved that the Austrian generals were not content with the substance of power, but assumed what was more grating to their ecclesiastical coadjutors, its forms and titles. "General Gortzkowski," writes the unhappy Bedini, "besides his title of commandant, assumes that of civil and military governor. I thought the time had come to omit this in official correspondence, and therefore for some weeks have not used it. But very soon Count Nobili reclaimed, and laid orders upon me to repair this irregularity."*

An officer in the pontifical army is imprisoned by the Austrians, and after some time set at liberty; and here are the documents in which his superiors write to one another, to ask what could be the cause of his arrest, it being evident that the "civil and military governors" had not thought it worth while to give them any information on the subject. The Bishop of Cesena, having had his house broken into and robbed, applies to the Austrians for a guard, but is summarily told that he can have none. In the city of Forli a military courier was robbed; the Austrians at once laid upon the town a mulct of 3000 crowns, and the pontifical government stands by.

They even went so far as to find fault with the Council of Censure itself; and it would seem that it objected to be interfered with; for General Gravert replies to the legate that his right to demand from the Council of Censure a report as to any journals distributed in

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 272.

the legations rests upon the instructions of the 26th of May, 1849. We shall now give the exact words of a pontifical legate. The Austrian authority "avails itself of its attribute of civil government to commit acts which are in direct contradiction to the pontifical authority, and which bring shame and humiliation upon it."

On their side, an Austrian says, "In my position of civil and military governor, I can not forego any arrangement which I consider necessary as a measure of police, in spite of the prohibition of the minister at Rome, to whom I am not responsible."* This referred to a point upon which the pontifical authorities were very tender, as directly affecting the observances of the Church. They had ordered that the theatre at Bologna, as all in the pontifical states, should be closed during Lent; but the general wanted his soldiers to be amused, and flies in the face not only of the legate himself, but of the government of Rome.

Again we have these words: "Your most reverend excellency will not fail to see in the action of the imperial and royal commander a decided arrogation of political power: now it is no longer a request, but a decree, and a decree that becomes so much more hurtful to the representatives of the pontifical authority, as it discredits us in the eyes of the people." All that poor Antonelli can reply to these complaints is, that he "reserves to himself the right to look into the matter."

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 476.

Finally, upon a simple rumor that the National Guard still exist in the city of Cesena, the Austrians quarter a division of soldiers upon the town, and force them to support it by payment of money, and arrest the governor.*

These facts are but samples of multitudes which teem all through these volumes, showing that every vestige of independence had been given up, and that nothing remained but the pontifical arms displayed over public offices, the right of levying taxes, and administering the penal law.

But it might be supposed that at least full independence in spiritual matters was obtained at the great price of this humiliation in temporal ones. Even that, however, was not the case. When the legate, wearied to death with the outcries of the people, complained to the Austrians that the farmers, not being allowed to keep arms, were continually subject to pillage and ruin, the reply of the general was characteristic: "The most eminent Cardinal of Imola wishes to attribute the robberies to the most salutary measure of general disarming, but does not reflect on the very grave responsibility that weighs on his clergy for the neglect of moral and religious education in a generation that contains so many germs of corruption and of crime." This coarse rebuke was dated the 14th of August, 1849; and only three years before, as the general must have known very well, the most eminent Cardinal of Imola was not

* "Documents," vol. i., p. 257.

the dignitary he thus scolded, but no other person than Pio Nono himself, who had long been in charge of that diocese, and upon whom, if on any one, must rest the blame of having brought up the people in the state of corruption of which the general complains.*

But not only were the high clerical powers exposed to these rebuffs, they were obliged to sell for bayonets many of their most cherished spiritual rights. The immunity of the priests from civil and military courts is one of the first of all the privileges of Rome held with mortal tenacity. This was surrendered; and Hugo Bassi, a liberal priest, was shot by the Austrians immediately upon his arrest. When the Archbishop of Bologna was about to issue his Pastoral—as archbishops are fond of doing—the Austrian general declared that no prelates could print holy counsels, pastorals, or any thing else, without the *placet* of their imperial protectors. And then, what we should have thought utterly unendurable by Roman ecclesiastics, it is decreed that no religious procession shall be allowed until authority has first been obtained from the Austrian police. Any one who refers to vol. i., p. 780, will find these incredible facts confirmed.

It is not to be supposed that in this state of things the dignitaries of the Church were content and patient. They reclaim with bitterness against what they call “the more than despotic” interference of the Austrians; but it is to be said, with sorrow for human nature, that

* “Documents,” vol. i., p. lxxxi.

all their indignation is against acts impairing their own dignity and authority. No sign of protests as to the barbarities inflicted upon their people; on the contrary, whatever is to be done in the way of torture or judicial murder, they seem always too ready to be servants and helpers. In fact, it is the Austrians who, in not a few cases, interfere to moderate the proceedings of the priests. The case of the wife of Garibaldi, already given, is one in point. The Governor of S. Arcangelo had arrested a certain Francis Venturi, and endeavored to prove him guilty, and handed him over to the Austrian court-martial; but "this imperial and royal government, civil and military, orders that he shall be set at liberty instantly." In the town of Jesi, the people wished to celebrate a solemn mass for the souls of those who had fallen fighting for their country at Vicenza. The papal government took this as a crime against the state. Many were punished with the "cudgel," not a few with fines. Among the rest, three were prosecuted who had not even been in the town on that day. The Austrian commandant wrote a letter rebuking the government, and ordered that the fines collected should be restored.*

General Marziani found in the fort of Urbino some prisoners, who were reported as under the jurisdiction of the civil and military government, while the fact was that they had been committed for offenses long past. He refused to prosecute them; and he adds, that "per-

* "Documents," vol. ii., p. 610, 611.

sons arrested for precaution ought not to be kept in prison forever."

There was a certain Louis Gardella, regarding whom one of these documents says, very coolly, that the Austrians, by violence, and by threatening him with death, had wrung from him a promise to inform, within a month, against his brother-in-law, where they were and what they were doing; that he had applied to them (the papal delegates) to be released from this "cruel engagement" on the 3d of August, 1850; but as they had taken the necessary measures with the Austrian commandant, they had immediately proceeded to arrest him.*

So far did it go that the papal government could not deliver passports to its own subjects—a favor, by the way, they were very slow to accord—without having them signed by the Austrian police, and without the applicant being obliged to present himself personally at their office for that purpose.

What was perhaps the worst of all was, that when the legate issued his proclamation regulating the diversions of the Carnival, he had a sharp letter from the Austrian general, telling him that though nothing particular in this document could be objected to, he ought not to have issued any such thing without consulting him. Smarting under this, he is reduced to complain that the theatre is kept open even in Holy Week without as much as asking his leave, although he had form-

* "Documents," vol. ii., p. 590.

ally commanded that it should be closed all through Lent.

At present his Holiness is making efforts to procure soldiers from different parts of the world. The editor's index of the complaints in these books by different legates, delegates, governors, and so on, of the animosity of the people to the government, and the impossibility of getting them to serve it in any capacity, occupies about three pages. One high official even declares that, not from love of the Austrians, but simply from hatred of the papal power, the people would sooner choose to be under Austria itself than under the rule of the priests. Another says that the soldiers are not to be trusted. Another goes so far as to say that the whole of the present generation is hopelessly lost; and yet another does not hesitate to declare that even of the governors themselves he has any thing but a good opinion. And most sorrowful of all, Colonel Freddi begins at last to have doubts of the Austrians, for in the public houses of Ancona they may be heard singing Liberal songs. Under these circumstances, the most reverend Minister of War has very great difficulty in getting soldiers; in fact, he is told plainly that there is no such thing as any papal force to be depended upon. Although in Forli a depôt of enlistment is opened, with high inducements of pay, diet, and bounty, only two enroll themselves. Antonelli is willing to have soldiers even as old as thirty-six years of age. He makes several provisions for rendering enlistment easier, and con-

cludes thus: "Finally, as to moral character, I need not add that in no case can a certificate of unexceptionable political conduct be dispensed with; but as to criminal conduct, it will be enough if he has not been a galley-slave, or undergone similar disgraceful sentences."

This being the state of the soldier market among the Pope's own subjects, it is not to be wondered at that he should look for them elsewhere, knowing that far away "Catholic" affection is considerably warmer than nearer home; for while in Cesena the corporation refuse to celebrate the anniversary of his coronation, in Ireland his health is sometimes drunk before that of the queen.

The sort of reasoning with which the Jesuits satisfy their tender consciences that it is lawful for the "Chief Shepherd" to bring armed bands from any remote country whence he can allure them, to plunge bayonets or shoot bullets into his near neighbors, may be judged by the opening of an article in a late number of the "*Civiltà Cattolica*."

"If, then," says the reverend writer, "the pontiff may not defend his temporal power with spiritual arms, as those worthies would have it, to whom we replied in the first article of our last number, can he at least defend it with temporal arms? In this case the means will be harmonious, and would resemble that which is done by all the powers in the world, and, indeed, by all living creatures, which, when assailed, defend themselves as they are able by the imperious instinct of self-preservation. But 'No,' reply those wiseacres. 'What do

you think—does it not ill become the vicar of the God of love to use earthly arms? For him to lift up the hand ought to be for the single purpose of blessing and of pardoning; and then if the civil sovereignty of the Pope is appointed for a spiritual end, as its defenders say, what inconsistency can be greater than this, to use material arms for an end which transcends all the limits and all the conditions of matter? And thus we tumble headlong into that sophism, which would be so convenient for the invaders and usurpers of part of the States of the Church, which part they would hope is an earnest of the rest. The sophism is this—that the pontiff can not use either spiritual arms or temporal ones to preserve for the Church its patrimony—neither *canon* law nor *cannon* shot (*nè canonì nè cannonì*). It therefore must be resigned without the shadow of an obstacle to the first Count Camillo (Cavour) who, by dint of foxy cunning and shameless effrontery, supported by despotic foreign abettors, will take in hand to grasp it. But they count without their host. The Catholic world was never less disposed than at this moment to be caught by such fibs. So far from it being the case, that neither spiritual nor temporal arms can be used for defending the patrimony of the Church, it is precisely the reverse; for both one and the other very well can, and in certain circumstances ought to be employed.”

This amiable article is entitled “Temporal Arms for the Defense of the Spiritual Power,” and was published on the 19th of May, in this present year, in the pontifical city.

As a final proof of the level to which the Pope stooped, he had no power to refuse, when it was demanded for his beloved Austrians, an indulgence against which the government whereof he claims to be the *alter Ego* has inscribed in the great book of its working laws a dolorous penalty, too well known in the hospitals of Europe. The Pope, with paternal care, undertakes to aid the Austrians in evading that penalty, and the corporation of Bologna was ordered to defray the expense of securing medical skill for that end. They refused to do so. The government insisted; the corporation was sturdy; and a long correspondence was closed by the following document, which we shall give with all its marks, from page 487 of the first volume:

“3.788.

N. 49.664.

“MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND SIR,—

“THE Holiness of our Lord has graciously deigned to appoint Doctor Peter Zuola as first fiscal surgeon of Bologna, with a monthly pay of fifteen crowns; and, as his substitute, Doctor Julius Borzaghi, with the pay of twelve crowns, on condition that both one and the other shall gratuitously attend to the cure of women of bad life; the extra allowance which they have hitherto had for that purpose ceasing.

“I communicate to you, most illustrious sir, this gracious act of the sovereign will for your guidance, and send you the official note of nomination, that you may promptly have it delivered.

“And I beg to subscribe myself, with sincere esteem of your most illustrious and most reverend lordship, the devoted servant,

“MARTEL, *Minister of the Interior*.

“Rome, April 22d, 1857.”

Directed to “Monsignor the Apostolic Commissioner of Bologna.”

The words “holy,” “sacred,” and “holiness” are sadly dragged through the mire at Rome; and who will fail to reflect on the easy and unembarrassed manner in which the “Holiness of our Lord” is coupled with an effort to enable sinners to sin on with impunity?

We have given enough under this head to show that, whatever advantages the Pope may have derived from his kingly position during the last ten years, independence in temporal, spiritual, or moral questions was not one of them.

In the second volume are the following lists:

Those condemned to death and the galleys, 23 pages.

Political exiles, emigrants, and recusants, 12 pages.

Persons shot in the city of Bologna, 6 pages, 186 names.

Persons sentenced in Bologna to be shot, but executed elsewhere, 3 pages, 90 names.

Police notes on persons suspected and politically compromised in Ferrara, 30 pages, 534 names.

Persons condemned to death and the galleys, as recorded by political prisoners from memory, in the for-

tress of Paliono, for Caesar Mazzoni, written by him on fragments of paper in microscopic characters, 40 pages, nearly 3000 names.

Members of the Constituent Assembly exiled, 3 pages.

Persons sent out of the state, and not permitted to return without previous leave of the police, 5 pages.

The effect of this system of government upon the minds of the people is stated in addresses which were presented to the Pope himself when, in the year 1857, he made the celebrated "progress" through his states, which, at the time, the "Journal of Rome" paraded before the world as one continual ovation, proving the love and honor with which the pontiff was regarded by his subjects. In July of that year the corporation of Ravenna represented matters as follows:

"MOST BLESSED FATHER,

"YOUR august presence in any province of the state must raise in the soul of your subjects the most flattering hopes. If they had easy access to your august presence, or if, at least, they were certain that their petitions would not be concealed by those who surround you, you would be made clearly to see the grave wants that press upon them, and the radical improvements which they permit themselves to anticipate from the justice of the prince and the charity of the high-priest. Laws, finances, taxes, municipal affairs, public institutions—all, all, demand enfranchisement, regulation, reform. Oh, do not be deluded by ephemeral pomps—artificial flat-

teries—forced, or rather extorted, by the blood of the poor, and always connected with self-interested designs of the dishonest, and the adulation of courtiers! Those are not your people, who are anxious to twine for you a crown worthy of the first days of your pontificate. Wearing it, you will return to Rome with the pride and glory of having restored to the papacy a degree of power and veneration which is the wish of your admirers, and also that of universal Christendom; and without it, what will become of your people, and what will become of you in the face of the human race, and of history?"

It is seldom a prince hears such language from a corporation; but what can we say of the following?

"ADDRESS FROM THE PEOPLE OF THE ROMAGNA DELIVERED TO THE POPE ON THE 2D OF JULY, 1857.

"YOUR journey in the midst of your people ought to procure you that felicity which a good father feels when entertained by his own children. Around you all is festive, all is joy. But if the corporations did not cover our wounds, our miseries, under draperies and gold; if with the sound of the church bells and the roar of cannon they did not prevent you from hearing our lamentations; if they had enough civil courage to tell you our necessities, our misfortunes, and to let you know what havoc of the persons and property of your subjects is committed in the provinces, the tears which you now shed from joy would change into a gush of sorrow and

compassion. The first days of your pontificate opened every generous heart to hope. All Europe applauded your first acts. The world itself admired you. It seemed, for a moment, that the cross of the old pontiffs was lifted up by you once more to defend the people against the abuses and tyranny of secular princes. In that juncture you were sublime. But it was a short instant; and from the height in which genius soars you soon descended to the level of mediocrity. Alarmed by the prospect of too grand a future, after having initiated your people in a better way, you have endeavored to lead them back to the old usages, and to re-establish a state of oppression, called, in the vocabulary of the government, 'order.' Whether your conduct can be justified by too rapid a movement of the people to realize certain ideas, future history will decide. For us, it is enough to note the fact that 'order' was restored. The state of things that has followed it is certainly unknown to you, and we wish to place it under your eyes, and that only to make you understand that you deceive yourself in imagining your people to be happy with the present political and financial administration.

"Holy Father, in the year 1850, after some months—for you of trial—you accomplished your return to Rome, and re-established your government, with all its forms, because you had been preceded by the French, Austrian, and Spanish armies, which had been obliged to give proof of their prowess. Your desire, your pride was gratified; but how many misfortunes rained down

upon your people on the arrival of these foreign forces ! How many horrors ! Perhaps all were committed without your knowledge ; but all in your name, holy father !

“ Martial law was declared in all our cities, and shooting, and beating with the stick, without distinction of age, became the order of the day. Informers for gain, and informers from party spirit, rose up every where, and every where victims fell. The ‘cudgel’ became a remedy for all evils. Confessions were wrung, by dint of blows, equally from the alleged political offender, the assassin, and the thief ; and the innocent were sometimes obliged to bear the penalty of the guilty, when they had escaped by flight. Commissions, formed of men not the most respectable in society, filled the prisons with youth ; and using the vilest means, they sought in the proceedings, not truth, but, by the most refined persecutions, to give formal proof of their attachment to the government, whence they might derive a title to lucrative promotion. Anonymous information against a simple citizen was sufficient to throw him into the depths of a prison. The witnesses, always threatened with the galleys and with the beastly cudgel, most frequently deposed to things that in their consciences they regarded as calumnies, and for which they wept in secret. It appeared that the object was not to discover criminals, but rather to satiate the thirst of a party for blood. All this in your name, holy father !

“ Then came the sentences of the (High Court of)

Consulta, dictated so much by caprice that it would be difficult to say which was most evident, ignorance of facts or cruelty. And it is a grievous thing to hear that a body of judges, a moral corps, the motto of which ought to be 'impartiality,' condemns to the galleys and to death with a levity that appalls; for, generally speaking, no proof of guilt is manifest in their sentences, by which there is not a city that has not had torn from it some precious citizen; and, not to speak of all, Senegaglia, your own dear native town, still shudders when it calls to mind the guilty shooting of her most innocent and most virtuous Jerome Simonelli; and all this in your name, holy father!

"Further, the disarming of all the citizens, even in the rural districts, was the natural consequence of martial law, through which every one hastened to surrender his defensive arms at the different offices of police, to avoid being sent to the galleys, or being shot, as happened to those unhappy persons who showed reluctance to obey the supreme command. All, both in town and country, being disarmed, the field was clear for robbers and assassins to haunt the highways with impunity, and without the least risk of being disturbed. This part of Italy, to the astonishment of the world, affords the miserable sight of organized bands of brigands, who took possession of cities and villages, and who insulted in every way the citizens, and even laid enormous contributions upon conquered towns. The striking point is, that all this took place in a state of only three millions

of people, where the armies of the two most formidable nations in the world were quartered for the establishment of order and general tranquillity. But probably you were told that all these crimes were nothing more than a little pocket-picking. What farther shall we say of the ordinary civil and military courts, grown more immoral than usual through the misery of the times? In these the poor, without patronage, always fall by the force of gold, if opposed by the rich. In these the barbarous inquisitorial proceedings, often united to ignorance, and sometimes to corruption of the functionaries, leave miserable creatures to waste for an indefinite time in unhealthy prisons before they can see their lot decided. For the sake of brevity, we shall not enumerate all the abuses, all the wrongs, to which are abandoned the people of the little villages left at the discretion of some incapable governor, or of an officer of police, who bears himself as a general; and all these abominations you are ignorant of!

“But do not imagine, holy father, that the series of miseries which afflicts your subjects ends here. Add to all that has been said, as its conclusion, the immense financial deficit, the exorbitant taxes of every kind that are paid for the support of foreign troops and for the boundless luxury of the court of Rome and her treasury. This ill-regulated outlay has so wasted the small means of the greater number of the citizens, that nothing remains to them but a future of distressing poverty. The revenues raised are certainly not according to the

wants of the state, but according to the extravagance of a very bad administration.

“And it is truly extravagance to maintain, in a state of three millions, French, Austrian, Spanish, and papal armies; nor can it be believed that the preservation of order in so small a state should require such an array of force, for then it would be confessed that the government had so fallen into contempt by its continual despotism that it could not possibly exist without a pedestal of bayonets. Woe to that government which does not maintain itself by influence and persuasion, but rests only upon force, in days when civilization has decreed that at any cost the right of the strong shall no longer prevail against reason! After all that has been laid before you, think within yourself, oh holy father, if a sovereign, passing through his states where so many wrongs take place, where thousands and thousands of mothers are weeping for their sons in exile, in dungeons, or dead by the hands of the executioner—think within yourself if he can be well received, and if the demonstrations which have the appearance of festivity are not rather the effect of fear. Do not delude yourself, oh holy father; and reflect that if it ill becomes a secular prince to have a realm in which the subjects are governed like beasts of burden, in which the caprice and will of man are always substituted for law and reason, much worse is it if this prince is the successor of Peter, the head of that religion which has for motto ‘Equality, love and pardon.’ Reflect, and set matters right.”

After the general corruption of Christianity East and West by the adoption of heathen or semi-heathen practices from the imperfectly Christianized multitudes who had flocked into the ranks of the Church subsequent to her public triumph in the empire, two powers arose to dominate over the enfeebled Christians. The one retained the Christian doctrines, adhered to the corrupt practices, claimed chiefly spiritual domination, and, throwing the Christian Scriptures into the shade, adopted a system of impressing the senses, holding the conscience by priestly power, and gradually supplanting and overlaying the old truths by adding new doctrines. The other restored, as against both pagan and Christian idolatry, many of the primitive forms of Christianity; rejected its cardinal doctrines; without disowning, supplanted its Scriptures; based its religious hold on a Book and on the intellect, aided by passion; and aimed at temporal dominion. Both used the sword; they flourished around the Mediterranean, dividing its shores between them, and thence extending the one West, the other East. Each took, as its chief seat, one of the capitals of the Roman empire. Both prepared the way for their social ruin by undermining the Christian family institute, the one adopting the pagan system of celibacy, the other that of polygamy. By the former, Rome has filled Italy in Christian times with the unnatural vice of heathen countries; by the latter, Islam has wasted its settled nations. "Turkey is perishing for want of Turks," Rome for want of Romans; and all

Romish nations that would preserve their strength have been obliged so far to learn from Reformed Christianity as to restrain the conventual abuses.

The decay of these systems has been by opposite causes, as their development was by opposite tendencies. Islam has lost territory, but held fast the opinion of its own people. Rome lost its strongest races by the revolt of opinion. Both have now long been dependent on foreign support; but, in the case of the sultan, it is to protect him from the aggression of neighboring states, or the uprising of conquered races; with the Pope, it is to sustain him against his own. The former holds his capital, and governs within his realm; the latter exists only by force of alien armies bearing down his own people.

A doom overhangs them both. Islam sees all her frontiers falling in, Rome her centre heaving beneath her: humanity, sighing under the feet of both, does not ask, "Will they fall?" but "When?" Freedom, education, virtue, domestic comfort, commerce, science, and patriotism, all the forms owned by the common consent of mankind as the good angels, attendants of true religion, cry aloud for their downfall; and only three forms shrink at the prospect—tyranny, ignorance, and superstition.



A P P E N D I X.

A, page 101.

The Wife of Garibaldi.

(See "Documents," vol. ii., p. 608-610.)

N. 3454 P. R.

PONTIFICAL GOVERNMENT PROVINCIAL POLICE-OFFICE, RAVENNA.

MOST REVEREND EXCELLENCY,

IN my humble communication of the 12th instant, bearing the same number, I submitted to your excellency that, by means of the inquiries made by the police and by confidential persons secretly posted about, I have arrived at a clear knowledge of the facts respecting the unknown body of a woman. There is no longer any doubt that the body is that of the woman who followed Garibaldi. She was brought dying, on a phaeton, by Garibaldi himself, to the farm-house of the brothers Ravaglia, bailiffs of the Marquis Guiccioli on one of his estates at Mandriole. The woman was suffering from pernicious fever, as it was expressed by Doctor Nannini of S. Alberto, who was casually present when they arrived, and felt her pulse. Carried into a chamber and laid on a bed, the assistance of a glass of water was brought to her; but she had scarcely imbibed a few drops when she ceased to live. Garibaldi was present, and broke out into bursts of inconsolable grief for such a misfortune, and shortly after took to flight, charging the family to give the body honorable burial. These facts occurred on the 4th instant, toward evening, in the presence of more than twenty persons, the laborers being assembled to receive their week's wages.

I at once sent police to arrest the brothers Ravaglia, which has been accomplished, and the court is preparing the indictment. It is already ascertained that the above-named farmers, seized with fear of the grave responsibility to which they were exposed, for the momentary shelter given to Garibaldi, and for the death of his wife oc-

curing in their house, adopted the plan of hiding it, and hence buried the body in the fields.

It will be my duty to inform you of the result of the trial, and, in the mean time, with perfect esteem and profound respect, I remain your most reverend excellency's most devoted and obliged servant,

A. LOVATELLI, *Delegate*.

Ravenna, August 15th, 1849.

To S. E. R. Mons. Comm. Extraordinary, Bologna.

N. 1076—576.

From the Imperial and Royal Civil and Military Government.

DISCHARGE OF THE BROTHERS RAVAGLIA FROM UNDER ARREST.

FROM the judicial proceedings recorded by the civil and criminal court of Ravenna against the brothers Stephen and Joseph Ravaglia, of Mandriole, accused of killing the wife of Garibaldi, we gather that the suit is justly suspended as to this charge; and considering that the momentary reception accorded to the fugitive husband and wife Garibaldi, in the house of the Ravaglias, from a sense of humanity, took place before the publication of the notice of August 5th, this can not be regarded as at all affecting the act in question.

Therefore better to respond to your valued communication of the 3d, M. A. N. 560, in which you request me to expedite this affair, I directly order the signor delegate of Ravenna instantly to discharge the brothers Ravaglia from prison.

I return the above-named judicial proceedings, and beg to assure you of my esteem and consideration.

In the name of the governor,

MARZIANI.

Bologna, September 5th, 1849.

To S. E. R. Mons. G. Bedini, Commissioner Extraordinary, Bologna.

B, page 125.

The Conforteria of the Ferrara Case.

(See "Documents," vol. ii., p. 539-545.)

Conforteria di Luigi Parmeggiani in Cittadella, la notte delli 15 alli 16 Marzo, 1853.

IL dopo desinare del giorno 15 Marzo, 1853, li tre confortatori destinati da S. E. il sig. governatore si portarono alla casa del Rev. Sig. Arciprete Presidente alle ore 4 e mezza pomeridiane. Mezz' ora dopo entrarono in carrozza e furono condotti in Fortezza. Smonta-

rono sotto il loggiato di guardia e si misero a sedere su delle panche e vi passarono un' ora. Venne un capitano che parlava egregiamente l'Italiano, li condusse in una camera di ricevimento, li servì di caffè, e li pregò di aspettare l'uditore che pranzava all' *Europa*. Dopo l'ave Maria furono ricondotti nel loggiato come sopra, ed aspettarono ancora un' ora, perchè la moglie del succi urlava disperatamente, nè voleva partirsi dalla camera del marito, e quella del Parmeggiani presa da convulsioni impazzi, bestemmiano orribilmente. Queste infelici seppero la fatale destinazione dei loro consorti dalle loro bocche.

Il Rev. Presidente Guitti, e li tre confortatori entrarono nella camera del succi: stava in piedi a testa scoperta, guardato a vista da cinque soldati, armati di fucile. Il paziente non era legato, ma tutto sciolto. Gli dissero come uno di loro era venuto a tenergli compagnia, a piangere con lui, a riconciliarlo con Dio: scegliesse. Succi disse in tuono alto, "Io accetto tutti; ma poichè io sono il più vecchio dei tre disgraziati, sceglierò il confessore più vecchio." Allora il M. Arciprete, gettandogli le braccia al collo, e baciandolo in fronte, disse, "Son io." Ma soggiunse il paziente: "Prima voglio fare un poco di testamento, e dire che *la confessione, e deposizione in iscritto che ho fatto alla commissione militaire, mi è stata estorta colla violenza, colla panca, col bastone, e colle catene*: nè minacciavano solo, ma battevano, e se non si voleva morire sotto il flagello, bisognava dire quello che essi volevano."

Passarono dal D. Malagutti. Come li vidde si gittò in ginocchio piangendo dirottamente, baciò a tutti la mano, e disse: "Sia ringraziato iddio che veggio un sacerdote in queste mie angustie che mi opprimono dalle ore undici antimeridiane:" si alzò e continuò: "Io voglio confessare tutti li miei peccati, e dirli che confido tanto nella misericordia di Dio, che mi pare sino peccare di presunzione. E sappiano che *ne' miei costituiti ho dovuto dire quello che essi volevano*; che *ho sofferto una tortura orribile*; che *mi hanno cagionato una emorragia di sangue* . . . stiano tutti con me, non mi abbandonino." Quando gli dissero che scegliesse, disse, "Il mio compagno di scuola d'allora, Don Luigi Zuffi."

Passarono dal Parmeggiani. Si alzò da sedere: tenne il cappello in testa e disse, "Sono venuti per confessarmi? *io sono innocente*; io mi voglio confessare in pubblico, alla presenza della commissione, e dire che *quello che ho detto e scritto mi è stato estorto con dimande suggestive, colle catene*, lasciandomi un mese intero incatenato giorno e

notte; col bastone, per cui ho dovuto essere portato allo spedale delle Martiri, e starvi diciotto giorni." Gli si disse che scegliesse uno dei tre: li guardo tutti in volto, e, conoscendone uno, disse piangendo, "Lei padre, lei che ha avuto moglie e figli, lei, che più facilmente compatirà un padre afflittissimo, che lascia la moglie, e due figlie da marito nella miseria;" e presolo con forza per la mano, se lo fece sedere sulla sua panca.

Parmeggiani era preso da una forte convulsione e piangeva. Bevve acqua fresca e caffè tutta notte: volle sempre accesa la stufa. Non tacque mai, parlò sempre dell' *ingiusto ed iniquo modo di cercare la verità coi tormenti sotto dei quali mentisce il forte, ed il debole*. Scrisse una lettera a sua moglie: fece testamento per li atti Bottonelli. Si confessò due volte, e volle più volte l'assoluzione. Lesse le proteste dell' anima, ebbe l'assoluzione pontificia, e fece tutti li atti del Cristiano. Alle ore due dopò mezzanotte Parmeggiani disse, "Saprei pur volentieri se i miei compagni si sono confessati. Vada a sentire, e gli dica che io mi sono confessato, che gli dimando perdono dello scandalo dato coi fatti e colle parole, se fossi stato la cagione delle loro pene."

Il confortatore andò dal succi: era in letto: si alzò; ed intesa l'ambasciata disse con enfasi, "*Io debbo dimandare perdono a lui, che l'ho sedotto; e se ci incontreremo prima del supplizio lo prego volermi dare il bacio del perdono.*" Si era confessato alla sera da M. Guitti.

Malagutti fumava un sigaro, seduto al letto col suo confortatore, e disse d'aver perdonato a tutti, come voleva che Dio perdonasse a lui.

Alle ore sette della mattina 16, Parmeggiani ed il confortatore furono fatti discendere nell' atrio: trovarono il Dott. Malagutti in mezzo ai soldati solo, perchè il di lui confortatore diceva la messa in Chiesa. Il confortatore del Parmeggiani lo prese colla mano sinistra, perchè colla destra teneva il suo paziente. Si baciaron. Nello stesso tempo arrivò succi, li abbracciò, li baciò tutti due, e gli disse: "*Addio.*" Si avviarono alla Chiesa dicendo li atti di fede. Si posero in ginocchio a piè dell'altare. Malagutti e Parmeggiani vollero nuovamente l'assoluzione. Fecero la santa comunione colli atti preparatori concomitanti e susseguenti con somma divozione. All' ultimo evangelio si alzarono in piedi e Malagutti disse forte: "*Quanto mi sembra di essere leggiero!* Signore, li anni di vita che mi si tolgono dateli a mia madre!" e Parmeggiani ripeté la esclamazione e disse: "*alle mie figlie.*"

Tornò il confortatore dal D. Malagutti, e si avviarono al supplizio; prima succi, poi Parmeggiani, poi Malagutti. Passarono per la piazza d'arme, per la porta del soccorso, andarono nelli spaldi detti di san Giacomo: mezz' ora di cammino in tante giravolte, ed a passo lento. Gli si voleva porre la benda alli occhi. Succi e Parmeggiani dissero non essere necessario. Parmeggiani s'inginnocchiò, unì le mani, chiuse gli occhi, dicendo forte *Gesù*, ec. Un tenente disse che era suo dovere fossero bendati, ed un soldato gli mise un fazzoletto bianco essendo in ginocchio, ed altri tre spararono i loro fucili nel petto, e nella fronte. Parmeggiani cadde boccone, e non si mosse più. *E morto come un martire!*

Firmato. Il Confortatore D. G. P.

(Note of Commissioners.)—N.B. The letters D. G. P. mean Don Giuseppe Poltronieri. This worthy priest, and the others named in the above report to the arch-confraternity of the Buona Morte, never left the condemned men, so that the facts set forth can not be impugned by the Austrian or pontifical government, and will remain an irrefragable proof of their common barbarity.

CARLO AVV. MAZZUCCHI,

GAETANO D. DONDI,

*Commissioners in Ferrara for the Investigation of
Documents on the Pontifical Government.*

Ferrara, December 22d, 1859.

C, page 147.

Louis Napoleon.

(See "Documents," vol. i., p. 55-63.)

Li 24 Giugno, 1846.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNORE,

QUESTA direzione di polizia è venuta a sapere, che nella notte del 21 corrente arrivò a Porretta un giovane forestiere, sconosciuto, carico d'armi e di danaro, il quale avendo preso alloggio nella locanda condotta da Luigi Ferrari sebbene si facesse chiamare con nome finto, venne non pertanto conosciuto da una signora inglese, che abita nella locanda medesima per il figlio di Girolamo Bonaparte. Appena giunto il suddetto incognito mostrò desiderio di vedere e parlare col Contino Napoleone Camerata figlio della Principessa Baciocchi, e spedita a questo una lettera qui a Bologna, giunse costà precipitosamente verso le ore undici antimeridiane del giorno 22 condotto dal

vetturino Bolognese Battista Golinelli. Alla distanza di un buon miglio da Porretta il figlio di Girolamo incontrò per la strada provinciale il Contino Camerata, che smontato dal legno proseguirono a piedi il viaggio fino alla locanda, e trattenutosi a Porretta il resto di quella giornata, e la notte successiva, jeri mattina tutti due insieme si diressero verso la Toscana sopra un biroccino guidato da un suddito Toscano, ma accompagnati fino al confine dallo stesso Luigi Ferrari. Prima di mettersi in viaggio il Contino Camerata avrebbe mandato da V. S. il riscontrino del passaporto ritirato nell'entrare in questa città per avere il visto per i bagni di Monte Catini, ma sebbene ella si ricusasse partirono entrambi a quella volta stantechè l'incognito figlio di Girolamo possedeva più di un passaporto. La comparsa, e presenza sebbene momentanea del suddetto forestiere destò gran cicalio nel castello, perchè da tutti ritenuto pel principe Luigi Napoleone Bonaparte, testè fuggito dal castello di Ham.

Tutto ciò premesso non posso nascondere la mia sorpresa per il silenzio serbato da V. S. Illustris. su questo importantissimo incidente, e soprattutto dell'indifferenza da lei usata, e della forza dei carabinieri di non darsi pensiero di verificare se fosse realmente stato il Principe Luigi Napoleone, sul conto del quale non poteva ignorare gli ordini del governo partecipati alla S. V. Illustris. col circolare dispaccio 16 corrente N°. 1199. P. R. di questo Dicastero Politico.

Non potendo quindi dubitare della sussistenza delle cose suesprese, non posso dispensarmi dal richiedere alla S. V. Illustris. tutti i necessari schiarimenti, occupandosi di proposito delle più riservate, e prudenti verificazioni, e di farmi conoscere il risultato delle di lei investigazioni da praticarsi nel modo il più circospetto, massime presso il locandiere Ferrari anche rispetto alle confidenze e discorsi, che il suddetto incognito possa avergli fatti, non occultandole essere a mia cognizione, che si sarebbe sbilanciato collo stesso Ferrari, con ardite proposizioni riguardo ad un nipote del Ferrari che trovavasi fra i condannati politici.

In attesa di analogo e dettagliato riscontro con distinta stima passo a confermarmi,

CURZI.

No. 14 Riservata.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNORE,

INTESO sempre a potere, per quanto è in me a corrispondere efficacemente alle ordinanze del superiore governo, mi affretto a signifi-

carle, che il principe di cui parla il pregiato foglio della S. V. Illustriss.^a 17 corr. N. 697 div. V. P. R., potrebbe benissimo sotto mentito nome e con passaporto apparentemente regolare, penetrare in questo stato, e deluderne la più attenta vigilanza, giacchè quassù non è chi lo conosca di persona, ed è noto appena che conta l'età di quarantatre anni circa, se sono veridici gli Almanacchi che annunziarono il di lui nascimento. Ad impedire pertanto che non rimangano vuote di effetto, le viste del governo, e ad impedirlo con ogni mezzo possibile, sarà necessario, che a pronto corso di posta ella si compiacia di farmi tenere la descrizione dei connotati personali di esso lui, dei quali farò prontissima e riservatissima la partecipazione agli impiegati politici del confine.

In questa intelligenza mi raffermo con distinta stima e considerazione. Della S. V. Illustrissima.

Porretta, 21 Maggio, 1847.

Obb. dev. servo,

ALESSANDRO ZUFFI SAVERI.

Illustriss. Sig. Col. Cav. Direttore della Polizia Provinciale, Bologna.

N. 751 P. R.

Al Sig. Governatore di Porretta.

Li 27 Maggio, 1847.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNORE,

Non esiste in questo dicastero la indicazione dei connotati personali del principe Luigi Napoleone Bonaparte, e sarebbe malagevole il poterli con precisione raccogliere. D'altronde essendo costumanza d'oggi giorno di tenere ora lunga la barba, ora totalmente rasa, potrebbero essere erronee le indicazioni che quest'ufficio potrebbe procacciarsi, e indurre la forza in qualche equivoco pregiudicevole.

Per la sorveglianza poi che debbe usarsi in cotesto governo relativamente alla mentovata persona, può essere facile il risultato più che altrove, atteso il limitato passaggio di forestieri.

Tanto a riscontro del gradito foglio N. 14 Ris. e passo a confermarli,

Il Col. Dirett. CURZI.

Page 192.—*Judgment of the Court of Bologna.*

Extract from a Sentence of the Tribunal of First Instance of Bologna.

PONTIFICAL GOVERNMENT.

In the name of His Holiness Pius IX., happily reigning.

Sittings of the days 12th, 13th, and 16th of June, 1856.

The Criminal Tribunal and the Civil Tribunal of First Instance, composed of the most illustrious and most excellent gentlemen :

The Knight-advocate Ferdinando Speroni, President.

Advocate Vincenzo Bubbiani.

Advocate Ferdinando Mazza.

Advocate Lorenzo Donato Liverani.

To judge the case of the Bolognese people on account of numerous house-breakings against fifty-nine individuals.

SENTENCE.

Innumerable crimes of every kind have saddened in late years this city and province. Thefts, robberies, highway robberies, were of constant occurrence, especially in the plains; and house-breakings, which were committed at every hour and in every place, increasing in number from day to day, the malefactors becoming more daring in proportion as they went unpunished, and the proceedings against them remaining incomplete for want of specific grounds.

A movable column of the police force, intrusted to the command of Lieutenant Sirighi, was dispatched to scour the Bolognese plains, to discover the authors of these misdeeds, and to place them in the hands of justice.

This measure, excellent in itself, has not, however, succeeded in producing all the results that might have been obtained from it, IF, IN CARRYING IT INTO EFFECT, LAWFUL AND HONEST MEANS HAD BEEN ADOPTED, AND IF WE HAD NOT, ON THE CONTRARY, TO DEPLORE SO MANY VIOLENT AND FEROCIOUS ACTS, BY WHICH WERE INSTIGATED AND EXTORTED FROM MANY OF THE PRISONERS CONFESSIONS OF THEIR CRIMES, WITH ENORMOUS ABUSE, AND MOST OPEN VIOLATION OF THE LAWS IN FORCE. Whence it has arisen that on every occasion where confessions are presented from accused parties, tainted with such incurable vices, the tribunal, firm in the principle constantly followed, has treated them as null and non-existent.

CHARGE 7TH.

Whereas, from the character of the accused, from their poverty, and from their close relations of friendship, not only do their asserted spontaneous confessions not corroborate, but, on the contrary, such confessions diminish the force of the other evidence; and because these confessions have been retracted by the parties making them, and, still more, because there are proofs on the record of THE INSTIGATIONS AND VIOLENCES USED TO EXTORT THEM.

Dismissed, &c., &c.

CHARGE 10TH.

One after another, the parties making the confessions have retracted them almost as soon as they saw themselves out of the prisons and the hands of the police, and *exclaimed against the instigations and the torments*. Nor did they fail in proof of these. Evidence, of whatsoever sort, issuing from such an impure source, loses its efficiency.

CHARGE 11TH.

Notwithstanding this, to hold them guilty of this crime, there exists in reality no other ground besides their own confessions, which they afterward retracted, and which, on the record, are proved to have been *INSTIGATED AND EXTORTED BY FORCE OF BEATINGS AND TORMENTS*. Every one can see what value such proofs merit.

Dismissed, &c.

CHARGE 14TH.

Also Facchini and Bianchi at first made confession of theft, perfectly in accord with that of Mignani; but these confessions, although verified in all their parts, have no value, there being strong grounds for believing that they were *EXTORTED BY BEATINGS*, as the parties protested when they retracted them.

Dismissed, &c.

CHARGE 16TH.

There are doubtless upon the process such professions, but isolated, and, what is worse, afterward retracted by the parties making them. Besides, they have been *EXTORTED* by means of instigations, and *WITH BEATINGS*, as has been established, and are therefore unfit to furnish arguments of proof to their disadvantage.

CHARGE 21ST.

With respect to Cavazza, there is no charge against him beyond his miserable condition and his bad character, his own confession not meriting any value, inasmuch as it has been retracted by him, and *BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN FORCIBLY EXTORTED BY THE POLICE BY MEANS OF TORTURE*, as appears on the record.

Dismissed, &c.

Here follow the signatures—

F. SPERONI, *President*.

V. BUBBIANI, *Judge*.

T. MAZZA, *Judge*.

L. LIVERANI, *Judge*.

R. MAGNANI, *Chancellor*.

D, p. 199.

Edict of the Synod at Loretto.

(See "Documents," vol. i., p. 293-301.)

EDICT.

THE cardinal archbishop, the cardinal bishops, and other archbishops and bishops of the Marches and the province of Urbino.

To their most beloved people of these dioceses, peace and benediction in Jesus Christ.

By means of special authorization of the most eminent signors, cardinals of the S. R. C., interpreters of the high council of Trent, the Holiness of our Lord, Pope Pius IX., happily reigning, by his venerated dispatch of the 14th of June, 1855, has deigned to approve the resolution taken by the bishops of the Marches and of the province of Urbino, united in ecclesiastical disciplinary synod in Loretto in the months of February and March of the year 1850. Hence it is that the undersigned cardinal, archbishops, and bishops, in the Lent of the current year, 1856, have felt it a sacred duty to publish the decrees, which are thought opportune for the removal of the disorders and scandals which most frequently arise among Christian people.

Blasphemy, non-observance of the festivals, profanation of churches, breach of fasts, and immorality, are the chief sources of scandal; and, on this account, our attention has been specially directed to these.

We shall not here repeat how horrible is blasphemy, by which is directly cursed or dishonored that God who gives us existence that we may praise and honor him. How irreligious and hurtful is the non-observance of festivals, both by the grave offense which it offers to God, who, as Master of time, has chosen for Himself those days, and reserved them for His worship, and by the loss of good, and incurring of evil, which, according to His infallible promise, accompany it! How impious is the profanation of churches, which are houses of God, chosen for His especial dwelling, replenished with His majesty, places of prayer and worship! How insulting to the Church is the violation of fasts by the contempt of a precept which, while it injures in no sense, is useful even to the health of the body, and of immense benefit to the soul! How indecent is immorality, by the degradation of those among whom, as among saints, such acts of uncleanness ought not to be named!

We shall also abstain from calling to mind with what severe punishment God has commanded, in the Divine Scriptures, that such offenses should be visited; with what punishment also they are marked in the canon and civil law. All know that, according to the circumstances of the person and the offense, according to places and times, now excommunication, now prison, now fine, now scourging, now exile, and even death, have always been ordinary pains.

Without abrogating any statutes now in force, we have here prescribed that which principally tends to repress and impede those scandals. It is with the highest repugnance that we feel ourselves obliged to publish decrees directed to this end, as if among Christians there were those who are held to their duty more by fear of our penalties than by the menaces of the Divine Master himself, whose terrible words we ought always to have present to our minds: "Woe to those by whom offenses come; woe to the world because of offenses."

But since experience assures us that neither the love of God, nor the force of duty, nor the fear of the eternal and temporal penalties threatened by God, suffices to hinder in some the public violation of Divine and ecclesiastical laws, we, upon whom it rests to forward by our care the salvation of all souls committed to our pastoral charge, can do no otherwise than use the right which God has deposited in our hands for edification, when necessity demands it, without rendering ourselves responsible for the perdition of those who, by our fault, either do not return from the way of error, or follow evil examples not punished.

While, however, we have not been able to evade the enactment of penalties against those who should offend, under any of the heads already named, the intention of our heart has been rather to cure than to punish; whence we have made a point of distinguishing between delinquents who are perverters and delinquents who are perverts—that is, those who make themselves public transgressors of the laws of God and of the Church with a view to diminish or destroy the respect and veneration due to the sacred things, from those who fall into such offenses from want of proper care and consideration, or from those following depraved examples. Against the first we are obliged to proceed with all the rigor of the canon and civil law; against the second, however, especially having reflected upon the number of scandals and seductions which have taken place in recent political and religious commotions, in the hope of securing their em-

endation by mild penalties, or, rather, by medicinal *régime*, we have determined to proceed according to the following rules :

FIRST HEAD—BLASPHEMY.

ARTICLE I. Blasphemy, and any insults proffered, in the presence of another, against the most holy name of God, of the most blessed Virgin, or of the saints, shall be summarily punished by from *ten to thirty* days' imprisonment, or by rigorous spiritual exercise in some religious house, at the will of the Ordinary.

ARTICLE II. For a second offense the penalty will be more severe; and the prisoner must pass some days on bread and water, according to the greater or less gravity of the circumstances of the offense and of the delinquent.

ARTICLE III. In obstinate cases, the ordinary penalties of the canon and civil law in force shall be applied, at the will of the Ordinary.

ARTICLE IV. Keepers of coffee-houses, hotels, public houses, eating-houses, and such like, under the penalty of Article I., shall be obliged to correct blasphemers; and even to expel from their shops, rooms, and places of resort those who shall persist in blaspheming after being rebuked.

ARTICLE V. In case that they shall find opposition, and not be able to expel the blasphemers, they shall report immediately to the officers of the Inquisition (*la Curia*), failing of which several times, measures of the greatest rigor shall be taken against them.

ARTICLE VI. Under this head it is not intended to comprise those who studiously introduce, either with words or in writing, false principles concerning the divinity or against the doctrine of the Church, and, in general, those who utter heretical blasphemies, because these are not simple blasphemers, but dogmatizers and heretics, or, at least, suspected of heresy. Such will be proceeded against in the established forms [that is, by the canon and civil law as opposed to summary punishment]; and here we record the most weighty obligation that rests upon every one to denounce to the competent ecclesiastical tribunals within the period of one month, under pain of excommunication in the widest sense, the names of those whom they may have known to utter the above-named and similar perverse principles, or express heretical blasphemies.

ARTICLE VII. It being, according to experience, very helpful in impeding blasphemies, to establish a confraternity of pious persons,

who, vested in a frock, and the head and face covered with a domino, shall go when the Ordinary feels it expedient, and present themselves, either alone or two together, in the resorts and places where this vice is most frequent, to reprove blasphemies in kindly ways and with brotherly love. Also, the sound of the chief church bell of the place, in days and hours determined, (is useful) to call to the memory of every one the engagement both to abstain from blasphemy and to apply paternal reproof. In every city and district of our diocese where it does not already exist, shall be formed a confraternity under the title of the MOST HOLY NAME OF GOD; and where this can not be established, the same duty shall be enjoined upon a confraternity already canonically established. And we decree that, in every city and village, the bell of the chief church shall be sounded every quarter of an hour—every Saturday at the hour of eight o'clock at night.

SECOND HEAD—THE NON-OBSERVANCE OF FEASTS.

ARTICLE VIII. In the prescribed feast-days, from the midnight preceding to the midnight following, every one shall abstain from every servile work, and from all other work, even though not servile, in days expressly forbidden.

ARTICLE IX. In case of necessity not contemplated in the following articles, every one must obtain a gratuitous permit of us, or of our vicar-general in the cities, and of the vicars of the courts in the districts; and, failing them, of their own parish priest.

ARTICLE X. It is forbidden to hold markets even on those feast-days. Let them be removed to those days not festivals preceding or following. The same is decreed of fairs. If, however, any of these have hitherto been tolerated on festival days from a very ancient date, they may be so at present, provided that the shops are shut, and business suspended in the hours of Divine service, according to the terms of the *Constit.* of Benedict XIV., *Ab eo tempore*, November 5th, 1745.

ARTICLE XI. It is equally forbidden to expose in squares or other public places, or to carry round, merchandise of any sort.

ARTICLE XII. Those, however, who in fixed and accustomed places sell fish, fruit, vegetables, and other articles of food, will be tolerated, provided they remain distant from the church, in the neighborhood of which it shall always be forbidden to stand, and keep their merchandise covered, in the time of Divine service ceasing to vend them.

ARTICLE XIII. All shops, warehouses, offices, and similar places must remain always closed, and shall not be opened except in cases where they serve as entrances to private dwellings, for the simple convenience of ingress and egress.

ARTICLE XIV. Keepers of coffee-houses, eating-houses, tobacconists, and salt-sellers, pork-butchers, butchers, bakers, sellers of flour and of other eatables, hotel-keepers, publicans, and other wine-venders, even in private houses, will keep only a wicket open, and without any thing being displayed, except in the time of Divine service, when they shall keep their shops and places of trade entirely closed.

ARTICLE XV. Barbers, except in the hours of Divine service, and at Easter and Christmas, may keep their doors open, but covered with a curtain.

ARTICLE XVI. Chemists on any day or hour may sell medicine, and may keep their shops sufficiently open to give them light.

ARTICLE XVII. No one shall transport merchandise, or any thing whatever, in carts with beasts, or in any other manner, unless it be in prosecution of a journey undertaken on a week-day, and after having heard the holy Mass.

ARTICLE XVIII. All balls are prohibited, as also all games, in coffee-houses, inns, public houses, taverns, and such like, and also in public squares and roads, both in cities and in districts; only in the afternoon, when the holy ceremonies are terminated, games not prohibited by the laws in force shall be tolerated. But to those who play at buttons, ball, foot-ball, or peg-top, and other such games, the neighborhood of churches, of monasteries, of asylums for orphan girls, and of infirmaries, are all prohibited.

ARTICLE XIX. Tumblers, mountebanks, and other strollers, under whatever name comprehended, shall not mount on the stage, or hold parties, for songs or other sounds, for the sale of waters, balsams, or such things; among these are included those vagabonds who expose in the streets or squares little altars, credence tables, or other things connected with statues and sacred images, relating stories, setting forth miracles, selling writs, cards, and other things, under the name of devotion, all which are prohibited even in days not festivals.

ARTICLE XX. Public shows and representations, even though religious, shall not take place without formal permission.

ARTICLE XXI. Every transgression of the decrees expressed under this head shall be summarily punished by a fine of from five pauls to three scudis [that is, from two shillings to twelve shillings], or with

imprisonment from two to twelve days; but fathers, masters, and guardians shall be prosecuted with greater severity, who shall have made their children or their dependents do such forbidden work.

ARTICLE XXII. For a second offense the penalty will be doubled, and also against keepers of coffee-houses, inns, public houses, and such like, who shall allow games (see Article XVIII.) in their shops, and against those who shall hold balls, or lend their rooms, and against those who, enjoying permission to sell, in the hours permitted, eatables alone, shall in those hours sell other merchandise, in evasion of the law.

ARTICLE XXIII. In cases of obstinacy, measures of the utmost rigor shall be taken, according to the guilt of the offense and gravity of the circumstances.

THIRD HEAD—PROFANATION OF CHURCHES.

[Under this head eleven articles describe all sorts of irreverence, such as keeping on the hat, not bowing at the elevation of the Host, women coming in with their heads uncovered, and other offenses, and it concludes thus:]

ARTICLE XXXIV. In processions due religious reverence shall be observed; and when the holy *viaticum* is met in the public way, the knee must be bowed to the earth and the head uncovered.

ARTICLE XXXV. Violators of the above-named regulations shall be proceeded against by summary punishment, according to the gravity of the fault and the scandal which it has caused.

ARTICLE XXXVI. The obstinate shall be punished with heavier pains; and those who have been several times summarily punished without effect, or who are chargeable with graver faults, shall be punished according to the forms of the sacred canons and of the existing penal law, Article LXXIV. and following.

FOURTH HEAD—ON THE VIOLATION OF FASTS.

ARTICLE XXXVII. On fast-days, and on those whereon meats are forbidden, if there is just cause, it is lawful to use them in private, under the direction of a physician; but, to avoid scandal, keepers of lodging-houses, eating-houses, coffee-houses, inns, and such like, shall not serve forbidden food, except to those persons who shall produce a certificate, signed by both a physician and the parish priest.

ARTICLE XXXVIII. Physicians and parish priests shall not give

such certificates except to persons whom, according to their knowledge and conscience, they shall judge to have need of the prohibited food.

ARTICLE XXXIX. Those who have a lawful dispensation to use prohibited food in days of abstinence and of fast are forbidden to eat them openly in eating-houses, lodging-houses, coffee-houses, inns, or other places; they may only take them in separate places or chambers.

ARTICLE XL. It is truly deplorable that some keepers of lodging-houses, eating-houses, inns, and such like, to the great scandal and wonder of good men, have not ready on days of abstinence Lenten diet to offer to those guests who are not furnished with the certificate of a doctor or parish priest, as above: they are reminded of the strict duty incumbent upon them not to fail to have in their houses in the days specified this kind of food, and the guilt which on failure of this they will incur under a violated law.

ARTICLE XLI. Hosts are not permitted to cook meat on the days indicated; and when persons who have a written license to use it shall produce this license to them, they shall prepare the food in a place not open to the public.

ARTICLE XLII. Offenses against the regulations contained under this head shall be summarily punished, as in Article XXI.

ARTICLE XLIII. For a second offense the penalty shall be double; and those who shall be guilty of multiplied offenses, or of open contempt, shall be proceeded against with all the rigor of the existing canon and civil law.

FIFTH HEAD—IMMORALITY.

It is forbidden to give or serve to others in whatever manner, or expose in public under whatever pretext, books, printed papers, and obscene works, under the pain of imprisonment from *five* to *fifteen* days, besides the forfeit of the articles.

ARTICLE XLV. Obscene songs, in whatever place or time, shall be punished with imprisonment from *three* to *nine* days.

ARTICLE XLVI. Under the same penalty it is forbidden to bathe or fish with the body naked, in public or frequented places, or in the neighborhood of dwellings where the two sexes are mixed together.

ARTICLE XLVII. Licentious representations of whatever kind, if in private, shall be punished by from five to fifteen days of prison; if in public, with double that penalty.

ARTICLE XLVIII. They shall be equally punished who in public houses, cellars, inns, hotels, or other similar places, shall give accommodation to persons of the two sexes to lose themselves in licentious entertainment; and if they do not desist, their licenses will be suspended.

ARTICLE XLIX. Keepers of hotels, lodging-houses, coffee-houses, and such like, are forbidden to have in their service women brought under the surveillance of the Holy Office for their bad conduct. In case of transgression, if they continue to retain them, they shall be punished under the preceding article.

ARTICLE L. Acquaintances suspected of offenses contrary to good morals, when scandals arise, if they shall be continued after admonition, shall be restrained by the commands of the Holy Office, and in case of contravention they shall undergo the penalties determined upon in the command.

ARTICLE LI. All those on whom rest the care and custody of young people, when they shall be discovered to connive either at unlawful loves, or shall blamably neglect to remove the occasions of them, if after being admonished they persist, shall be punished with imprisonment from three to nine days: should the case arise in which the young people responsible to them render themselves liable to punishment, they shall also be punished with double the penalty, and all prayers and measures which they may take to obtain compensation or reparation shall be rejected.

ARTICLE LII. For second offenses in any case whatever contemplated under this head, penalties may be inflicted according to circumstances.

ARTICLE LIII. Those who shall offend frequently, or be guilty of offenses against good manners and decency, especially comprised in the penal laws in force, from Article CLXVIII. to Article CLXXXVII. inclusively, shall be proceeded against according to the forms of the canon and civil law.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

ARTICLE LIV. In all the above-named cases, in order to apply the summary punishments, a simple and speedy procedure will suffice, when the facts, generally and specially, shall be stated. The names of the informers and witnesses shall be kept secret.

ARTICLE LV. The fine shall be given, one half to the benefit of places of worship, appointed by the Ordinary; and the other half

shall be divided, part to the informer, and part to the police, if they have had to do with the case. When the punishment shall be other than fine, if the person guilty has the means, he must pay fifty halfpence for the benefit of the informer or police, as above, besides his expenses for victuals and other things as in reason.

ARTICLE LVI. The messengers and other agents of the Holy Office, as also the police, are bound to look diligently to the execution of all that is prescribed in this edict, and also to proceed immediately to arrest delinquents, if found in the act.

ARTICLE LVII. If they shall neglect to fulfill this duty, the messengers and agents shall be immediately dismissed; and as to the police, the superior military authority shall be called upon to take further steps.

ARTICLE LVIII. The present edict must always be kept publicly posted up in the sacristies of parish churches, and of others most known and frequented, as also in lodging-houses, and eating-houses, and inns, under pain of a fine of twenty halfpence, to be applied as above, Article LV.

ARTICLE LIX. Further, this edict shall be published by the reverend parish priests from the altars, and posted up in the usual places, after which it shall have the same force as if it had been presented to every individual personally.

Given at Loretto on the 8th of March, 1850.

Philip, Cardinal Archbishop of Fermo, President; John, Cardinal Bishop of Osimo and Cingoli; Dominick, Cardinal Bishop of Sinigaglia; Charles Louis, Cardinal Archbishop, Bishop of Jesi; Antony Maria Benedict, Archbishop, Bishop of Ancona; Alexander, Archbishop of Urbino; Felix, Archbishop of Camerino; Louis, Bishop of Fano; Francis, Bishop of Fabriano and Matelica; Boniface, Bishop of Pergola and Cagli; Eleonoro, Bishop of Montalto; Francis, Bishop of Sansseverino; Amadius, Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino; Guerr' Antony, Bishop of St. Angelo and of Urbania; Crispin, Bishop of Montefeltro; Philip, Bishop of Fossombrone; Faithful, Bishop of Ripatransone; John Francis, Bishop of Recanati and Loretto; Charles, Bishop of Ascoli; John Baptist Ceruti, Vicar Apostolic of Pisano.

E, p. 200.

Decree of an Inquisitor General.

THE INQUISITION AND THE MORALITY OF ITS LAWS.

(The following Decree has still the force of law.)

DECREE.

WE, Brother Philip Bertolotti of the Order of Preachers, Master in Sacred Theology in the cities and dioceses of Pesaro, Rimini, Fano, Pennabilli, and the lands and places annexed, Inquisitor General of the Holy Apostolic See, specially delegated against heretical corruptions :

We, desiring (as is demanded by the duties of the Holy Office imposed on us) that the Catholic faith, without which, as writes the Apostle Paul to the Hebrews, it is impossible to please God, should be preserved within this our jurisdiction from all heretical contagion immaculate and pure ; and it being manifest from experience that many from malice or from disobedience, and others from ignorance, *do not discharge the most strict obligation under which they lie to denounce to the Holy Office the offenses appertaining to it*, and that hence spring up things unbecoming, and offenses not only against good morals, but expressly against the Catholic faith. We, therefore, who should have at heart the glory of God, the full preservation and increase of the said holy faith, and the salvation of souls, to prevent all disorder, do, with the apostolic authority conceded to us, **COMMAND**, in virtue of holy obedience, *and under pain of major excommunication*, besides the other punishments prescribed by the sacred canons, decrees, constitutions, and bulls of the sovereign pontiff in the spirit of the present edict, to all and every person of whatever state, grade, condition, or dignity, as well ecclesiastical as secular, that *within the term of one month, ten days of which remain assigned for the first, ten days for the second, and ten for the third peremptory term*, they SHOULD REVEAL AND JUDICIALLY NOTIFY to us, or to our vicars, or the respective ordinaries of the places, all and every of that and what they may know concerning those that are heretics, or suspected or slandered as being heretics, or favorers, or harborers, or defenders of heretics, or those who have adhered or do adhere to the rites of the Jews, or of the Mohammedans, or of the pagans, or have apostatized from the holy Catholic faith.

Those who have committed or are committing any acts from which

one can infer AN EXPRESSED OR TACIT COVENANT WITH THE DEVIL, *exercising incantations, magic arts, witchcrafts*, OFFERING SUFFUMIGATIONS TO THE SAME, *incense or prayers for finding treasures*, or other unlawful means, invoking him or promising obedience to him, *or doing other things in which his name or works may intervene*: who may have meddled, or who do meddle in experiments in necromancy, or any sort of magic whatever, with abuse of the sacraments or sacramental things, or of things sacred or blessed.

Who, not being priests, with sacrilegious daring have usurped or do usurp the office of celebrating the holy mass, or have presumed to administer the sacrament of penance to the faithful of Jesus Christ.

Who have abused or do abuse the sacrament of penance, and the place of the same, contrary to the decrees and the apostolic ordinances.

Who have held or do hold secret conventicles or assemblies, to the injury, or in contempt of the holy Catholic religion.

Who against the blessed God, the most holy Virgin Mary, and against the saints, *have offered or do offer heretical blasphemies*, or have committed or are committing any act whatsoever of contempt or of injury against the holy images.

Who, notwithstanding the solemn vow made at the profession of any religious order approved by the Church, and after having taken holy orders, have contracted, or are about contracting, or endeavoring to contract, matrimony.

Who, their first wife being alive, take a second, or, their first husband being alive, take a second, or who have endeavored or do endeavor to do this.

Who have impeded or who do impede in any way the work of the Holy Inquisition, or who in any manner have contravened the bull of his Holiness Pius V., which commences *Si de protegendis*.

Who have made satires or published writings against the high pontiff, the sacred college, the superiors, the ecclesiastics, or against the regular orders, or who have composed or published writings of any sort in which may be abuse or profanation of sacred words.

Who without the necessary permission may keep in their possession writings or prints which may contain heresies, or heretical books professedly contrary to religion, or who may read, print, or cause the same to be printed, or who may introduce or circulate them under any pretext whatsoever.

Such persons as without necessity or leave have eaten or given to eat meat, eggs, or milk foods on forbidden days, in disregard of the commands of the holy Church.

Who have induced any Christian to embrace Judaism, or any other sect contrary to the holy Catholic religion, or who have in any way hindered Jews or Turks from having themselves baptized. Be it declared, however, that the said enumeration of *cases by us specified as to be revealed to the Inquisition* does not exclude the other cases appertaining thereto, or which are comprised in the sacred canons, decrees, and bulls of the high pontiff. Much less is the present edict intended to derogate from the other apostolical canonical provisions, and the other edicts emanating from the ordinaries or inquisitors. Be it declared besides *that those who will not denounce as ordered by the present edict can not be absolved from any excommunication incurred by them until after they have as above judicially revealed the delinquents*; and that, although the assigned term of the month may have passed as above, *the obligation still remains to reveal and denounce under the same penalties until such time as the person possessed of the information shall have effectively informed and denounced*. And in order that the present edict, together with the orders, as well general as special, may come to the knowledge of all, we ordain and command *that they be kept posted up in the sacristies of the churches belonging as well to the secular as to the regular clergy*. To the end that no one may remain ignorant of the present orders or withdraw himself from obedience, *we enjoin upon all printers, booksellers, custom-house officers, tax collectors, gate-keepers, inn-keepers, lodging-house-keepers, and shop-keepers, all respectively, that they keep posted up a copy of the present edict in their respective printing-houses, book-shops, custom-houses, gates, inns, lodging-houses, and shops, and in a public place where it can be seen and read by all*.

EXHORTATION.

The principal, rather the only object of the Inquisition being, as has been said above, the glory of God, the exaltation of the holy faith, and the salvation of souls, therefore, after having commanded and ordained as above, now we exhort fraternally all those who may know themselves to be guilty of some crime appertaining to the Inquisition, to present themselves before us, or before our vicars, or before the ordinary of the place, spontaneously, before being anticipated or denounced by others, and to confess with all sincerity and

integrity their errors and their shortcomings; assuring them that WHENEVER THEY HAVE NOT BEEN LEGALLY ANTICIPATED BEFORE ANY OTHER ECCLESIASTICAL TRIBUNAL, *they will be received with bowels of charity, and treated with special compassion*, the natural disposition of this sacred tribunal, and in that way without any danger, or without public penance or punishment, they will be absolved and discharged.

PARTICULAR ORDERS.

Pertaining to the orders enjoined by us relative to the printing, introduction, sale, and promulgation of wicked and prohibited books, and being specially interested that in the cities and places under our jurisdiction should be preserved that purity of faith which, by the grace of the Most High, exists at present, we ordain and expressly command that no one dare to print, introduce, sell, or circulate books within or without the cities or places subject to us, without their having been subjected to the revision of the Inquisition, and of the officer belonging to it, under the punishment established by the sacred canons, the general and special decrees of the sacred congregation, and the apostolic constitutions which have been issued and promulgated on this subject, and especially by those of Clement VIII. and Gregory XV.

Besides, as being inseparable from the orders, decrees, edicts of the supreme tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome, and the constitutions and pontifical bulls respectively published and promulgated with respect to the Jews, especially as regards cohabitation and familiarizing with them, we ordain and command that no one dares to transgress the orders and prescriptions in these cases under the penalties in them expressed and threatened.

Given at the Inquisition of Pesaro the 15th of September, 1841.

For FILIPPO BERTOLOTI, *Inquisitor General*.

ANTONIO SEVERINI, *Chancellor General of the Inquisition*.

(“Documents,” vol. i., p. 302.)


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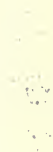
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